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PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

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NEW ENGLISH POETS.*

IN the preface to the third edition of his poems, Gerald Massey says:—"The dearth of poetry should be great in a country where we hail as poets, such as have been crowned of late." He also says, and it is to be hoped with as much sincerity as modesty, "I know what a poet is too well to fancy that I am one yet." For it is not enough that a man has a warm fancy and a delicate ear, and a fluent tongue, if he would be a poet. There are poetic rules and canons, and the philosophers and critics have accurately defined poetry and the poet. But to say that music is a harmonious accord, does not define music: and, to say that the poet is a creator, does not describe the poet. Poetry, like genius and love, like all supreme excellence, defies definition. Wordsworth had his theory, and Shelley, Aristotle, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Goethe, had theirs; and Mr. Matthew Arnold writes a preface to his first edition, in which he assails other theories, and asserts his own with discrimination and force. But it is only valuable as being a view of the proper sphere and material of poetry, by a man who can really write poetry. It has as much direct bearing upon the excellence even of his own verse, as Wordsworth's belligerent preface had upon his ode upon Intimations of Immortality, but no more. The touch of genius, without which there

is no poetry nor any great excellence in art, is felt. It cannot be apprehended in any other way. Hence Ruskin says, not without reason, that things are excellent in themselves, and that the spectator *ought* to like certain works. If he does not like them, and excuses himself by saying that they are not to his taste, that they do not please him, he has only censured his own defect of appreciation. Undoubtedly the majority of men would have more real pleasure in a French engraving than in the picture of the Madonna di San Sisto. But a French engraving, as a work of high human art, is still very inferior to Raphael's pictures. So with music: all the lovely young amateurs play with enthusiasm *La Source*, *Les Cloches du Monastère*, and similar easy bits of smooth and taking melody. But the man with "music in his soul" knows that such lickerish morsels of sound are only good for a moment. They are essentially meretricious; and while he could not define the difference between such pieces and a prelude or a nocturne of Chopin, except by saying that the ear was soon cloyed and wearied by the one, and never tired of the other, yet he would feel the essential difference, and could always separate what only tickled the ear from that which really touched the soul.

Hence, in all criticism of art, there is

* *Clytemnestra: the Earl's Return: the Artist: and other Poems.* By OWEN MEREDITH. Chapman & Hall: London, 1855.—*Poems.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Second edition*, 1854.—*Poems.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Second series.* Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. London, 1855.

a dogmatic air. But it is unavoidable. The critic may, indeed, mollify the public and the artist by saying "this is my opinion." But there is no consolation in a change of phrase. He feels or he does not feel; and if he feels, it is either a just or an unjust emotion, and the justice is determined by the minds to which he appeals. Therefore, no great harm is done by criticism, except a momentary and personal harm. Mr. Gifford used to outrage the young poets and their friends. But no one who read the new poetry, either in the volumes or in his notices, and could recognize poetry, was much concerned at the acrimony of a man who wrote of what he did not know. Byron's sneer—

"Who killed John Keats?
I, said the Quarterly,
So savage and tartarly,
I killed John Keats!"—

was as false as it was silly. Keats knew that he was a poet, if Mr. Gifford, Lord Byron, and the great English public, were ignorant of that fact. It was equally in vain that Blackwood pronounced Tennyson namby-pamby, and affected. It is not thirty years since that decree; and now how about Tennyson? Blackwood believed in Moir and John Sterling; and believes in Alison. No great harm is done by its belief or unbelief.

The modern or contemporary school of English poetry dates from the close of Byron's career.

Wordsworth belongs to it in his reality and actuality, arising from his reliance upon nature. Its most characteristic exponent, as also its first and, perhaps, most original, was Keats. With him Shelley is to be named: and, only in point of time, Leigh Hunt. Coleridge and Southey had more sympathy with another school. At the present moment, Tennyson, the Brownings, Bailey, Milnes, Alexander Smith, Dobell, Bigg, all belong to the school, and we name them together, only for that reason. Most of the best volumes of verse, both in England and in America, are full of its characteristics. These characteristics are acute and subtle, rather than profound, thought: an extreme sensuousness, arising from a sensitiveness which enjoys all natural delights intensely, and which expresses itself in the most voluptuous and gorgeous phrase, and which is constantly

betrayed by its love of color, and flavor, and vague, if it only be vast, suggestion, into turgidity and brilliant obscurity. Hence we read superb descriptions of passion in this poetry, rather than feel the passion itself throbbing and trembling along the line. The poetry shares the introspection of the age, and the poet studies his emotions and searches for adequate expression, instead of irrepressibly bursting into song. The reader is charmed with phrases, with words, with music, with color. He marks the beauty of the boat in which he sails, rather than the splendor of the scene through which he passes. Yet its observation and description of nature are unsurpassed, because they are strictly sympathetic. One poem of the "In Memoriam" has more characteristic English landscape in it than all of Thomson's "Seasons." In this the modern school of poetry is touched by the peculiar spirit of modern art—reality, or a perfect reliance upon nature; the practical confession, in fact, that art is founded upon nature—a principle which has never been so fully manifest in every department of art as it is at this moment. Tennyson's landscapes have precisely the same quality as Turner's; George Sand, in her pastoral tales and dramas, is emulating François, Troyon, Jules Dupré, and the other men of the Paris school of painting, who go to Fontainebleau or the low meadows of the Seine, for subjects, and not to Arcadia or Saturn. So in other walks; Bulwer and the old school deal with feathers and fine clothes, Dickens and Thackeray with men and women.

Now of this, as of all schools, there are certain leaders: men who are typical of its spirit and who illustrate its peculiarities. Of the "mob of gentlemen" who wrote with ease, Pope survives. And of the living bards whose strains have such a general similarity that they may be classed together as of one school, a few are poets and are inspired by nature, while the rest and the many are inspired by the few. It is the many whose verses constantly remind us of the few. We know them to be pleasant singers enough, but they should be emphatically told that, since life and the capacities of reading have no proportionate advance with the ability of writing and the facility of printing, they ought either not to print at

all, or they should patiently endure to be told that it was not worth while, and that they have only said what had been already infinitely better said.

This brings us to the charge of plagiarism so constantly alleged against contemporary poets. In its spirit we apprehend that this charge is only meant as the assertion, that the verse so censured was directly occasioned by other poetry, rather than by actual experience, and is, therefore, unnecessary and wearisome. It is a general resemblance of thought and of treatment, which the reader recognizes as peculiar to another. He does not mean to charge actual larceny and felonious abstraction of another man's thoughts and words. But he recognises the manner, both of thought and form, which are charming because they are individual, and which are reproduced because the reproducer has a natural sympathy with the original. This sympathy belongs to times as well as to persons, and hence arises the homogeneity of the various schools. It often happens that an author adopted the very forms of expressions which have been originated by another of whom he knows nothing. We were reminded, by a scholarly friend, in a recent discussion of this subject, that the first movement of Beethoven's heroic symphony was actually written by Mozart in his youth, although Beethoven never saw it, for it is still in MS., and has only been brought to light within a few years past. And the opening of the tenor cavatina in *Der Freischütz* was written, note for note, by Püer, in *Agnese*, before Weber ever thought of his opera.

But these are remarkable coincidences. Beethoven has as marked an individuality as Mozart; although it is undoubtedly true that, in many of his earlier works, the manner of Mozart is so evident, that had Beethoven never emancipated himself from it, he could never have taken rank as a great original composer. When the resemblance occurs in a later and mature work, the natural and proper conclusion is, that he felt sure enough of himself boldly to appropriate the splendid spoils, as Mirabeau and Webster did in their arena, or that in the earlier works it was a partial imitation arising from a real similarity of talent, which gradually developed into something entirely individual.

But even in the earlier works there are still the traces of an individual talent. If the contemporary critic had perceived only the resemblance to Mozart, and had lost the excellence peculiar to the new composer, he would have done Beethoven that momentary injustice of which we have spoken, and which time forever hastes to repair. There is no more striking fact of intellectual development than the traces of schools and influences which inhere in all the first works of great artists. We wish to concede this fact most fully. Plagiarism and imitation are, certainly, not to be idly charged, because an ostensible and superficial resemblance may often exist between very different things. In some of the earlier works of Raphael, it is not always easy to say where Perugino ceases and Raphael begins; and, even in the mature works of the great master, there is still a tender reminiscence of his teacher's style. But a man cannot paint a series of pictures, nor publish a volume of verse, without betraying hints of his individual power, if he has it. They cannot all seem echoes and recollections, however much they resemble, if they are not all echoes and recollections. When imitation, conscious or unconscious, is gravely charged, it is because the paramount impression is not of original, but derived, excellence. It is the critic's duty to himself to see that the impression is genuine, and to the public, to state the grounds and proof as plainly as he can. Then the poet and the critic must appeal to time, and time will judge between them.

Owen Meredith's poems have been received with unusual favor by the English critics. It is easy to understand that personal feeling has had a large influence upon the tone of the journals. It is equally easy to see that all the notices of these poems have alluded to the chief defect of the volume, only because it is too palpable to be overlooked. But they have all ascribed it to the youth and susceptibility of the author; they have made as light of it as possible, and have appealed to his future performances to justify their praise. The volume consists of a classical tragedy, "Clytemnestra," and various other poems, mainly dramatic lyrics. "Clytemnestra" is a very good classical play. It is constructed strictly upon the Greek conditions; but the romantic

sympathies of the author constantly betray themselves, and while they give more human interest and brilliant color to the poem, they injure its classical austerity. It is always a mistake, it seems to us, to treat an old theme in an old style. The interest of a proper subject of poetical treatment is universal and immortal; but the treatment itself depends upon a thousand influences. It is useless to try to write upon a Greek subject as Eschylus or Sophocles treated it. The effort to annihilate or forget the influences of two thousand years of civilization is, at best, only curious even when it is successful. To write objectively when the intellectual habit is subjective, is a good mental gymnastic; but it is not so that great works are achieved. That a young man in London in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four should write a tragedy, or try to write a tragedy, precisely as Euripides, in Athens, would have done, seems a little preposterous. It is an interesting story, but no more. The only excuse for doing it is, that the nature of the youth is strictly Greek in its mould and sympathies, and that he really contemplates life from the Greek point of view. It is this which makes Goethe's "Iphigenia" the best Greek tragedy out of Greek literature. Keats and Shelley often chose Greek subjects; they were charmed by the romance of the old mythology, but their treatment was purely modern. Mr. Meredith, or, to give him his true name, Mr. Robert Lytton Bulwer, belongs by sympathy to the modern school; and it is the constant betrayal of this sympathy which makes his "Clytemnestra" so unequal in its effect. It is like a tune played in two keys.

But the poem has dignity, and interest, and vigor. It is simple, and does not halt, but moves steadily on to the catastrophe. Clytemnestra is invested with genuine human interest, and the intensity of her passion, mingled with a contempt for, and clinging to, its object, Ægisthus, is finely portrayed. The tragedy opens with her musing expectation of Agamemnon's return, and her suffering of the "retribution for a deed undone." She sees his shield, and recalls her husband's form in this clear picture:

"Yet I know
That matrons envied me my husband's
strength.
And I remember when he strode among

The Argive crowd he topp'd them by a head,
And tall men stood wide-eyed to look at him,
Where his great plumes went tossing up and
down

The brazen proues drawn out upon the sand.
War on his front was graved, as on thy disc,
Shield! which he left to keep his memory
Grand in men's mouths: that some revered
old man,
Winning to this the eyes of our hot youth,
Might say 'Twas here, and here—this dent,
and that—

On such, and such a field (which we remember)

That Agamemnon, in the great old time
Held up the battle."

Then she speaks as the voice of Fate:

"O triple brass,
Iron and oak! the blows of blundering men
Clang idly on you: what fool's strength is
yours!

For, surely, not the adamant tunic
Of Ares, nor whole shells of blazing plates,
Nor ashen spear, nor all the cumbrous coil
Of seven bulls' hides may guard the strong-
est king
From one defenceless woman's quiet hate'

And, again, as the loving woman:

"—but as first you smiled
Years, years ago, when some slow, loving
thought
Stole down your face, and settled on your
lips,
As tho' a sunbeam halted on a rose
And mix'd with fragrance, light. Can you
smile still
Just so, Ægisthus?"

* * * * *

"Hush! listen now—
I hear, far down yon vale, a shepherd piping
Hard by his milk-white flock. The lay
things!

How quietly they sleep or feed among
The dry grass and the acanthus there!...
and he,
He hath flung his faun-skin by, and whitts
ash-stick,
You hear his hymn? Something of Dryope,
Fanus, and Pan... an old wood tale, no
doubt!

It makes me think of songs when I was
young
I used to sing between the valleys there,
Or higher up among the red ash-berries,
Where the goats climb and gaze. Do you
remember

That evening when we linger'd all alone,
Below the city, and one yellow star
Shook o'er you temple?... ah, and you said
then

"Sweet, should this evening never change
to night,

But pause, and pause, and stay just so—you
star

Still steadfast—and the moon behind the hill,
Still rising, never risen—would this seem
strange?

Or should we say, Why halts the day so
late?"

Do you remember?"

Ægisthus trembles before the lofty
sadness of the tone in which she

announces the catastrophe that approaches. She consoles him:

"O faint heart!

When this poor life of ours is done with—all its foolish days put by—its bright and dark—its praise and blame—roll'd quite away—gone o'er

Like some brief pageant—will it stir us more,

Where we are gone, how men may hoot or about

After our footsteps, than the dust and gurlands

A few mad boys and girls fling in the air When a great host is pass'd, can cheer or vex

The minds of men already out of sight Towards other lands, with psalm and with pomp

Array'd near vaster forces? For the future, We will smoke hecatombs, and build new fanes,

And be you sure the gods deal leniently With those who grapple for their life, and pluck it

From the closed gripe of fate, albeit perchance

Some ugly smutch, some drop of blood or so, A spot here, there a streak, or stain of gore,

Should in the contest fall to them, and mar That life's original whiteness."

But it is in vain. Ægisthus proposes flight, and Clytemnestra denounces him, and upbraids him, and exhorts him. The poor wretch is whirled in the gusts of her scorn and wrath like a leaf in an autumn gale. But in a woman like Clytemnestra a great emotion exists independently of its object. She does not feel her entire superiority. She does not care for his utter weakness. She is a hand of fate; but she is a woman. She must love, nor does she heed upon what the treasures of her heart are lavished.

ÆGISTHUS.

"Terrible Spirit!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Nay, not terrible,
Not to thee, terrible—O say not so!
To thee I never have been anything
But a weak, passionate, unhappy woman,
(O woe is me!) and now you fear me—

ÆGISTHUS.

But rather worship.

No,

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O my heart, my heart,
It sends up all its anguish in this cry—
Love me a little!"

"I will not doubt! All's lost, if love be lost—
Peace, honour, innocence—gone, gone! all gone!

And you, too—you, poor baffled crownless schemer,

Whose life my love makes royal, clothes in purple,

Establishes in state, without me, answer me,
What should you do but perish, as is fit?
O love, you dare not cease to love me now!"

Clytemnestra then begins to reason with the chorus upon the great sin of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, her child. She recalls her love for her first-born. She reminds those who may be mothers that the husband did not bear the child:

"Oh, who shall say with what delicious tears,
With what ineffable tenderness, while he Took his blythe pastime on the windy plain,
Among the ringing camps, and neighing steeds,

First of his glad compeers, I sat apart,
Silent within the solitary house,
Rocking the little child upon my breast;
And soothed its soft eyes into sleep with song!"

The sympathetic chorus wails "ai! ai!" and follows with a fine description of the sacrifice. Then, it deprecates the fall of a great man, and describes what he really is:—

"The clear soul in his earnest eyes
Looks thro' and thro' all plaited lies,
Time shall not rob him of his youth,
Nor narrow his large sympathies.
He is not true, he is a truth,
And such a truth as never dies.
Who knows his nature, feels his right,
And, toiling, toils for his delight;
Not as slaves toil: where'er he goes,
The desert blossoms with the rose.
He trusts himself in scorn of doubt,
And lets orb'd purpose widen out.
The world works with him; all men see
Some part of them fulfill'd in him;
His memory never shall grow dim:
He holds the heaven and earth in fee,
Not following that, fulfilling this,
He is immortal, for he is!"

The King returns triumphant, with Cassandra in his train. The fatal moment comes. Clytemnestra is nerving herself for the blow, and remembers the weak Ægisthus.

"Oh! but he—

Ay, there it lies! I dread lest my love, being
So much the stronger, scare his own to death;
As what they comprehend not, men abhor."

"Ah, his was never yet the loving soul,
But rather that which lets itself be loved;
As some loose lily leans upon a lake,
Letting the lymph reflect it, as it will,
Still idly sway'd, whichever way the stream
Stirs the green tangles of the water moss.
The flower of his love never bloom'd upright,
But a sweet parasite, that loved to lean
On stronger natures, winning strength from them—

Not such a flower as whose delicious cup
Maddens the bee, and never can give forth
Enough of fragrance, yet is ever sweet.
Yet which is sweetest—to receive or give?
Sweet to receive, and sweet to give, in love!
When one is never sated that receives,
Nor ever all exhausted one that gives.

I think I love him more, that I resemble
So little aught that pleases me in him.
Perchance, if I dared question this dark
heart,
'Tis not for him, but for myself in him,
For that which is my softer self in him—
I have done this, and this—and shall do
more."

The deed is done. Electra sends
away Orestes with Phocion, the Phrygi-
an. Clytemnestra is discovered stand-
ing over the body of Agamemnon:

CHORUS.

"Alas! alas! I know not words for this!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

We are but as the instrument of heaven.
Our work is not design, but destiny.
A God directs the lightning to its fall;
It smites and slays, and passes other-where,
Pure in its self, as when, in light, it left
The bosom of Olympus, to its end.
In this cold heart the wrong of all the past
Lies buried. I avenged, and I forgive.
Honour him yet. He is a king, tho' fallen.

CHORUS.

Oh, how she sets virtue's own crest on crime,
And stands there stern as fate's wild arbi-
tress!
Not any deed could make her less than
great."

The Queen offers Electra a home and
a mother's heart:

"If you will not these,

"But answer love with scorn, why then—

ELECTRA.

"What then?"

CLYTEMNESTRA.

"Safe silence, and permission to forget."

When she meets Ægisthus, she calls
him by name:—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

"Ægisthus!

ÆGISTHUS.

Queen and bride!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

We have not failed."

The chorus invokes the descent of
night—

"For we knew not whence we came,
And who can ensure the morrow."

The melancholy Queen replies:—

"But, if he cease to love me, what is gained?"

It is plain from these extracts, that
"Clytemnestra" is a drama of interest
and power. In detail it abounds in
pointed phrases and clear descriptions.
The chief character is well conceived;
but we think the extracts also show
that Mr. Bulwer's Clytemnestra is no

more Greek than Shakespeare's Lady
Macbeth. It is not fate, but love, that
controls the action of the drama; and
the Greek form and Greek allusions
do not alter the essential romance of the
conception. Yet the attempt to make
it Greek causes the inequality of which
we spoke; and the reliance upon an old
form indicates, at the outset, the defect
which vitiates most of the remaining
poems of the volume.

The other poems have no resemblance
to "Clytemnestra," except in their ro-
mantic character and their constant
reference to other poems and poets.
The fatal fault of those poems of Mr.
Bulwer in which he seems to have
abandoned himself to his own tenden-
cies, is that, however musical, and adroit,
and fanciful, and gorgeous, and dramatic,
they may be, they all seem to be in-
spired not by nature, nor by the ex-
author's actual experience, but by the ex-
perience and expression of other men of
similar, but superior, organization. Mr.
Bulwer says nothing that has not been
better said in the same way. Whether
this be the result of chance or not, is
indifferent to our conclusion that, such
being the case, his poems are no addi-
tion to literature. We suppose the fact
of the great resemblance of his verse to
that of Browning and Tennyson, and,
in general, to the masters of the modern
school, which has not escaped the notice
of the most favorable critics, to be the
result of a sensitive, susceptible, and
highly poetic nature, and a mind delicate
and finely cultivated, impressed by a
strong genius with which that mind and
nature are profoundly sympathetic. In
no other way can we satisfactorily ac-
count for a reproduction—almost un-
equaled in literature—of forms of
thought, points of view, and charac-
teristic treatment. This similarity is
not confined to a poem or a page, but
moulds the whole volume. That it is
unconscious, we have no reason to doubt.
But, as it is even more a resemblance of
spirit than of expression, we must ap-
peal constantly to our readers' remem-
brance of other poets to justify our re-
marks. We do not wish to be under-
stood as saying that men ought not to
write verses suggested by others, if
they wish to enjoy that pastime, nor to
assail them with criminal accusations
for so doing. We merely say that such
performances are no real addition to
literature. If half of the verse in our

newspapers is evidently inspired by the fascination which Longfellow or Poe have for great numbers of impressible and poetic youths, it is as unnecessary to try not to see that fact as it is to try to read the verse; and although it is very easy to bring the charge of plagiarism, or imitation, a reproduction, or by whatever other ugly name the thing is known, it is still not so easy as to write verse in another man's vein.

Mr. Bulwer's chief inspiration is Robert Browning, a poet not so well known among us as his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "The Earl's Return" is a poem full of remarkable description in the style of Browning's "Flight of the Duchess." In that poem, one of the Duke's huntsmen tells of the Duke's castle and the landscape about it; and of the Duke who came from Paris and must marry; and of the little lady who was taken from a convent to be his bride and who pined away directly she was married to him and came to live in the old castle. Then the Duke, who is a tailor's manikin and a pert little ape in human shape, resolves upon a hunting party, of which the Duchess is to make part. As the Duke rides out on the morning of the hunt he meets a Gipsy whom he instructs in the main facts of his wife's disobedience and sends her to the Duchess to frighten her. The Gipsy has strange fascinations and is charming the Duchess to escape with her to her tribe and be a Queen. The Duke's huntsman sees and hears all, and, loving the air she breathes and the ground she treads upon, helps her and the Gipsy to horse:

"And the palfrey bounded,—and so we lost her."

The Duke returned from the hunt, and he and his yellow-skinned mother do not allude to the past, and the tough old huntsman, "born thrall of Cedric," holds it his duty to stay till his master dies and will then go and find his mistress.

In Bulwer's "Earl's Return" there is a lonely castle in which the Countess lives alone and surveys the melancholy landscape. The sky and the sea and the changes and details of the seasons and of life there are minutely described: and her consuming weariness of soul. Suddenly arrives the grim Earl with sharp oaths and loud laughter, and the Countess falls to the ground as he

embraces her,—and dies, while the silver-haired minstrel sings in the hall:

"But ever since storms began to lower
Beauty on earth hath been second to power."

The Countess is buried by the desolate sea, and the Earl takes another wife. One night comes the silver-haired harper and sings of a lovely lady forlorn:

"A broken heart and a rose-roofed bower."

And, while he sings, a lurid light rises and reddens and the castle is burning, and while the seneschal is escaping he looks back, and sees two forms like that of the Earl and of the silver-haired harper toppling on the verge of an abyss of flame and ruin, and, while a woman's agonized shriek is heard, they disappear.

Now it is not in any similarity of the incidents of the story, nor in any appropriation of phraseology, that this poem seems to us to be the growth of the other, but it is in the character of the conception and treatment. We can only indicate the resemblance by extracts. We proceed to quote from Browning's "Flight of the Duchess." The reader must mark the reckless dash and swing of the measure, which is full of character and suggestion.

"Ours is a great wild country:

If you climb to our castle's top,
I don't see where your eye can stop;
For when you've passed the corn-field country,

Where vineyards leave off, flocks are packed,
And sheep-range leads to cattle-tract,
And cattle-tract to open-chase,
And open-chase to the very base
Of the mountain, where, at a funeral pace,
Round about, solemn and slow,
One by one, row after row,
Up and up the pine-trees go,
So, like black priests up, and so
Down the other side again

To another greater, wilder country,
That's one vast, red, drear, burnt-up plain,
Branched thro' and thro' with many a vein
Whence iron's dug, and copper's dealt;
Look right, look left, look straight before,—
Beneath they mine, above they smelt,
Copper-ore and iron-ore,
And forge and furnace mould and melt,
And so on, more and ever more,
Till at the last, for a bounding belt,
Comes the salt sand hoar of the ^{east} sea
shore,

—And the whole is our Duke's country!"

"And he came back the periest little ape
That ever affronted human shape;
Fall of his travel, struck at himself—
You'd say, he despised our bluff old ways,
—Not he! For in Paris they told the elf
That our rough north land was the Land of
Lays,

The one good thing left in evil days;

Since the Mid-Age was the Heroic Time,
 And only in wild nooks like ours
 Could you taste of it yet as in its prime,
 And see true castles, with proper towers,
 Young-hearted women, old-minded men,
 And manners now as manners were then.
 So, all that the old Dukes had been, without
 knowing it,
 This Duke would fain know he was, without
 being it;
 'Twas not for the joy's self, but the joy of
 his showing it,
 Nor for the pride's self, but the pride of our
 seeing it."

"Well, such as he was, he must marry, we
 heard :

And out of a convent, at the word,
 Came the lady, in time of spring.
 —Oh, old thoughts they cling, they cling!
 That day I know, with a dozen oaths,
 I clad myself in thick hunting-clothes
 Fit for the chase of urox or buffle
 In winter-time when you need to muffle;
 But the Duke had a mind we should cut a
 figure,

And so we saw the lady arrive:
 My friend, I have seen a white crane bigger!
 She was the smallest lady alive,
 Made, in a piece of nature's madness,
 Too small, almost, for the life and gladness
 That over-filled her, as some hive
 Out of the bears' roach on the high trees
 Is crowded with its safe merry bees:
 In truth, she was not hard to please!
 Up she looked, down she looked, round at
 the mead,

Straight at the castle, that's best indeed
 To look at from outside the walls:
 As for us, styled the 'serfs and thralls,'
 She as much thanked me as if she had said it,
 (With her eyes, do you understand?)
 Because I patted her horse while I lod it;
 And Max, who rode on her other hand,
 Said, no bird flew past but she enquired
 What its true name was, nor ever seemed
 tired—

If that was an eagle she saw hover—
 If the green and gray bird on the field was
 the plover.

When suddenly appeared the Duke,
 And as down she sprung, the small foot
 pointed

On to my hand,—as with a rebuke,
 And as if his backbone were not jointed,
 The Duke stepped rather aside than forward,
 And welcomed her with his grandest smile;
 And, mind you, his mother all the while
 Chilled in the rear, like a wind to nor'ward;
 And up, like a weary yawn, with its pullies
 Went, in a shriek, the rusty portcullis;
 And, like a glad sky the north-wind sullies,
 The lady's face stopped its play,
 As if her first hair had grown gray—
 For such things must begin some one day!"

"So, the little lady grew silent and thin,

Paling and ever paling,
 As the way is with a hid chagrin;

And the Duke perceived that she was
 ailing,

And said in his heart, 'Tis done to spite me,
 But I shall find in my power to right me!
 Don't swear, friend—the Old One, many a
 year,

Is in Hell, and the Duke's self . . . you shall

"As if in pure water you dropped and let die
 A bruised black-blooded mulberry;
 And that other sort, their crowning pride,
 With long white threads, distinct inside,
 Like the lake-flower's fibrous roots which
 dangle

Loose such a length and never tangle,
 Where the bold sword-lily cuts the clear
 waters,

And the cup-lily couches with all the white
 daughters:

Such are the works they put their hand to,
 And the uses they turn and twist iron and
 sand to.

And these made the troop which our Duke
 saw sally

Towards his castle from out of the valley,
 Men and women, like new-hatched spiders,
 Come out with the morning to greet our
 riders;

And up they wound, till they reached the
 ditch.

Whereat all stopped save one, a witch."

"Then, do you know, her face looked down
 on me

With a look that placed a crown on me,
 And she felt in her bosom,—mark, her
 bosom—

And, as a flower-tree drops its blossom,
 Dropped me—ah, had it been a purse
 Of silver, my friend, or gold that's worse,
 Why, you see, as soon as I found myself
 So understood,—that a true heart so may
 gain

Such a reward,—I should have gone home
 again,

Kissed Jacynth, and soberly drowned my-
 self!"

We cannot extend our quotations.
 This is all action. "The Flight of the
 Duchess" is charged with fierce humor
 and heavy sadness. "The Earl's Re-
 turn," of Mr. Bulwer, on the other hand,
 is all description. We quote:—

"Ragged and tall stood the castle wall,
 And the squires, at their sport, in the great
 South Court,

Lounged all day long from stable to hall
 Laughingly, lazily, one and all.

The land about was barren and blue,
 And swept by the wing of the wet sea-mew.

Seven fishermen's huts on a shelly shore:
 Sand-heaps behind, and sand-banks before:

And a black champagne streaked white all
 thro'

To a great salt pool which the ocean drew,
 Suck'd into itself, and disgorged it again.

To stagnate and steam on the mineral plain;
 Not a tree or a bush in the circle of sight,

But a bare black thorn which the sea-winds
 had wither'd

With the drifting scum of the surf and
 blight,

And some patches of gray grass-land to the
 right,

Where the lean red-hided cattle were
 tether'd:

A reef of rock wedged the water in twain,
 And a stout stone tower stood square to the
 main."

"But when the swallow, that sweet new-comer,
 Floated over the sea in the front of the summer,
 The salt dry sands burn'd white, and sicken'd
 Men's sight in the glaring horn of the bay;
 And all things that fasten, or float at ease
 In the silvery light of the leprous seas
 With the pulse of a hideous life were quicken'd,
 Fell loose from the rocks, and crawl'd crosswise away.
 Slippery sidelong crabs, half strangled
 By the white sea grasses in which they were tangled,
 And those half-living creatures, orb'd, ray'd, and sharp-angled,
 Fan-fish, and star-fish, and polypous lumps,
 Hueless and boneless, that languidly thick-en'd,
 Or flat-fac'd, or spik'd, or ridg'd with humps,
 Melting off from their clotted clusters and clumps,
 Sprawl'd over the shore in the heat of the day."

"But once—and it was at the fall of the day,
 When she, if she closed her eyes, did seem
 To be wandering far, in a sort of dream,
 With some lost shadow, away, away,
 Down the heart of a golden land which she
 Remember'd a great way over the sea,
 There came a trample of horses and men;
 And a blowing of horns at the castle gate;
 Then a clattering noise; then a pause; and then,
 With the sudden jerk of a heavy weight,
 And a wrangling and jangling and clinking and clanking,
 The sound of the falling of cable and chain;
 And a grumbling over the dewy planking
 That shriek'd and sung with the weight and strain.
 And the rough seneschal bawl'd out in the hall
 'The Earl and the Devil are come back again!'"

"Meanwhile the pale lady grew white and whiter,
 As the poplar pales when the keen winds smite her:
 And, as the tree sways to the gust, and the heavens
 Quick ripples of white alarm up the leaves,
 So did she seem to sink and reel
 From the casement—one quiver from head to heel
 Of whitest fear."

"The salt sea-wind sang shrill in the head of it;
 And the bitter night grew chill with the dread of it;
 When the great round moon rose up forlorn
 From the reefs, and whiten'd towards the morn.
 For the fork'd tree, as the bleak blast took it,
 How'd thro' it, and beat it, and bit it, and shook it,
 Like a living thing bewitch'd and bedevil'd,
 Visibly shrank, and shudder'd and shrivel'd."

"How fearful a thing is fire!
 You might make up your mind to die by water
 A slow cool death—nay, at times, when weary
 Of pains that pass not, and pleasures that pall,
 When the temples throb, and the heart is dreary,
 And life is dried up, you could even desire
 Thro' the flat green weeds to fall and fall
 Half-asleep down the green light under them all,
 As in a dream, while all things seem
 Wavering, wavering, to feel the stream
 Wind, and gurgle, and sound and gleam.
 And who would very much fear to expire
 By steel, in the front of victorious slaughter,
 The blithe battle about him, and comrades in call?
 But to die by fire—
 O that night in the hall!"

These extracts suffice to show the kind of resemblance we mean. It is, perhaps, more evident to the casual reader in the following poem. In Browning we have

"THE LOST MISTRESS.

All's over, then—does truth sound bitter
 As one at first believes?
 Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter
 About your cottage eaves!

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,
 I noticed that, to-day;
 One day more bursts them open fully,
 —You know the red turns gray.

To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest!
 May I take your hand in mine?
 Mere friends are we,—well, friends, the merest
 Keep much that I'll resign:

For each glance of that eye so bright and black,
 Though I keep with heart's endeavour,—
 Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,
 Though it stays in my soul for ever!—

—Yet I will but say what mere friends say,
 Or only a thought stronger;
 I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
 Or so very little longer!"

In Bulwer, we have

"MEETING AGAIN.

Yes; I remember the white rose. And since
 then the young ivy has grown;
 From your window we could not reach it, and
 now it is over the stone.
 We did not part as we meet, dear. Well, Time
 hath his own stern cares!
 And Alice's eyes are deeper, and her hair has
 grown like yours.

Is our greeting all so strange then? But
 there's something here amiss,
 When it is not well to speak kindly. And the
 olives are ripe by this.

I had not thought you so alter'd. But all is
changed, God knows!
Good-night. It is night so soon now. Look
there! you have dropt your rose.

Nay, I have one that is wither'd and dearer to
me. I came

To say good-night, little Alice. She does not
remember my name.

It is but the damp that is making my head and
my heart ache so.

I never was strong in the old time, as the
others were, you know.

And you'll sleep well, will you not, darling?
The old words sound so dear!

'Tis the last time I shall use them; you need
show neither anger nor fear.

It is well that you look so cheerful. And is
time so smooth with you?

How foolish I am! Good-night, dear. And
bid Alice good-night too."

The fragmentary, interjectional style;
the story implied not told; the run-
ning commentary and illustration of
the romance drawn from little events
and objects in nature; the purely dra-
matic form, and the peculiar rhythm,
are not to be mistaken.

In the same way "The Wife's Tra-
gedy," and "A Soul's Loss," are simple
stories in the style of the same master:
while "The Artist" is a versification of
parts of Emerson's Essays and a faint
echo of George Herbert's grand poem
"Man."

"Know well thy friends. The woodbine's
breath,

The woolly tendril on the vine,
Are more to thee than Cato's death,
Or Cicero's words to Cataline.

The wild rose is thy next in blood:
Share nature with her, and thy heart.
The kingcups are thy sisterhood:
Consult them duly on thine art."

* * * * *

"All things are thine estate: yet must
Thou first display the title-deeds,
And sue the world. Be strong: and trust
High instincts more than all the creeds.

The world of thought is pack'd so tight,
If thou stand up another tumbles:
Heed it not, tho' thou have to fight
With giants: whose follows, stumbles."

* * * * *

"Burn catalogues. Write thine own books.
What need to pore o'er Greece and Rome?
When whose thro' his own life looks,
Shall find that he is fully come

Thro' Greece and Rome, and Middle-Age:
Hath been by turns, ere yet full-grown,
Soldier, and senator, and sage,
And worn the tunic and the gown."

"An Evening in Tuscany" is Brown-
ing's "Englishman in Italy." We ask
the reader to look at the poems which

we have no room to quote. Browning's
poem of "Cristina" begins thus:—

"She should never have looked at me,
If she meant I should not love her!
There are plenty . . . men, you call such,
I suppose . . . she may discover
All her soul to, if she pleases,
And yet leave much as she found them:
But I'm not so, and she knew it
When she fixed me, glancing round them."

Bulwer's "Spring and Winter" has
this for its second stanza:—

"Was it well in him, if he
Felt not love, to speak of love so?
If he still unmoved must be,
Was it nobly sought to move so?
—Pluck the flower, and yet not wear it—
Spurn, despite it, yet not spare it?"

And again:—

"Why, if beauty could not bind him,
Need he praise me, speaking low:
Use my face just to remind him
How no face could please him now?
Why, if loving could not move him,
Did he teach me still to love him?"

In "Elayne le Blanc," the song of the
mariners is only an echo of the splendid
song in Browning's "Paracelsus"—

"Over the sea our galleys went."

This is, perhaps, the most remarkable
of the reproductions.

But the other great modern master
has not been without similar influence
upon Mr. Bulwer. Tennyson made
some poetical studies from the old ro-
mance of "King Arthur," which his
readers will remember. Here are some
lines from Mr. Bulwer's studies of the
same theme. It is unnecessary to point
out their subtle resemblance to Tenny-
son's peculiar manner:—

"Meanwhile, without,
A sighing rain from a low fringe of cloud
Whisper'd among the melancholy hills.
The night's dark limits widen'd: far above
The crystal sky lay open: and the star
Of eve, his rosy circlet trembling clear,
Grew large and bright, and in the silver
moats,
Between the accumulated terraces,
Tangled a trail of fire: and all was still."

* * * * *

"And straightway we were nigh a strand all
gold,
That glittered in the moon between the dusk
Of hanging bowers made rich with blooms
and balms,
From which faint gusts came to me; and I
heard
A sound of lutes among the vales, and songs
And voices faint like voices thro' a dream
That said or seemed to say, 'Hail Herman-
diaz!'"

* * * * *

"And like a star in that tumultuous night
 Love wax'd and waned, and came and went,
 changed hue,
 And was and was not: till the cloud came
 down,
 And all her soul dissolved in showers: and
 love
 Rose thro' the broken storm: and, with a cry
 Of passion sheath'd in sharpest pain, she
 stretch'd
 Wide her warm arms: she rose, she reel'd,
 and fell
 (All her great heart unqueen'd) upon the
 breast
 Of Launcelot; and, lifting up her voice,
 She wept aloud 'Unhappy that I am.'"

"On the verge of night
 She saw a bird float by, and wish'd for wings:
 She heard the hoarse frogs quarrel in the
 marsh:
 And now and then, with drowsy song and
 oar,
 Some dim barge sliding slow from bridge to
 bridge,
 Down the white river past."

In other poems we find the following;
 the very phrases of Tennyson:—

"Drop down below the orb'd sea,
 O lingering light in glowing skies,
 And bring my own true love to me—
 My dear true love across the sea—
 With tender-lighted eyes."

"The light grew dim and bleak:
 And she, too, slowly darken'd in her place."

"Then one rose up with a cry
 To the great moon; and stretch'd a wrathful
 arm
 Of wild expostulation to the sky."

Does the reader remember "Marianna
 in the moated Grange" of Tennyson?
 Here is Bulwer:—

"Her yellow stars the jasmin drops
 In mildew'd mosses one by one:
 The hollyhocks fall off their tops:
 The lotus-blooms all white if the sun:
 The freckled fox-glove faints and grieves:
 The smooth-paced alumbrous slug devours
 The glewy globes of gorgeous flowers,
 And smears the glistening leaves.
 Ah, well-a-day!
 Life leaves us so.
 Love dare not stay.
 Sweet things decay."

Does the reader recall Bryant's
 "Waterfowl"? Here is Bulwer:—

"Wild bird, that wingest wide the glimmering
 moors,
 Whither, by belts of yellowing woods
 away!
 What pausing sunset thy wild heart allures
 Deep into dying day?"

These resemblances are not excep-
 tional cases in the volume of Mr. Bul-
 wer. They are constant and universal.

That they are accidental, in the sense
 of not deliberately appropriated, we
 have no doubt. But do they not show,
 conclusively, that his inspiration is se-
 condary and derivative? If, in the
 verses before us, there were individual
 thoughts and forms, we should certainly
 have indicated them to the reader. But
 the total impression is such as we have
 stated. That there are sweet and grace-
 ful verses, a remarkably affluent vocabu-
 lary, and tender feeling, in this volume,
 we willingly concede. That it is a very
 superior collection of verses to those
 which are usually issued, we grant.
 But Mr. Bulwer has been hailed as a
 poet; his book has not been smothered
 with the common-places of commendation,
 and the evident care and cultivation
 of its preparation, added to the
 melody and sentiment of some of the
 poems, demanded a careful scrutiny.
 Our readers might be justly curious to
 know if there really were a new poet.
 Our reply is, that we do not discover
 the signs of his coming in Owen Mere-
 dith's volume. He is not a voice, but
 only a sweet echo.

Of the new names among recent
 English poets, that of Matthew Arnold,
 son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, is the most
 significant. The readers of the English
 reviews for two or three years past, are
 not unfamiliar with it. In 1849, he
 published a volume anonymously, and
 another in 1852—of which, in 1854, he
 published a new edition with additions.
 This year he has put out a second series;
 and it is mainly of this last that we
 propose to speak.

In the preface to the first edition of
 the volume of 1854, Mr. Arnold states
 at length his theory of poetry and the
 poet. It is a learned and thoughtful
 paper; but, of course, entirely unsatis-
 factory. The reader longs for the au-
 thor to leave his postulates and begin.
 We will not stay to discuss the princi-
 ples advanced in this preface. It must
 suffice to state that Mr. Arnold believes
 "the eternal objects of poetry" to be
 human actions. Of these the poet must
 select what is essentially excellent, and
 not hope to make it excellent by his
 treatment; and, as the primary human
 affections are always the same, the date
 of an action has nothing to do with its
 fitness for poetic representation. Hence
 Hermann and Dorothea, Childe Harold,
 Jocelyn, and the Excursion, affect the
 reader less than the Iliad, the Oresteia,

or the episode of Dido; because the actions of the former poems are less than those of the latter. This theory is the key of the larger poems in both of Mr. Arnold's volumes. And these larger poems are in themselves sufficient refutation of his theory, or, rather, they illustrate its incompleteness. For, good as they are, and admirable as works of art, they do not touch the mind like the minor poems; which are not poems of action, at all—only of sentiment; but, we grant, of sentiments universal and primeval, which are the more alluring and intelligible to us, because the development is familiar. And it is just this necessary familiarity of circumstance which Mr. Arnold has omitted in his theory, which gives them so great a charm. The passions which swayed the personages of the Greek drama, influence human life now, no less than then; and they influence it now under conditions more familiar to our experience. The poet will, therefore, represent them under the known, rather than the remote, conditions. To throw them into the past, or the distance, is to commit the very fault Mr. Arnold deplores, and to depend upon the accessories.

"Sohrab and Rustum" is the chief poem in the first volume. The action is simple. A Tartar youth defies the champion of the enemy to single combat before the armies. They fight and the youth falls. In dying he learns that it is his father who has slain him; his father—whom he had never seen, and who had been told by his wife, at his son's birth, lest he should train him for war, that it was a daughter. As a work of art this poem is masterly. The scene is in remote Asia: the treatment is purely objective; the characters are boldly and broadly sketched; the illustrations are local and consistent, and the action is complete. In all these respects, and in consistent feeling, "Sohrab and Rustum" is very much superior to Mr. Bulwer's "Clytemnestra." Here is a picture of the Tartar horsemen coming from the camp upon "the glittering sands" of the Oxus:

"From their black tents, long files of horse,
they streamed;
As when, some gray November morn, the
files,
In marching order spread, of long-necked
cranes,
Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes
Of Elburg, from the Arabian estuaries,

Or some froze Caspian reed-bed, southward-
bound
For the warm Persian sea-board: so they
streamed."

Here is a fine touch of the son, mortally wounded, remembering his mother; and the hero too proud not to deplore his lost career:—

"He spoke; and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death."

The poem is full of clear description. But we must not quote more than the last lines:—

"But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian
waste,
Under the solitary moon: he flow'd
Right for the Polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands
begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his
streams;
And split his currents: that for many a
league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand, and matted, rushy
isles,—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd, circuitous wanderer:—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and
wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-
bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral sea."

The poem of "Tristram and Iseult" is a study from the old romances, but in no other poet's style. "The Forsaken Merman" is an exquisite fancy of a merman who mourns with his children upon the shore, near the church into which his human wife has gone to pray, and who never returns to him. It is full of tenderness, and sadness, and music. "The Scholar Gipsy" is the tale of an Oxford student, whom poverty drove to join a tribe of gipsies. In this poem appears the pensive impatience of modern life and ways, which is latent in the sadness of the preceding verses, and which, intellectually, undoubtedly underlies and influences our author's theory of poetry. From this point, onward, through both volumes, the tone is more contemplative, more introspective, and charged with a wise melancholy, which is yet manly and humane. "Balder dead," the opening and longest poem of the second series, is a Scandinavian, as "Sohrab and Rustum" is a Tartar, episode. The poem

treats of a class of subjects, which always interest, as matters of curiosity, such grave and speculative minds as our author's. But they are to be regarded only as studies and experiments: not as characteristic and completed expressions. "The Sick King in Bokhara" belongs to the same category. It is an eastern story of royal repentance. "The Harp-player on Etna" and the "Fragment of an Antigone" are classical.

It is in the latter part of the second series that the individuality of our author is most apparent. Wiser, sadder, completer poems have not been lately written. We do not include him in the ranks of the great representative poets. But though only Apollo strike the lyre, yet sweet is the faun's piping.

Mr. Arnold's strain is his own. He belongs to what we have called the modern school, mainly by his reality and intensity, not at all by forms of thought, or character of expression. He is always calm and contemplative. The glow is in the feeling, not in the words. Among all recent poets he is distinguished for the transparent simplicity and clear vigor of his diction. His mind concerns itself with the loftiest problems. Its manliness and power of self discipline are easily inferred, from the consideration of the training necessary to enable so strictly a subjective intellectual habit to elaborate so successfully such purely subjective works as "Sohrab and Rustum" and "Balder dead" (which is not to be confounded, we beg, with Mr. Sidney Dobell's "Balder"). Yet over the great themes of thought, upon which his mind lingers, it throws a lyrical sadness, which is of the same character as that of Goethe and Wordsworth. These, in fact, are the two modern men whose influence is most perceptible in Arnold's poems; and his appreciation and admiration of both are expressed without reservation. Yet he is not precisely like either. He is less of a pagan than Goethe, and less of a Christian than Wordsworth. With Goethe, he yearns for the past—with Wordsworth, he confides in the present. Nature is less fate to him than to Goethe, and less an external creation than to Wordsworth. His sadness is more human than Goethe's, and more perceptive and profound than Wordsworth's. The general tenor of his thought is like Wordsworth. The character and form of his art more

like Goethe. In a poem upon "Obermann," which is very characteristic, Arnold thus speaks of the two men:—

"Yet of the spirits who have reigned
In this our troubled day;
I know but two who have attained,
Save thee, to see their way

By England's lakes, in gray old age,
His quiet home one keeps,
And one, the strong, much-toiling sage,
In German Weimar sleeps.

But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate;
And Goethe's course few sons of men
May think to emulate.

For he pursued a lonely road,
His eyes on nature's plan;
Neither made man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man."

"But we, brought forth and rear'd in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?"

"Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harass'd to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain."

"The World and the Quietist" is a poem especially characteristic of our author, both in thought and form. For he would be unworthy to be considered a poet, in the true sense that he undoubtedly is, if in his verse there were only the sigh of a strong man, and not his faith. The constant aspiration of his mind toward what is permanently grand in nature, and most ennobling in contemplation—the searching sadness of his sense of evanescence and change—the sublime question of the relation of the mind to experience—of the existence of nature, separately, or in human consciousness—all these are illuminated by a faith which cannot form itself into a creed, but which makes itself felt by its reality. Perhaps we should name this *reality* of faith, and thought, and feeling, as the point which distinguishes Arnold's volume from all but the best masters of the modern school. He has no dramatic power. His own life seems to be so full of emotion, that he is content to express that simply and lyrically. He has no tricks. He borrows nothing from words. His love-songs are less passionate, but not less intense or pathetic than Byron's, and they are totally free from the hackneyed strains of sentiment. We hardly dare to quote, for the excellence is uniform,

and the art so subtle, that the due effect of any poem requires the whole of it to be seen. The series called "Faded Leaves" is immeasurably superior to most love-verses in modern literature, as expressing the love of a noble and thoughtful man, and not the exaggerated and inflamed passion of an excitable and shallow voluptuary.

But we must pass them all by, as also "Resignation," "The Buried Life," and the two grand poems, "The Youth of Nature" and "The Youth of Man," from which we will extract nothing, since we cannot copy all. Yet we will cite the last lines of the last poem in the volume, and commend Mr. Arnold to the thoughtful attention of our readers. His poems are not aromatic verses, whose pungency will please for a moment. They are the thoughts and aspirations of an active and manly mind, enriched by various and profound cultivation, trained by an intelligent and thoughtful will, and inspired by the loftiest problems of human life and destiny.

The poet walks upon "a Summer Night," and remembers another night which was "far more fair"—

"But the same restless paces to and fro,
And the same vainly-throbbing heart was
there,
And the same bright, calm moon."

After giving way to this remembrance and the thoughts it awakens, he lifts his eyes, and mind, and heart, to the sky and the stars, and in this grand strain he sings:

"Plainness and clearness without shadow of
stain!
Clearness divine!
Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have
no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and though so
great
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate:
Who, though so noble, share in the world's
toil,
And though so tasked, keep free from dust
and soil:
I will not say that your mild deeps retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have longed deeply once, and long'd
in vain:
But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizon
be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency.
How it were good to sink there, and breathe
free,
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still."

THE STORM.

THROUGH the night, through the night,
In the saddest unrest—
Wrapt in white, all in white,
With her babe on her breast—
Walks the mother so pale,
Staring out on the gale,
Through the night!

Through the night, through the night,
Where the sea lifts the wreck—
Land in sight, close in sight—
On the surf-flooded deck
Stands the father so brave,
Driving on to his grave,
Through the night!

TWICE MARRIED.

MY OWN STORY

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER VIII.

AT last, the brief November's day came to its close, and the sun, which, during the afternoon, had been shining with a pale luster, through a thin veil of fleecy clouds, blazed forth round, red, and bright, just before he disappeared beyond the steep southwestern hills, leaving behind him the sunset sky, glowing with a lustrous apple-green tint, streaked with long trailing clouds of rose and flame color, which, after awhile, faded slowly until their gorgeous hues were changed to purple and sober gray. The night set in clear and cold, with a fresh, keen, bracing northwestern gale blowing down the valley, and whistling among the naked, swaying branches of the button-woods and elms. The stars came out, sparkling like frosty particles in the deep blue-black sky; but, even brighter than they, the gleaming windows of the Manners mansion shone forth like beacons into the moonless night; and even the yards in the rear were illuminated by the flash and glare of lanterns, carried in the hands of old Tite and his staff of helpers, who, as the numerous wedding guests arrived, led away their horses to the sheds and stables, there to feast at plenteous mangers full of newly threshed oats, and well stuffed racks of sweet and savory hay.

Meantime, all within doors was humming like a hive. There was not a household in all the Niptuck valley, however poor and humble, which had not there present at least its one representative member, either in the parlor or the kitchen; and, from the neighboring towns, cousins and friends had come to swell the throng of merry guests, with which, spacious as it was, the old house seemed full to overflowing. The greater number were gathered in the best room, waiting for the expected appearance of the bride and bridegroom elect. But Lucy, in her chamber, was still under the hands of the dressy mantua-maker, while the bridesmaids, admitted by virtue of their office to behold the spectacle of the toilette, stood by, making vain and unheeded offers of as-

sistance, and at times breaking forth into enthusiastic expressions of admiration at the rare loveliness of the mute and trembling bride, the beauty and costliness of her attire, and the wonderful genius and skill of the fashionable mantua-maker.

Joab and the groomsmen, in another chamber, awaited with impatience the summons to join the bridal train, beguiling the tedium of delay by frequent admiring surveys of their own images reflected in the mirror, and by watching from the window each new arrival, and the out-door commotion excited thereby. Joab himself, of course, formed the principal figure of this sprucely-attired group. He was dressed in the new suit constructed for the occasion, by the city tailor; a black swallow-tailed coat, a white sprigged vest, and dove-colored trowsers of fine kersey-mere, so short as to leave exposed his thick and clumsy ankles, covered by white silk stockings. His bony hands were encased in white kid gloves, and a stiff, tight, white cravat encircled in its strict folds his lean and scraggy throat. The little that was left of his hair above his forehead was brushed stiffly upwards, and his long earlocks, which, whilome were wont to hang straight adown his cheeks, were curled and frizzled into knots like rosettes above each red and shapeless ear. Thus arrayed, Joab's heart beat beneath his ruffled shirt-front with a generous emotion, longing for the moment to arrive when others, as well as himself, might be gratified and delighted by gazing at so splendid a spectacle as he saw and felt himself to be.

In the kitchen were assembled a score of the negro population of the valley, a merry, jolly crew, listening, though with many noisy interjectional exclamations of delight and applause, to the tuning of a venerable fiddle, which Primus Ball, Aunt Daffy's antenuptial son, had brought with him to furnish the music for the expected country dance; while Aunt Daffy herself, with Mrs. Dashleigh and Susan, was busy in the dining-room, giving the finishing touches to the array set out

upon the long table, in the center of which the great bride's loaf, covered with glittering frosting, loomed up in the midst like some tall mountain top mantled with eternal snows.

The mistress of the house and her nephew, John Dashleigh, were nowhere to be seen, but in the great parlor the good Colonel, gorgeously attired in a blue coat with brilliant gilt buttons, drab breeches, and a buff vest of military cut, almost hidden by the ruffle of his shirt, stood talking with Judge Slow, of Windham, near by where Deacon Sweeny and his wife were seated, each silently remembering the evening on which, five-and-twenty years before, the same old apartment had been the scene of their own wedding festivities. There was the same wide, cavernous, old-fashioned fire-place, in which then, as now, a burning pile of seasoned hickory wood sent a roaring blaze far up into the huge throat of the chimney flue, illuminating the room with a ruddy glow, which even the brilliant but paler light of the numerous candles could not wholly overpower. There were the same high-backed chairs, the same bow-legged, claw-footed tables, but grown darker in color with increased age; the same corner cupboard, revealing through its glazed door treasures of ancient silver heir-looms and old fashioned painted china; and there were a few among the gray-haired people present who had been brisk and jocund guests at the former wedding feast. A sigh escaped from the flinty heart of Mrs. Sweeny, and fluttered through between her thin and wrinkled lips, as she recalled to mind the time when the withered old man at her side had been a bridegroom, not ill-favored in her eyes, and she herself had figured bravely as a young and comely bride. Even the Deacon sighed, also, as he thought regretfully of the years that had sped their flight since his wedding-day, though each one had left behind it at least a thousand dollars increase to his hoard of wealth.

As for the rest of the company, with few exceptions, they were as gay and canty as such usually staid people ever permit themselves to be. Each guest, upon his or her arrival, had been invited to partake of the steaming contents of an immense china punch-bowl, of ancient shape and pattern, that usually occupied a place in the corner cupboard, but

which now stood upon a buffet in the hall, and was kept replenished with hot and well-spiced brandy-sling. The men, of course, each drank his glassful, and of the ladies there was not (after a little coy hesitation and renewed pressing) a single one that refused to comply with the hospitable invitation. It is not wonderful that the guests, already full of the dainties of a Thanksgiving dinner, what with the potent sling, the excitement of the occasion, and the pleasant anticipations of further good cheer, were complacent, good humored, and abundantly disposed to be soberly merry. The young women were ready to blush and giggle at every thing which the young fellows said or did; who, on their part, were inspired to utter a great many gallant speeches, and to do a variety of smart things, the very thought of which, at another time, would have appalled them into a state of dumb and stupid bashfulness. Ichabod Pettigrew, who, with a heart as tender and impressible as ever palpitated in any shepherd's bosom, was yet, for all that, a bachelor at the mature age of five-and-thirty, only because he had never dared to ask a young woman for her company, did, that night, venture to squeeze the fat little fingers of Huldah Pritchard's left hand; a gentle pressure, which Huldah gently and considerably returned. And though aforetime she had been heard frequently to ridicule Ichabod's uncouth appearance and awkward deportment, and to express her wonder as to whom he would ever get to have him, it, nevertheless, came to pass that, a year from that very night, Huldah was not only the lawful wedded wife of this same Ichabod Pettigrew, but was also the proud and happy mother of another mortal bearing the same name. Aholiab Fenn, who next to Andrew Bunn was reputed to have the drollest speech of any man in town, was that night funnier than ever; nay, funnier than even Andrew himself, whom marriage and family cares had sobered somewhat, and kept the little group in the corner, of which he was the center, in a constant titter of laughter. The new district school-master, too, rejoicing in the prospect of the fat living by which Thanksgiving week was likely to be distinguished, forgot, nay stooped from the dignity of his station, and walked about the room, with his hand under his coat-tails, smil-

ing grimly, and sometimes even deigning to talk awhile with some of his older female scholars, with an air of stiff familiarity, as near like to any common mortal as could have been expected.

At last Parson Graves arrived, very late, and threw off his long cloak in a hurry; but staid, nevertheless, to drink a tumbler of sling at the buffet. As he entered the parlor from the hall, in advance of his daughter, Miss Tabitha, and a little band of elderly maidens that usually followed in her train, the buzz of laughter and conversation was hushed for a moment. The older people who were seated rose from their chairs, and the young folks crowded closer together and spoke in whispers, suppressing their glee. The Colonel hastily advanced through the press, and shook hands with the parson; and then, quickly turning to Miss Tabitha, greeted her with an air of marked and ceremonious deference. For, although her father was looked up to by everybody in the Niptuck valley, with unmingled reverence, it must be confessed that his benevolent countenance, and easy, good-humored manners, failed to beget in the minds of his parishioners that sense of awful respect which was inspired by Miss Tabitha's lofty demeanor and severe aspect.

She was a tall, lean, sharp-visaged spinster, with light blue eyes, a freckled complexion, and sandy hair; and was, as every body knew, the very incarnation of all the Christian graces and virtues of the female sort. Nevertheless, such is the depravity of the perverse human heart, that there was scarcely a man, woman or child in the whole parish that liked her; except, perhaps, her body guard of vestals. The young women, especially, heartily detested her; and even their mothers, while holding her up to them as an exemplar, if the truth had been known, loved her no better than their daughters did. But it would have been thought an offense akin to blasphemy to have given utterance to these sentiments; and when the village girls ventured to murmur and repine against the austere rule and annoying supervision that Miss Tabitha constantly exercised over their conduct and pursuits, it was always done in whispers, and with carefully closed bed-chamber doors.

Next to the grace of piety, this exemplary virgin held in esteem the virtue

of propriety; and, indeed, so intense was her aversion to anything which was not strictly and rigidly proper, that her mind was constantly busy, endeavoring to detect improprieties in everything she saw or heard other people do or say, in order that she might reform or suppress them. With the same good purpose and intent, she was at great pains to enlarge the scope of her observation, and so used to go about the neighborhood on various errands of ostensible charity and benevolence, taking these opportunities to spy into other people's affairs, and pick up every scandalous rumor and piece of gossip that was astir in the parish. By constant and vigilant practice, therefore, her faculties had grown so keen that she espied latent indecorums which a common observer never could have discovered; and quite frequently the young girls of the village were dismayed by caustic rebukes from Miss Tabby, for having been unwittingly guilty of gross breaches of propriety in speech or conduct—of the nature of which, even the poor little, innocent transgressors had before that time been as ignorant as Eve was of sin before she saw the serpent.

When Parson Graves, upon returning from the Colonel's house that day, had informed his virtuous daughter that the wedding was to take place in the evening, in spite of the omission of the formality of publication, Miss Tabitha, whose aversion to weddings has hereinbefore been mentioned, at once perceived the impropriety of such a proceeding, and, during the whole time of dinner, and, indeed, all throughout the afternoon, she protested with great bitterness against the proposition of consummating the nuptial ceremony, before the usual preliminary, which the law prescribed, had been duly observed. What her arguments lacked in intrinsic cogency was fully made up by her constant reiteration of them; and when at last, at a rather late hour, Parson Graves and his daughter set out for the Colonel's house, he had promised to advise, or at any rate to suggest a postponement of the wedding. As soon, therefore, as the worthy minister had finished shaking hands with the most wealthy and distinguished of his flock that were congregated in the parlor, and had warmed his chilly hands before the crackling blaze in the fire-place, he drew the Colonel aside into the chimney

corner, and began to express the hesitation which he felt about proceeding further with the ceremony. "In fine," said he, in conclusion, "I'm inclined to think that, on the whole, you had better let me announce that, for this reason, it is thought advisable to put the wedding off; at the same time, if you please, appointing another time and renewing the invitations."

Now the Colonel, though he held the Parson and his sacred office in great reverence, was, nevertheless, so indignant at this proposal, that he was sorely tempted to commit the sin which easily beset him, and, in fact, liked to have muttered an oath loud enough for Parson Graves and the Recording Angel to overhear. And, though he did not at first dare to trust himself to speak, his inflamed countenance very plainly betrayed the nature of his thoughts and emotions. Conscious of this, he cautiously avoided meeting the Parson's glance. So, biting his lips, and looking abroad at a venture, his eyes chanced to meet those of Miss Tabitha, in which, at that moment, twinkled a gleam of spiteful intelligence; for she, well knowing the subject of the conference between her father and the Colonel, stood at a distance, across the room, watching them as they talked, and waiting, with malicious satisfaction, for the result, which she confidently expected to happen. This circumstance added fuel to the hot flame of the Colonel's wrath. He did not venture to reply to the Parson, lest he should be betrayed into gross unseemliness of speech. "Ef it's the same to you, Parson," said he, at length, "I'd rather talk about this matter, ef it must be talked over agin, in some other place. There's too many within ear-shot, here."

"Certainly," said the Parson, and straightway followed his host into the dining-room, from whence the Colonel led the way into the bed-room where he and his wife usually slept, while the Parson lingered a little behind, gazing, with a good appetite, at the tempting display which covered the long table. "Indeed," thought he, "but it would be a pity to suffer such a feast to wait longer for the guests!" It is needless to set forth, with particularity, the conversation which ensued between the Parson and the Colonel. It is sufficient to say, only, that

Miss Tabitha's arguments, being stated at second-hand by her father, and without the spiteful energy and iteration with which they had been originally presented by their inventor, seemed to have grown suddenly feeble. They were attacked by the Colonel, moreover, with great zeal and vigor; and being, in Miss Tabitha's absence, like unto a fortress without a garrison to defend it, they were, so, to speak, right speedily carried by storm, and blown up and demolished without loss of time. The Colonel showed triumphantly that the decision of the question of propriety, so far as it concerned the principal parties, viz., the bride and bridegroom, appertained to themselves alone, assisted therein, withal, if need be, by the advice of their parents.

"Ef they're agreed, I should like to know whose business 'tis?" said the Colonel; "and as for you," continued he, "though I ain't a minister to be sure, fer from it, arter you've done and said all, I've suthin of a character to maintain myself, though I say it, as p'raps shouldn't say it, I don't mean as a general thing to do aught that ain't respectable and proper."

"Oh, no—I—" hastily cried the Parson, who began to be a little uneasy at the sarcastic tone of his influential parishioner.

"And though p'raps it don't look well in me to be sayin' so, I think, actilly, my neighbors are willin' to give me credit for bein a law-abidin' and orderly citizen," added the Colonel.

"Oh! they do, they do," said the Parson, soothingly.

"Well, I raly hope so," continued the Colonel, in a mollified tone; "same time, as I told ye to-day, Parson, I've jined scores of couples, that probably never'd ha' been published nor a sign on't, and I only wish there'd one sich come along to-night, and I'd show you I wan't afeard to do it agin."

At this moment there came a loud knock at the front door. "I wonder who's come now?" said the Colonel. "Ef it hadn't ha' been fer this hitch they'd ha' been too late fer the ceremony."

"Well, well," cried the Parson, taking the hint and rising. "I shall proceed, for it would be unpleasant to have a delay; though, after all, as Tabitha says, a slight disappointment of this kind might very likely be blessed to

the spiritual welfare of the young couple, and teach them to moderate the fire of passion, and illustrate the uncertainty of human plans and calculations."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I'll go and speak to Miss Manners, and have her hurry the young folks, ef they ain't got ready, and you can set here while I'm gone, or go into the parlor, just as you're a mind."

"I'll wait a moment," said the Parson, who was determined not to give Miss Tabitha a chance to remonstrate against the result of the conference.

As the Colonel opened the bed-room door he met his wife. She was a little flurried and spoke rapidly, and with a catch in her breath.

"Why! what's the matter?" asked the Colonel. "I can't make head nor tail what you say."

"Oh, nothing," replied his wife, in the same hurried, flustered way; "I was going to ask you—but never mind—they must wait till after the wedding."

"Wait!" repeated the Colonel; "who wait? What is it?"

"Why," replied Mrs. Manners, more steadily; "these people that have just come and wish to be married; but I told 'em we were going to have a wedding of our own, and so—"

As his wife began to speak, the Colonel noticed, for the first time, that a strange man and woman were sitting together in the dining room, against the wainscot, where they were shielded by the mantel from the brilliant light of the candles that stood upon it. The man's figure was tall, and apparently stout. His swarthy face was almost hidden by a pair of immense, bushy whiskers. His age, judging by his looks, the Colonel thought might be near thirty-five. His companion was closely muffled in a large cloak, that completely enveloped her form, and her face was so nearly obscured by the shapeless, quilted hood she wore, that it was impossible to make out a single feature; though the Colonel noticed the ends of her bright red curls, straggling out from beneath the cape of her hood, and streaming down upon her shoulders in a dowdy fashion. As soon as he found, by his wife's speech, upon what errand the strangers had come, he stopped her short.

"So you want to be married, do ye?" said he, accosting the man abruptly.

The stranger hesitated a moment, and then replied in a deep, gruff voice:

"Yes, sir," said he.

"Are you published?" pursued the Colonel, eagerly.

"No, sir," said the man; "we—"

"Never mind tellin' the reason," cried the Colonel, hastily interrupting the other, lest he should disclose some matter that would appear to be a weighty objection against proceeding in the affair.

"Very well, sir," said the man.

"Though, to be sure," added the Colonel, "I s'pose I oughter make one query, and I must. As fer you, sir, your looks shows that you've nobody's consent to ask but your sweetheart's. But how is it with the gal?"

"As for that, Judge," said the man, "ef the woman won't be offended, I'll take my oath five year will more'n kiver the odds between our ages."

"All right," cried the Colonel, joyously, his face beaming with delight. "I tell ye, you've come to the right place, and in jest the nick o' time. We've a weddin' of our own here to-night, and I'll jine ye free gratis for nothin', and give you as good a supper as you ever eat into the bargain. Betsey, jest step into the bed-room with these folks, and have 'em take off their things, and send the Parson out here. He's in the bed-room. I jest want to speak a word to him; and I say, while I'm a talkin', to save time, you find out the names and where they live, and write the stifikit, will ye, and have it all ready for me to sign?"

So Mrs. Manners led the way into the bed-room, followed by the strangers, and the Parson, who supposed that they were guests, just arrived, going into the bed-room to add their outside clothing to the heaps and piles of cloaks, shawls, tippets, and other garments with which the bed and chairs were encumbered, looked at them without wonder; and, upon being told by Mrs. Manners that her husband wished to see him, immediately stepped forth into the dining-room.

"Parson!" cried the Colonel, beginning without preface; "that couple that's jest gone in there with my wife has come to be jined, and haint ben published nither, and I'm a goin' to do it for 'em. Don't ye remember, I was a wishin' for some sich a couple to come just as they knocked at the door?"

"Indeed!" said the Parson; "it does seem as if the finger of Providence could be seen in it."

"Don't it?" said the Colonel gleefully; "now, actilly, don't it?"

"And you are going to marry them immediately; before the other ceremony?" inquired the Parson.

"In five minutes from this times," said the Colonel, looking at the clock, "they'll be husband and wife, as tight as ever any two were tied, I tell ye. I ain't a great while a doin' on't," said he, rubbing his hands, "but I do it sartin."

"Come," said Mrs. Manners, opening the bed-room door, and looking out; "the certificate is written, and these people have got to go into the other State to night."

"From Massachusetts, then, are they?" asked the Parson.

"I expect so," replied the Colonel; "but come, I want you to stand by and see me perform.—Why! why!" he continued, as followed by the Parson he entered the bed-room, "you haint taken your things off. That ain't a goin' to do. You've got to stay to supper, now I tell ye."

"I don't know whether we can or not," said the man.

"Perhaps the young lady will be more willin' to take off her hood after she's married," suggested Mrs. Manners.

"Well, well," cried the Colonel, "it don't make no difference I expect, so let her wear her bonnet till she gets ready to take it off. Now then, my friends, ef you're ready, jest stand up—that's it—and jine hands—yes—take holt o' hands—that's it Now, Parson, seein's you're here, ef you'll make a prayer it 'll seem more reglar and solemn. You needn't be afeard, Parson," he added, with a sly look, "there ain't no statoot agen prayin', jest when you've a mind to, in this Christian land."

"No, thank God!" cried Parson Graves with great fervency: and immediately shutting his eyes very tight, and grasping the back of a chair, he began to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon the pending marriage rite, and the parties who were thereby to be joined.

In the mean time, Miss Tabitha, who had witnessed, with secret uneasiness, the departure of her father and the Colonel from the parlor, and whose dis-

quiet had increased during each moment of their prolonged absence, was at last no longer able to restrain either her curiosity or her desire to meddle with and thwart the business of the occasion. Slipping from the parlor, therefore, she went softly out into the dinning-room, from whence she was guided by the sound of her father's voice into the bedroom. Her astonishment and displeasure at the spectacle which she beheld was unbounded; and no sooner had the Parson pronounced the final Amen of his pious invocation, than Miss Tabitha precluded the Colonel from resuming, at once, his part in the ceremony, by asking, in a tone of great asperity, whether anybody would be good enough to oblige her by telling her what was going on.

"You can see for yourself, Miss Tabby," said the Colonel, trying to speak jovially, in order to hide his vexation, "it's a weddin'!"

"Ah! a wedding, hey?" cried Miss Tabitha, looking towards the young woman with a reproving severity of aspect that was truly appalling. "And may I be allowed to ask what wedding it is, and whose it is, and why it takes place in this private manner?"

To these inquiries Parson Graves proceeded to make reply. "The Colonel, here," said he, with a deprecatory manner, "is about to marry this worthy young couple, who, by-the-by, my daughter, have never been published, in order to —."

"I see, I see," cried Miss Tabitha, with a virulent energy of tone and expression. "I see it all. And do you ma'am," she asked, turning to Mrs. Manners, "and do you, a church member, and a Christian mother, countenance such awful and scandalous improprieties?"

"Ma'am!" said Mrs. Manners, reddening, "improprieties, did you say?"

"Yes, ma'am, improprieties," repeated the virtuous Miss Tabitha; "for my part, I must say that I consider a form of marriage, without a previous publishment, as highly improper; yes, ma'am, grossly, scandalously, wickedly, sinfully improper, ma'am; and as a mere form, and no marriage at all!"

"I guess, ma'am," suddenly cried the sharp voice of Mrs. Sweeny, whose inflamed visage, at this moment, appeared at the door, "I guess, ma'am, some folks would be mighty glad to get

married themselves, publication or no publication; and its jest because nobody ain't fool enough to have some folks, that some folks are allus wantin' to be a stickin' their nose inter everybody else's business. But they can't break up this match; no, that's what they can't!"

The boundless rage and astonishment of Miss Tabitha at this speech of Mrs. Sweeny's cannot be easily described. For once in her life, the Deacon's wife found herself opposed to a more wrathful antagonist than even herself. The pair stood in silence, eying each other with furious and contemptuous glances. The Deacon's wife, though a little appalled at the idea of confronting the minister's daughter, nevertheless stood her ground bravely. She had overheard, in the parlor, whispers floating about, that Miss Tabitha had hinted the wedding was to be put off, and that the Parson had promised her that he would not perform the ceremony. She, too, had marked the withdrawal of the Parson and the Colonel from the parlor; and, when Miss Tabitha made her exit also, she whispered to the Deacon to go and find Joab, and then followed her as speedily as was consistent with seemly appearances. She had arrived at the bed-room door in time to hear only the concluding words of Miss Tabitha's declaration, herein before duly set forth, the which she, of course, supposed was spoken with especial reference to the wedding of Lucy and her son Joab.

The Colonel, fearing lest an unpleasant collision should take place between the two ladies, who stood glowering at each other, made haste to interpose and to explain.

"You needn't be agoin' off at half cock, as usooal, Axy," said he. "Nobody hain't said a word agin havin' Joab and Lucy reg'lary jined. The Parson here is agoin' to do that job jest as quick as this one's over that I've got in hand, which I am adoin' of, in order to show and convince him that I ain't afraid, and he needn't be."

"What job?" cried Mrs. Sweeny.

"This young couple, as comes from out of the State, and wants to be married," replied her brother; "they hain't ben published, to be sure, no more'n Joab and Lucy has, but I say that don't make no odds."

"Of course it don't," cried Mrs. Sweeny, who, under ordinary circum-

stances, would have denounced this doctrine as fiercely as Miss Tabitha herself. "They've jest as good a right to be married as ef they'd a ben published from the house-tops, and had a gin out notice by advertisin' for a year in Hudson and Goodwin's *Connecticut Courant*; and, if anybody says they hain't I'd jest like to hear the reasons."

These concluding words, inasmuch, especially, as the speaker had accompanied them with a scornful glance at herself, Miss Tabitha very justly construed as a challenge; and, in spite of the admonitory winks, frowns, and gestures of her father, she forthwith turned upon Mrs. Sweeny, and inquired if she herself would be willing to be married in that way, without a publication, like the brutes of the field.

"As for me," replied Mrs. Sweeny, "I've ben married myself these five-and-twenty year, and my husband is still alive —."

"It's a wonder," muttered Miss Tabitha.

"And it ain't proper for me, Miss Tabby," continued Mrs. Sweeny, with increased bitterness, "to be a sayin' that I'd be willin' to be married this way or that way; but jest let me ask you, mum, and answer it accordin' to your conscience; wouldn't you jump at at the chance o' marryin' any decent white man, ef you could git him, publication or no publication?"

At this home question, Miss Tabitha was almost beside herself with wrath and spite. "I'd have you to know, ma'am," said she, in a hissing whisper, "that if I'd please, I could have been married to a dozen!"

"All to once, mum?" enquired Mrs. Sweeny, who had obtained the advantage in the battle.

"But I've always preferred, ma'am," continued Miss Tabitha, scornfully to notice the interruption, "and I still prefer, to live single, ma'am, and——"

Here Miss Tabitha, overhearing her antagonist mutter something about sour grapes, suffered her rage to wax so violent that words suddenly failed her.

While this acrimonious debate was going on, the strange young woman had been violently agitated; and if it had not been for the support of her lover's arm, which he put about her waist, she would have been scarcely able to stand. Mrs. Manners went up and whispered encouragement; and at last the Colonel,

perceiving her emotion, determined to put a stop to its cause.

Mrs. Sweeny had just uttered a scornful laugh, by way of prelude to another attack in words, when the Colonel interposed.

"Now jest stop, Axy," said he, "jest shet pan now I tell ye; and don't open your face again. I'm agoin' to jine this couple right away. They think it's proper to be jined, and I think it's proper to jine em, and ef anybody else don't like it they're free to clear out."

Hereupon Miss Tabitha sailed out of the room with great dignity, muttering as she went, at which Mrs. Sweeny could not, for the life of her, forbear coughing and hemming with great significance.

"And if nobody else ain't willin' after that, to jine Lucy and Joab," resumed the Colonel, "why I'll do it myself while my hand's in; for I've took a solemn oath on that pint, and I ain't agoin' to have it broken. Now then, my friends, ef you're ready agin', we'll go through this time without a halt. Jine hands—there—attention the whole—Do you, sir," he continued, "take this woman to be your wife, and do you promise to love, honor, cherish and maintain her as long as God gives you life, health and ability so to do?"

"I do, sir," responded the gruff voice of the bridegroom.

"And do you, young woman, take this man to be your husband; and do you promise to love, honor, cherish and obey him, till death do you part?" said the Colonel.

"I do," whispered the bride, in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"Then," continued the Colonel, with a little pomposity of manner and inflation of tone, "by the authority of the State of Connecticut, in me duly vested for that purpose, I pronounce you to be husband and wife; and what God has jined, let not man put asunder."

At the Colonel's request, Parson Graves then made another brief prayer, and as soon as it was concluded the Colonel went up and shook hands with the bridegroom, and kissed the bride; an example which was speedily imitated by his wife, who seemed to have taken a great interest in the newly-wedded pair.

"And now where's the stifakit!" said the Colonel. "I hain't got my spees," he added, as he sat down at the

desk and took a pen to sign the document which Mrs. Manners had prepared; "but it's all right, I expect." His wife nodded, and the Colonel subscribed his name with a flourish. "There," said he, rising and handing the paper to the bride, who took it with trembling fingers; "there mum, you're married now, jest as tight as ef a bishop had published the bans and performed the ceremony; and there's the evidence in black and white, which can't very well be got 'round or contradicted."

"Jest as tight," repeated Mrs. Sweeny with a triumphantly spiteful glance at Miss Tabitha, who still remained in the dining-room.

"And now," continued the Colonel, "I insist on you taking off your things and go into the best room; where there's to be another weddin' right away, and arter that you must stay to supper, and all night, too, for that matter, if you will, and welcome."

"I'll see to that, husband," said Mrs. Manners, turning very pale; "and I wish that you'd wait a bit here, for I'd like to have a word with you before—"

At this gentle hint, Parson Graves, Mrs. Sweeny, the Deacon and Joab went out one after another. Mrs. Sweeny last of all, closing the door behind her with a slam. Mrs. Manners stood in the middle of the floor for a moment, and then going quickly to her husband, she threw her arms about his neck, and began to sob as if her heart would break.

"Good natur!" exclaimed the Colonel, infinitely surprised at this unexpected demonstration. But before he had time to utter another word he was completely astounded by having the newly-wedded bride seize his hand, and drop upon her knees at his feet, crying and sobbing, all the while, as violently as his wife did.

"What on airth! why!" ejaculated the Colonel; "why! why! what on airth!"

"Remember your promise last night," sobbed his wife. "Don't speak harshly to me, husband; and yet, if you scold anybody, scold at me. It's all my doing and contriving."

"No, sir," said the tall bridegroom, taking a part in the colloquy; but speaking, not in the gruff tone in which he had hitherto spoken, "it's all my fault, if fault it be. I'm the one that's to blame."

"Why! who be, you?" exclaimed the Colonel. "I seem to know your voice; but —"

"It's me, sir—John Dashleigh!" said the bridegroom, pulling off his false whiskers and his wig, and then, after that, standing very straight and upright, and looking very pale, with a slight shade of a defiant expression, also, visible upon his features.

The Colonel's amazement made him well nigh speechless. "And—and—you!" he stammered, lifting the bride up from her knees, and turning back her hood until he saw the face that it concealed. "Lucy Manners! as I'm a livin' man!" he added, pushing her from him and sitting down in his chair.

"Forgive them, husband!" cried Mrs. Manners, clinging to his neck; "and forgive me, too, for I advised them to it."

"Forgive me, father! dear father!" sobbed Lucy, clasping his knees.

As for John Dashleigh he stood still, near the foot of the bed, with his arms folded across his breast, and growing pale and ruddy by turns.

Colonel Manners remained sitting in his chair, with his lips compressed, and his features working. At last, when, after a stout and earnest struggle, he had conquered the first impulse of his angry surprise, he ventured to speak.

"I ain't a-goin' to say anything hash or ugly to you, Betsey," said he, enunciating each word carefully, and with deliberation, "I never have done that yet, and I never will; but I tell ye, Betsey, I'm sorely disappointed and grieved. But I don't keer half so much about a plan's bein' broke up that I've laid out nigh twenty year ago, and 'lotted on, and hoped to see accomplished to-night, as I do to find the wife of my bosom, that I've allus trusted, a deceivin' on me and a plottin' agin me."

"Husband!" said Mrs. Manners, "hear me before you say such cruel words again! I may have deceived you, but I have told you no untruths. I may have deceived you, but I have meant it all for good; for your good as well as Lucy's. As for your disappointment, I am sure that Lucy never would have married Joab —"

"I'd have died first," said Lucy, passionately.

"Your severity might have killed her," resumed her mother, "but it

would have been better for her to die, than to live the wife of such a man as Joab Sweeny. If she could have loved him, I would have been willing to see her sacrificed to your cherished project. But she did not, she could not love him; she told you so: she declared to you that she never would marry him, and she has never since recanted."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "and, at the same time, I took a solemn oath which must be kept. I must keep my oaths, Betsey. They ain't like other words and can't be trifled with. If Miss Lucy is so sot in her ways that she couldn't back down from what she said, no can't I, nuther; 'specially as I've sworn to't."

"But Lucy has fulfilled the condition of that oath to the very letter!" said Mrs. Manners eagerly. "I promised that she should do so, and I've fulfilled my engagement, too. Here is your oath, your very words, written down at the time, and your name put to it with your own hand. See—hear—she has been married—on Thanksgiving night—to her cousin—not to Joab Sweeny, to be sure, but to John Dashleigh, who is no less her cousin, and who is the man whom she loves better than all the world, and who loves her as well. She was married in this house; and that it was in your presence, and with your consent, can't well be denied, when you yourself pronounced the words that made them lawful husband and wife."

"Le's see the paper," cried the Colonel, holding out one hand to take it, while, with the other, he vigorously rubbed his forehead. Then he got up out of his chair, put on his spectacles and went to the desk where the candle was burning, and deliberately read and re-read the oath that was written on the paper.

"Didn't I say your cousin Joab, Betsey?" he asked at length.

"No, no," cried his wife, "I am sure you didn't. I took particular notice at the time."

"Purty well, purty well," said he, at last, looking down over his glasses at poor little Lucy, who still remained on her knees, with her hands clasped, her hair falling down all over her shoulders, (for she had pulled off her hood and false curls,) and gazing up at her father's face with an eager, piteous expression of anxiety and hope. "I suppose, you little hussy, you think you've ben pretty

smart to get round your old father in this cute way, don't you?"

"Oh! *don't* be angry any more!" cried Lucy, putting up her hands and shaking her head in the earnestness of her petition; "forgive me, oh! *do*, papa, and forgive John, and mother."

"Forgive John!" replied her father, "humph! I can't say as I blame John a mite."

"Thank you, thank you, uncle Starr!" cried John impetuously, and forthwith bursting out a-crying like the other two culprits. "Oh! uncle, uncle—I—I—couldn't help it!—If there'd been the least hope of gaining your consent, even by waiting ten years, I'd have waited and toiled as Jacob did; but, you know—"

"And I love John so much," cried Lucy; "and I hate Joab so awfully, I'd never have married him if he'd been the only man in the world, and I'd never seen John."

"Forgive, forgive," whispered Mrs. Manners, taking her husband's hand.

"Uncle," began John Dashleigh, "if you will forgive us, my whole life shall be one constant endeavor to make you amends for the disappointment which I have caused you to suffer to-night."

"And mine, too," said little Lucy, coaxingly. Mrs. Manners pressed her husband's hand and whispered softly; "and mine."

Ever since he had read the oath the Colonel's face had been gradually softening, until the benevolent good-humored expression which usually was visible there had nearly regained its accustomed supremacy. He returned the pressure of his wife's hand, and then addressed Lucy—"And do you love John, you little jade?" said he.

"Oh! yes, papa!" replied Lucy, who was still on her knees, catching hold of John's sleeve, and trying to pull him down into the same position by her side; "I love him better than anything!"

"Better'n me, I expect, and your mother?"

"Y—yes," replied Lucy, a little fearful of confessing the truth, lest it might give offense; "but, then—so—so—very differently you know!"

"And you, John," continued the Colonel, "do you love Lucy as well as she says she does you?"

"I love her with all my heart, uncle," replied John with a quaver in his tone.

"Humph!" said the Colonel, "uncle,

indeed! arter this, young man, you needn't call me uncle any more!"

"What then?" asked John, with a little trepidation; while Lucy and her mother waited anxiously for the reply.

"Why," said the Colonel; "I guess you'd better call me what your wife does, and be gettin' used to't."

At this speech Lucy laughed outright and clapped her hands: first, because she knew that if all was not yet forgiven there were good signs that it would be, right speedily; and, secondly, because it sounded so drolly to her to be called a wife. Then she got up from her knees in a hurry, and threw her arms round her father's neck, and hugged him with all her might, kissing him at every breath; while the Colonel was rendered totally incapable of defending himself against this attack, by reason of the conduct of John Dashleigh and Mrs. Manners, who each held one of his hands.

At this juncture the bedroom door was suddenly thrown open, and the group which I have just described was thereby exposed to the astonished gaze of a crowd of people in the dining-room, foremost of whom stood forth Mrs. Sweeny and Joab. In the rear were gathered the Deacon, Parson Graves, Miss Tabitha, Susan, and the whole suite of groomsmen and bridesmaids, while beyond them all appeared the pale, anxious face of Mrs. Dashleigh, with little Ellen standing by her side.

When Lucy looked up from her father's shoulder she encountered the glance of mingled amazement, alarm and fiery indignation with which her aunt Sweeny regarded the scene, which had been revealed by the bursting open of the door; and hastily releasing her father from the embrace in which he had been straightly confined, she caught hold of John, and then, being reassured by feeling her husband's arm stealing around her waist, her features assumed a wonderfully pretty expression of defiance.

"Law! see that!" exclaimed Miss Tabitha; "hugging in company—well!—"

"Ah—what—," began Mrs. Sweeny, and forthwith broke down.

"There ain't no use o' keepin' things back," said the Colonel, advancing a step to the door-way; "what's happened is very strange, and sudden, and unexpected, and the whys and the

wherefores'll have to be explained at some future time. What's done can't be helped, this time anyway, for it's of a natur that can't be undid, and there ain't no use a kickin' agin it, not a bit. You've got to hear it, Axy; and you too, Joab, and everybody's got to hear it and know it; and you may jest as well hear on't now as ever. You'll bile, and I shan't blame ye, ef you don't bile over; but be as moderate as you can. The fact is; that, unbeknown to me, at least in one sense, John Dashleigh here has jest up and married my darter Lucy, and she's up and married him, and what's more, I, unbeknown to myself, was the one that up and married 'em both!"

There was a general exclamation of surprise, which was by no means a whisper; but Mrs. Sweeny's scream of rage and disappointment was so very vociferous, that the crowd of guests in the parlor came thronging out in alarm, to ascertain the cause of the piercing outcry. The scene which was discovered by these new-comers was one which they never forgot, I warrant you. In the bedroom door-way stood the stout form of the master of the house, serving as a bulwark against the violent efforts that Mrs. Sweeny put forth to enter, for the purpose of administering corporeal chastisement upon the persons of the newly-married pair. Lucy, frightened out of half her wits at the extremity of her aunt's rage, and the awful threats which she constantly uttered, clung to her husband's arm for protection; while John himself, proud and happy, but still a little apprehensive lest the virago should break through the Colonel's defense, stood ready to succeed him "i' the imminent deadly breach," in case of need. Mrs. Manners' usually rosy face, pale with excitement, appeared in the recesses of the bedroom. Joab, completely astounded and crest-fallen, stood beside his father; and, just behind the pair, the sharp visage of Miss Tabitha was visible, radiant with exultation at the disappointment of her late victorious antagonist, the Deacon's wife. The Parson had failed to comprehend the explanation which the Colonel had given, and, being prevented by the universal confusion from learning the truth concerning the matter, remained standing in the midst of the chattering bridesmaids and groomsmen, the image of perplexed amazement. In a corner of

the dining-room Mrs. Dashleigh, with her arms around little Ellen, was weeping with joy; and in the open doorway to the kitchen was crowded a score of black faces, each expressive of the most intense wonder and eager curiosity.

At length, Mrs. Sweeny, finding all her attempts to force a passage into the bedroom rendered utterly abortive by the Colonel's passive but effectual resistance, suddenly made a move towards the long table, and seizing hold of one end, she strove with all her might to overset it. But her excessive rage had made her impotent; and she succeeded only in displacing a few dishes, which fell to the floor and were broken, before she was restrained from committing further mischief by the interposition of a dozen hands. Then she gave another scream and fell away into a swoon, from which, however, she speedily recovered; for Miss Tabitha Graves happening to express her desire to be informed with respect to Mrs. Sweeny's present sentiments, concerning the propriety of celebrating a marriage ceremony without a publication of intention, this remark proved to be a most excellent restorative, more pungent and efficacious than either hartshorn, camphor, or burnt feathers; as was made manifest by Mrs. Sweeny's coming to as soon as it was uttered, and replying at once to Miss Tabitha's inquiry, in a manner more earnest than polite. And when the Colonel at last ventured to remonstrate against a further continuance of her abusive language and behavior, she called to her husband, and with the Deacon and Joab set out for home, to the great relief of everybody, declaring, as she went, that she would never again set foot in the house while she breathed the breath of life.

When she had fairly gone, it seemed like a calm after a storm; and after a little whispering about among themselves, the other guests began to talk aloud about taking leave; the which when it came to the Colonel's ears he soon put a stop to. For, going to where the Parson and his daughter were standing, he spoke loud enough to be overheard by the attentive crowd—"Miss Tabitha," said he, "I must confess I'm purty much converted to your way o' thinkin', as, indeed, I most allus am, arter a spell of experience. This gettin' married by a justice of the peace, though strictly accordin' to statoot,

ain't, arter all, so satisfactory as when the jinin' 's done by a reglar or lained minister of the Gospel. Now this young couple that I put together to-night ain't ben published, to be sure, but I've gin 'em sich a start that there ain't no gettin' back; and I calkilate that, ef the Parson here'll kind o' do it over arter me, what with what I've done, and what he'll do, the marriage'll be about as valid as ef they'd ben reglarly published in the fust place. I've jined 'em kind o' rough cornered, but yer father'll finish it, you see, as it were."

Miss Tabitha, being in a very exultant and self-complacent frame of mind, was easily disposed to be flattered by the Colonel's speaking to her in this fashion, and seeming in manner, if not in words, to ask her advice and counsel. "For my own part," said she, "I'm sure I'd rather go to prison than to be married to the best man in the world; and I would advise every other young maiden, who is not too far entangled, to be of the mind which has kept me single for so many—at least for a few years; during which I have had so many opportunities to change my condition. But, as you observed, Colonel Manners, your daughter, although I do not, to be sure, regard her as actually and truly married, still has, without doubt, gone too far with Mr. Dashleigh to be able to retrace her steps. I think, therefore, as you desire my opinion, that, under the circumstances, papa had better give the sanction of the usual and proper religious ceremony to their union. But, poor thing!" continued Miss Tabitha, sighing, and shaking her head, "though doubtless Mr. Dashleigh is a very wor-

thy young man, at least I trust he is, still I cannot help pitying her from the very bottom of my heart!"

"Oh! yes! poor thing!" echoed Miss Tabitha's staff of old maids, who by this time had again surrounded their chief.

"Well then, Parson, what do you say?" cried the Colonel, who, to tell the truth, seemed to feel quite jolly, notwithstanding his late disappointment—"will you consent to polish off my rough-hewing?"

"Of course he will, Colonel Manners," said Miss Tabitha, with a gracious smile; for the Parson, who did not yet fully understand what had happened, was hesitating what to reply.

So, an hour afterwards, in the best room (this time) John and Lucy, already husband and wife, stood up to be married over again; and (though I say it that shouldn't) since Adam and Eve a handsomer couple were never seen.

And now my story has reached its end. Authors are wont to consider their duty well performed, and their task well concluded, when they have contrived to bring their heroes and heroines, through many tribulations and dangers, to the altar of Hymen, and once joined the hands of the happy lovers in lawful wedlock. But I, conscious of the demerits of my tale, am fearful that one wedding will not be enough to save it from condemnation. So, in the hope of bribing my gentle reader to look with favor on my humble endeavor, I have thrown in another, and have exhibited for his delectation the rare spectacle of the hero and heroine of a story TWICE MARRIED to each other.

SUNKEN TREASURES.

WHEN the uneasy waves of life subside,
 And the soothed ocean sleeps in glassy rest,
 I see, submerged beyond or storm or tide,
 The treasures gathered in its greedy breast.

There still they shine, through the translucent past,
 Far down on that forever quiet floor;
 No fierce upheaval of the deep shall cast
 Them back—no wave shall wash them to the shore!

I see them gleaming, beautiful as when
 Erewhile they floated, convoys of my fate;
 The barks of lovely women, noble men,
 Full-sailed with hope, and stored with love's own freight.

The sunken ventures of my heart as well
 Look up to me, as perfect as at dawn;
 My golden palace heaves beneath the swell
 To meet my touch, and is again withdrawn.

There sleep the early triumphs, cheaply won,
 That led ambition to his utmost verge,
 And still his visions, like a drowning sun,
 Send up receding splendors through the surge.

There wait the recognitions, the quick ties,
 Whence the heart knows its kin, wherever cast;
 And there the partings, when the wistful eyes
 Caress each other as they look their last.

There lie the summer eves, delicious eves,
 The soft green valleys drenched with light divine,
 The hisping murmurs of the chestnut leaves,
 The hand that lay, the eyes that looked in mine.

There lives the hour of fear and rapture yet,
 The periled climax of the passionate years;
 There still the rains of wan December wet
 A naked mound—I cannot see for tears!

There are they all; they do not fade or waste,
 Lapped in the arms of the embalming brine;
 More fair than when their beings mine embraced—
 Of nobler aspect, beauty more divine.

I see them all, but stretch my hands in vain;
 No deep-sea plummet reaches where they rest;
 No cunning diver shall descend the main
 And bring a single jewel from its breast.

THE AMAZONS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE majestic stream which descends through the center of South America, from the Andes of Peru to the Atlantic, derives its name from a story of Orellana, its discoverer, that he had met upon it, in his voyage down, a nation of warlike women living independent of men, with whom he had several encounters. From this report, it was immediately called the River of the Amazons; though sometimes named Orellana, in compliment to its discoverer. Recently, however, geographers have been disposed to restore its ancient Indian name, Marañon, by which it is now called nearly as often as by the other.

This extraordinary account, when heard in Spain, created a great excitement. On obtaining from the Emperor Charles V. the government of the countries he had made known, Orellana used the treasure he had brought home to prepare an expedition to the Amazon. Many young men, of the highest rank in Spain, agreed to join him, to see the wonderful country he described. His voyage, however, was unsuccessful. Disasters occurred at sea, and, unable to find the Amazon, he died from grief and mortification at the failure of his expedition.

More sober minds hesitated to believe his narrative; but subsequent confirmation, by a succession of travelers, lessened incredulity in regard to it. Still, the existence of such a community has always been a subject of doubt, though thought deserving of inquiry by eminent writers—some of whom, connecting this relation with the account of the ancient Amazons of Europe, have discarded it as a fabulous tale; while others, from the force of testimony, have been compelled to admit the existence of such a nation, without being able to account for so singular a phenomenon.

Our attention having been directed to the subject, we have been induced to make a particular inquiry into the truth of the relation of Orellana, which may be found in Herrera's "General History of America."* His voyage down the Amazon was entirely accidental. Gonzalvo Pizarro, setting out with a force to make

discoveries in 1540, after having crossed the Andes and gone some distance, met Orellana, with fifty men, on the same pursuit, who agreed to join him. They proceeded together eastward till they came to the river Napo, a tributary of the Amazon, and marched along its banks; but, passing through a desert country, they became in want of provisions. Hereupon, Pizarro built a brigantine, in which he placed Orellana and a small body of men, with the sick and baggage, with directions to seek for a supply. Orellana was borne down the Napo so swiftly by the current that in a few days he reached the Amazon. Thus far removed from Pizarro, he conceived the idea of separating entirely from him, and descending the great river. On entering it, at the first town to which he came, he found the men wearing ornaments of gold and jewels; and one of the caciques informed him that there was a nation of Amazons on this river. Proceeding two hundred leagues, he came to four other towns; after leaving the last of which, five canoes came to his vessel, offering provisions to barter, inviting him to visit their lord; and saying that, if he were going to see the Amazons, whom they called *Coniapuyara*, (signifying great ladies,) he had too few men, these women being very numerous. Orellana continued his course for five hundred leagues further, when he came to a very black river, entering the Amazon on the north side. From the distance he had run, this must have been the Rio Negro—which is of this character—whence its name.

Proceeding on, he passed some very large towns; and at one took an Indian, who said that the Amazons were ladies of the place; and they found a house in which were garments made of feathers, of various colors, which the Indians wore at their festivals. He held on his way, stopping occasionally, till he came to a place where the Indians attacked him, fighting furiously, and wounding five Spaniards with their arrows. F. Carvajal, an ecclesiastic who was with him, said they did this as tributaries to the

* Herrera, decade iv., book vi., Chap. ii.

Amazons; and he, and all, saw ten or twelve women fighting like commanders, before the men—so desperately that these durst not turn their backs; which if any did, they beat them to death with cudgels: but, upon several of these women being killed, they all fled. Orellana having gone on a hundred and fifty leagues further, landed in a wood of oaks to refresh his men, where he took an Indian prisoner, who informed him that the country was subject to women, who lived like Amazons, and were very rich in gold and silver; that they had five temples of the sun built of stone and plated with gold; that their cities were walled, "with so many other particulars," says Herrera, "that I neither dare believe nor report them."

We have already stated that this account was fully credited in Spain, whither Orellana sailed. Nor was it believed only by enthusiastic spirits, easily excited by novelty; but Zarate, an historian of the time, in his work, "The Conquest of Peru," published in 1555, designates, in his map, that part of Peru which is east of the Andes, from the latitude of Cuzco to the river Amazon, as the "*Provincia de los Amazonas*," and in his work observes, "in this country are said to be the Amazons of whom Orellana speaks."

About the same time, an account of such a nation, in this part of South America, was brought from an opposite quarter, the province of Paraguay. In 1541 Ribero set out from Puerto de los Reyes, on the La Plata, with a brigantine and eighty men; to explore this river. In eighteen days he came to the nation of Xarayes, whose chief inquired of him of what he was in search. He answered, gold and silver, on which the chief gave him a few small silver articles, and a little plate of gold, saying, that this was all he had, and that he had obtained it of the Amazons, who lived in a large island, on a great lake, and that they were visited, three or four times a year, by their male neighbors. On inquiring how he might reach them, the chief said that it was a two months' journey, and that it could not then be made, as the country was inundated. Not deterred by this diffi-

culty, having obtained some Indians to carry his baggage, Ribero set out with his men, and, after eight days' traveling through water up to their knees, and sometimes to their middle, they came to the Siberis, who advised them not to proceed, as they were not strong enough. He still, however, continued, and, after four days, came to the Urtueses. There he was informed that it was still a month's journey to the country of the Amazons, and that through floods. Here he found some Indians of the neighboring tribes, who wore coronets after the fashion of Peru, and plates of a metal called *chafalonía*. Of these he renewed his inquiries respecting the Amazons. Ribero solemnly affirms that he faithfully reports the information they gave, and that it was not obtained from them by queries, but spontaneously given; he declares that they told him of a nation of women, governed by a woman, and so warlike, that they were dreaded by all their neighbors; they possessed both white and yellow metal; their chairs and all the utensils of their houses being made of them. They lived on the western side of a large lake, which they called the Mansion of the Sun, because the sun sunk into it. The cacique gave Ribero four large bracelets, and four golden frontlets, which were worn as marks of distinction, for which he received, in return, a present of knives, beads, and toys. The Spaniards having heard that they could obtain no food in the country beyond, were prevented from proceeding further, and after taking a friendly leave of the cacique, held their course back.*

Before the close of the same century, the existence of such a nation on the Amazon was heard of in another quarter, also at a great distance from the river. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his celebrated expedition up the Orinoco,† in 1595, after alluding to the account of Orellana, observes:—"I made inquiry of the most ancient and traveled of the Orenokoponi, (or inhabitants on this river,) respecting these warlike women, and will relate what I was informed of, as truth, about them, by a cacique, who said he had been on that river (the Amazon), and beyond it also. Their

* Southey's Hist. of Brazil, vol. i., pp. 155-160

† Cayley, Life of Raleigh, vol. i., p. 194.

country is on the south side of a river, some sixty leagues from the mouth. They accompany with men once a year, which is in April. The kings of the borderers assemble, and the queens of the Amazons, who first choose their companions, and then cast lots for their valentines. The whole month is spent in feasting, dancing and drinking, at the end of which, they all depart to their homes. Children born of these alliances, if males, they send to their fathers; if daughters, they take care of them and bring them up: but that they cut off the right breast, I do not find to be true. I was informed that, if in their wars they took any prisoners, they also accompanied with them for a time, but in the end certainly killed them, for they are said to be very cruel and blood-thirsty, especially to such as offer to invade their territories. They have also a great quantity of plates of gold, which they obtain in exchange for a certain kind of green stones, which the Spaniards call *pedras hijadas*, and we use for spleen-stones."

This account, it will be seen, Raleigh says was given him by a cacique, who said he had been on the Amazon, and, therefore, spoke from his own knowledge, and not from mere rumor circulated among the Indians on the Orinoco.

About a century after Orellana (1639), De Acuña made a voyage down the Amazon. His narrative of it has always been considered an authentic one. He confirms, in a most absolute manner, the account of Orellana.* "The proofs," he observes, "that there is a province of the Amazons on the banks of this river, are so strong and convincing, that it would be renouncing moral certainty to scruple giving credit to them. I do not build upon the solemn examinations made by the Supreme Court of Quito, on which many witnesses who were born in these parts, and lived there a long time, were examined, and who, of all matters contained in these frontier countries, as one of the principal, particularly declared, that one of the provinces near the Amazon is peopled with a sort of warlike women, who live together, and maintain their government alone, without the company of men; that at a certain season of the year they seek the society of men to perpetuate their race;

but at all other times live together in their towns, and employ themselves in working the ground. . . . But I cannot conceal what I have heard with mine own ears, and of the truth of which I have been making inquiries from my first embarking on the Amazon: and I must say that I have been informed, at all the Indian towns where I have been, that there are such women in the country as I have described. . . . However, we had the clearest information of the province where they dwell, of their singular customs, and so forth, at the last village which makes the frontier town between them and the Tupinambas. [This nation he describes as inhabiting an island sixty leagues in length, commencing fifty leagues below the Rio Negro.] Thirty leagues below the last village of the Tupinambas, you meet with another river which comes from the very province of the Amazons, and is known by the name of Canuris." The remainder of his account we must abridge. This river takes its name from the first nation on it. Above them are the Indians called Apotos, higher still are the Taguris; and, lastly, beyond them the Guacures, who are the people that have the privilege to converse with these valiant women. The women are courageous, and able to defend themselves alone. When their neighbors, at a time agreed upon between them, come into their country, they seize their bows and arrows as if to repel them; but, knowing their object, and that they come not as enemies, they lay down their arms, and run to the canoes of these Indians, where each, taking a hammock, carries it home, and hangs it up in a place where the owner may know it again when he comes, and she receives him as her guest. These neighbors remain a few days with their hosts, then return home. They never fail to make this journey once every year. Of the children born, the females are brought up by their mothers, taught the use of arms, and inured to labor. What becomes of the male children is not certain. De Acuña was told by an Indian that they gave them to the fathers on their next visit; but the common report is, he says, that they kill them as soon as they are born.

This account, it will be seen, agrees

* Voyage down the Amazon, chaps. lxx, lxxi.

with that of Orellana, in placing the Amazons below the Rio Negro.

Another confirmation of the account of Orellana is afforded by the voyage of La Condamine down the Amazon, in 1743. His testimony is entitled to the highest credit; he was an eminent mathematician and astronomer, and the objects of his voyage were entirely scientific. A traveler of this character would be little in danger of being led away by wonderful reports circulated among the natives, nor have thought them worthy of being even mentioned, unless he believed they had some foundation.

"In the course of our voyage," he observes,* "we inquired everywhere of Indians of different nations, and took pains to inform ourselves if they had knowledge of those warlike women whom Orellana affirms he had met and fought with, and if it was true that they lived separate from men, and received them among them once a year, as De Acuña relates. . . . All said that they had heard thus of their fathers, adding a thousand particulars, too long to repeat, which all tended to confirm that there had been on this continent a republic of women, who lived alone without having men among them, and that they retired to the north, in the interior of the country, by the Rio Negro, or by one of the rivers that descend on the same side into the Amazon. An Indian of St. Joachim des Omagues informed us that we should still find at Coari an individual whose father had seen the Amazons. We learned at Coari that this person was dead; but we spoke to his son, aged about seventy years, and who commanded over the village. He assured us that his grandfather had seen these women pass the mouth of the Cuchivara, that they came from that of the Cayamé, which enters the Amazon on the south side between Tefé and Coari; that he had spoken to four of them, one of whom had an infant at her breast; he mentioned the name of each of them. He added that, in leaving Cuchivara, they crossed the Amazon and went up the Rio Negro. . . . Below Coari the Indians everywhere told us the same things, with some variation as to the circumstances; but

all agreed as to the principal point, in particular those of the village of Topayos [which is situated on the river Topayos, that enters the Amazon on the south side]. This village is formed from the remains of that of the Tupinambas, who inhabited a large island at the mouth of the Madera. Among the Topayos are found at present, more easily than anywhere else, those green stones known by the name of Amazon stones. They said they inherited them from their fathers, and that these had them of the *Cougnan-tainse-comma*, that is, in their language, women without husbands, among whom, they added, they were found in great quantity."

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Gili, employed as a missionary on the Orinoco, and author of the work "*Saggio di Storia Americana*," cited by Humboldt, gave an account† of a nation of female warriors existing on this river. His words are:—"Upon inquiring of a Quaqua Indian what Indians inhabited the Cuchivero (a branch of the Orinoco), he named to me the Achirigotoes, the Pajuroas, and the Aikeam-benanoes. Well acquainted with the Tamanac tongue, I instantly understood the sense of this last word, which is a compound and signifies *women living alone*. The Indian confirmed my observation, and related that the Aikeam-benanoes were a community of women who fabricated long sarbacans and other weapons of war. They admit, once a year, the men of the neighboring nation of Vokearoes, into their society. All the male children born in this horde of women are killed in their infancy." This nation of women may be the one of which De Acuña speaks as being at the head of a river which enters the Amazon from the north. Gili says, the Indians with whom the Aikeam-benanoes associate are the Vokores. De Acuña observes that, the nation north of the Amazon accompany with the Guacures. Vokores and Guacures appear to be the same word. The initial syllable *Gua*, in Indian names, is pronounced *Waa*: thus the Guapanabes on the Orinoco call themselves Uipanavi. The Guacures on the lower part of this river are called Wikiri. The use of the sarbacan (a hollow reed

* Voyage down the Amazon, pp. 140, 141.

† Humboldt's Travels, vol. v., p. 392. Edition in seven volumes. London, 1826.

through which a small poisoned arrow is blown by the breath), would denote that the Aikeam-benanoes came from the Amazon, where this instrument is used, which is unknown on the Orinoco. Condamine, it has been seen, says a portion of the Amazons went up the Rio Negro, and from this river there is a navigable communication with the Orinoco, by the Cassiquari, which connects them.

There is also testimony of a very recent date, confirming the existence of the reported nation of female warriors north of the Amazon. Between the years 1834 and 1838, Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, under the patronage of the Royal Geographical Society of London, made expeditions up several of the rivers in British Guyana, the Essequibo, Corentine, and Berbice, which descend from the prolongation of the cordillera of Paraima that, after crossing the continent, pursues a southeasterly direction along the borders of this province. His reports of these expeditions were published in the journal of the society.* In his ascent of the Corentine, not being able to reach its sources, he resolved on another expedition in which he proposed to take a different course. He ascended the Essequibo which rises near the Corentine, thence intending to proceed to that river by land; but he was informed that the country was uninhabited, that he could obtain no provisions, and had better not make the journey. From the same chain two streams, the Caphiwini and Unamu, rising near the sources of the Corentine, descend southerly, and uniting form the Caphu. He was advised, to attain his object, to descend the Caphiwini and then ascend the Unamu. This route he pursued, and when at the junction remarks:—"I have no doubt, from information which I afterwards procured, that the Caphu is the Tombretas or Cunuris of De Acuña, which falls into the Amazon." "The river Tombretas," he adds, "is remarkable for being one of the last passes where the fable of the existence of the Amazons has placed the republic of warlike women who, only once in the course of the year, namely, in April, received men into their society. It was at the mouth of this river where, according to

Father De Acuña, Orellana found, in 1542, women fighting among the men; and on my inquiries, while traveling on the Rio Negro, that river was always pointed out to me as the one at whose sources the Amazons resided. The upper branches of the Tombretas were perfectly unknown; large cataracts and the fear of savage Indians had prevented the inhabitants of the lower Amazon from ascending that river to any distance, and for want of better information, it was the subject of the strangest stories. The Caribs of the Corentine pretended that these women without husbands inhabited the regions near the sources of the Corentine, which we now know to be at no great distance from the northern branches of the river Tombretas. We have, therefore, as well from the south as from the north, the same traditions—that the Amazons of the New World inhabited a central district from whence the rivers flow northward toward the Atlantic, and southward toward the Amazon."

In connection with the remark of Sir R. H. Schomburgk, that it was at the mouth of the Tombretas or Cunuris Orellana found the Amazons, it is material to observe, that the Rio Topayos, where Condamine places them, enters the Amazon on the south side but forty leagues below the Tombretas.†

Thus we see that, even to a very recent period, the story of the Amazons was still current in South America.

In regard to the opinions which have been entertained on the subject, eminent writers, who have reviewed the statement of De Acuña, Condamine, and Gili, not to speak of Orellana, have concurred in giving credit to them. The learned Vater, in his great work, "Mithridates," expresses himself as inclined to believe in the "sole donne," or women living alone, of Gili, whose testimony, he thinks, is one that is not to be disregarded. Carli (in his "Lettres Americaines") concludes "with avowing his belief in the Amazons of South America." Southey (History of Brazil)‡ observes:—"The testimony of Orellana and his Dominican voucher might be doubted; but there is not the least reason for doubting the veracity of De Acuña. He certainly heard what he has related. When Condamine came

* Journal of the Society, vol. xv., art. i.

† Southey's Hist. of Brazil, vol. i., p. 609.

down the same river in 1743, he omitted no opportunity of inquiring into the truth of the report. From all the various tribes on the coast he heard the same story, and all agreed that these women had retired up the country by the Rio Negro, or one of the streams which flowed in that direction. These accounts agreed, from whatever quarter they came, in placing the Amazons in the heart of South America, which no Europeans had at any time explored."

Humboldt, the most distinguished traveler in South America, thus speaks on the subject:—"We found in the possession of the Indians on the Rio Negro, some of those green stones known by the name of the Amazon stones, because the natives pretend, according to an ancient tradition, that they came from the country of the women without husbands."* . . . "The history of the jade, or green stones, is intimately connected with that of the warlike women whom travelers of the sixteenth century named the Amazons of the New World. M. de la Condamine has produced many testimonies in favor of this tradition. . . . Since my return from the Orinoco and the river Amazon, I have often been asked at Paris whether I embraced the opinion of that learned man. . . . This is the place for me to express myself with frankness on a tradition which has so romantic an appearance; and I am further induced to do this by M. de la Condamine's assertion, that the Amazons of the river Cayamé crossed the Marañon (Amazon) to establish themselves on the Rio Negro. . . . Not knowing anything of the languages spoken on the Orinoco and the Rio Negro, I could learn nothing certain of the popular tradition of women without husbands, and of the origin of the green stones, which are believed to be intimately connected with them. I shall, however, recite a testimony of some weight—that of Father Gili [which we have already given]. What must we conclude from the narrative of the ancient missionary of Encaramada? Not that there were Amazons on the Cuchivara; but that women in different parts of America, wearied with the state of slavery in

which they were held by the men, united themselves, like the fugitive negroes, in a palanque (*staccado*); that the desire of preserving their independence rendered them warriors; and that they received visits from a neighboring and friendly tribe, perhaps a little less methodically than tradition relates."†

Numerous, however, as may be the testimonies in favor of a reported fact, its character may be such as to give it so great an appearance of improbability that doubt will still remain. Yet, several of the writers we have mentioned have endeavored to account for such an extraordinary community. Thus Southey observes:—"The existence of such a tribe would be honorable to our species, as it must have originated in resistance to oppression. The lot of women is usually hard among savages. The females of one nation may have perpetrated what the Dannides are said to have done before them, but from a stronger provocation; and if, as is not unfrequent, they had been accustomed to accompany their husbands to battle, there is nothing that can be even thought improbable in their establishing themselves as an independent race, and securing, by such a system of life, that freedom for their daughters which they had obtained for themselves."‡ This explanation, it has been seen, is also given by Humboldt. Condamine before took the same view. "If," he says, "the improbability and even moral impossibility of such a republic of women having been able to establish itself and become permanent is alleged, I will content myself with remarking that, if there could ever have been Amazons in the world, it is in America, where the life of women is wandering, where they often follow their husbands to war, and are not happier at home, that this idea would arise and furnish frequent occasions of shaking off the yoke of their tyrants, by endeavoring to form for themselves an establishment where they could live in independence, and, at least, not be reduced to the condition of slaves and beasts of burden."§

Another reason may be given for the existence of such a community. When a nation engaged in war was conquered, and the males were all slaughtered, their

* Humboldt's Travels, vol. v., p. 30.

† Travels, vol. v., pp. 387-393.

‡ Southey's Hist. of Brazil, vol. i., chap. xviii., p. 608. § Voyage on the Amazon, pp. 108-110.

wives, who accompanied them, and were generally spared to be carried home as prisoners by the conquerors, to add to their households, being of a warlike character, may have risen up, turned upon their foes, defeated them, and become thereafter an independent tribe.

But, although either of these suggestions might be sufficient to explain the origin of such a nation of female warriors, some other reason must be found to account for their never having been subdued by any other nation, but suffered to remain in their separate independent state.

A solution of this singular circumstance will, we believe, be found in the green stones which they possessed. Ever since European colonies were established on the coast of Guyana, green stones of the same description have been found among the native tribes inhabiting it, worn as jewels, especially among the Caribs, who valued them as their choicest ornaments. Some of them were, doubtless, obtained from the Amazons; but others may have been brought into Guyana from the same region, whence the latter obtained them. Humboldt thus speaks of them: "They are worn suspended from the neck as amulets; because, according to popular belief, they preserve the wearer from nervous complaints, fevers, and the stings of venomous serpents. They have been for ages an article of trade both on the north and south of the Orinoco. The Caribs made them known on the coast of Guyana. . . . The form given to them most frequently is that of the Persepolitan cylinder, longitudinally perforated, and loaded with inscriptions and figures. . . . The substance which I obtained from the hands of the Indians belongs to the saussurite, the real jade. It takes a fine polish, and varies from apple-green to emerald-green."*

Barrere says that in Cayenne twelve or fourteen green stones, of a cylindrical form, were strung together, with one in the resemblance of some small animal in the center, and worn as a necklace.†

Humboldt observes that Guyana does not appear to be the native place of the mineral of which they are composed. "Neither Surgeon Hortsman,

[who went from the Essequibo down the Rio Branco,] nor Don Antonio Santos, [who passed from the Orinoco across the central chain of mountains to the same river,] whose journal I examined, had seen it in its natural state. . . . A fine geographical discovery remains to be made in the eastern part of America, that of finding, in a primitive soil, a rock of euphotide containing the *pedras de Macaãna*,"‡ as the green stones are called on the Orinoco.

But, should this discovery be made, a question would still remain, how it was worked into so many different forms. "It is not," says Humboldt, "the Indians of our day, the natives of the Orinoco and Amazon, whom we find in the last degree of barbarism, that pierced such hard substances, giving them the form of animals and fruit. Such works, like the perforated and sculptured emeralds which are found in the cordillera of New Granada and Quito, denote anterior civilization. The present inhabitants of those countries, particularly those of the last region, so little comprehend the possibility of cutting hard stones, as the emerald, jade, and the like, that they imagine the green stone is naturally soft when taken out of the earth, and hardens after having been moulded by the hand."§

Condamine observes:—"These green stones resist the file, and we cannot conceive by what means the early American nations were able to cut them and give them different figures of animals. It is this," he adds, "without doubt, which has given rise to a fable little deserving of being refuted, but which has been very seriously advanced, that this stone was only the mud of the river [Amazon], to which such form was given as was wished, by working it in the hand when it was recently taken up, and which acquired its hardness by exposure to the air."||

As these green stones, then, could not have been made in such a shape by the natives of Guyana or the Amazon, it becomes an interesting inquiry from what country they were brought. The following remarks of Humboldt have led us to an investigation, by which we believe the question has been solved. "Although a distance of fifteen hun-

* Travels, vol. v., pp. 381-384.

† Travels, vol. v., pp. 382, 383. § Ibid., vol. v., p. 562.

† Hist. de la France Equinoxiale.
|| Voyage on the Amazon, p. 142.

* Tra
† Clay
§ Ibid
¶ Vol

dre leagues separates the banks of the Amazon and Orinoco from the Mexican table land; although history records no fact which connects the savage nations of Guyana with the civilized nations of Anahuac (Mexico), the Monk Bernard de Sahagun, at the beginning of the conquest, found green stones, which had belonged to Quetzalcoatl, preserved at Cholula as relics. This personage was the Buddha of the Mexicans. He appeared in the time of the Toltecs. The Toltecs founded religious congregations, and established a government similar to that of Meroe or Japan.* To them the Aztec ancestors of the present Mexicans, who came into Anahuac afterwards, acknowledged themselves indebted for their knowledge of the arts.

But, although this distinguished writer considers that there is no evidence of the connection of the nations of Guyana with Mexico, a comparison of the green stones found among them with those of the Toltecs, will, we think, conclusively prove that they were brought from Mexico by the Amazons, or, possibly, also by the Caribs, who, as we have strong grounds to believe, were derived from Mexico.

To Quetzalcoatl, the great deity of the Toltecs, entitled the God of the Air, and who was identified with the sun, a pyramid, of a conical form, was erected at Cholula.† Among ancient idolatrous nations, a pyramid was symbolical of the sun. Clavigero observes:—"The Cholulans preserved with great veneration, some small green stones, which were very well cut—which they said had belonged to this deity."....Torquemada, who perfectly understood the Mexican language, says that Quetzalcoatl signifies *serpent, clothed with green feathers*. "In fact," says Clavigero, "Coatl is serpent, and Quetzalli, green feathers. These stones were called Quetzalitzli. Itzli is stone, in Mexican."‡ Hence, Quetzalitzli would signify green stones, or stones dedicated to the Toltec deity. "The Mexicans formed of this mineral various and curious figures, some of which are preserved in different museums in Europe."§ From the combination of

words forming the name Quetzalcoatl, this deity is seen to be identified with the sun. The serpent, among the Mexicans, was an emblem of the sun. They represented its annual course by a serpent biting its tail, forming a circle, which, annually throwing off its skin, was a type of the renovation of nature. The feathers express its progress, and the color, green, the effect of its light and heat, in producing vegetation and clothing the earth with verdure. Green stones belonged to the worship of Quetzalcoatl. "The usual ministers of the Mexican sacrifices," says Clavigero, "were six priests, the chief of whom, in the performance of his functions, wore a crown of green and yellow feathers; at his ears hung gold ear-rings and green jewels, perhaps emeralds."||

Mr. Prescott, in his "Conquest of Mexico," remarks that among the presents which Montezuma sent to Cortez, on hearing of his arrival on the coast, were "four precious stones of considerable size, resembling emeralds, called *Calcuites*, each of which, the envoys assured the Spaniards, was worth more than a load of gold; and was designed as a mark of particular respect to the Spanish monarch."¶ This present was probably caused by the general belief of the Mexicans that the period of the return of Quetzalcoatl had arrived, and that Cortez was this mysterious personage.

Herrera says, "the Tlascalans, with whom Cortez first had intercourse, gave him the name of Chalciviti, signifying 'General of great valor;' for this stone was the color of emeralds, which were in high esteem among them:" but this explanation is probably not correct. No doubt the application of the name to Cortez had a reference to the idea just expressed.**

Mr. Prescott also observes that when Cortez was introduced to Montezuma, in his palace, "the Mexican emperor wore a cloak and sandals, which were both sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, among which the emerald and the Chalciviti, a green stone of higher estimation than any other among the Aztecs, were conspicuous."††

* Travels, vol. v., pp. 386, 387.

† Herrera, dec. vi., book v., ch. 6.

‡ Clavigero, Hist. of Mexico, vol. ii., p. 13, book vi., and note.

§ Ibid., vol. i., p. 22, book i.

|| Ibid., vol. ii., p. 52, book vi.

¶ Vol. i., p. 325.

** Decade ii., book iv., chap. v.

†† Vol. ii., pp. 73-74.

The green stones of Guyana are also held by the natives of that country in the highest regard. "They are," says Barrere, "the most precious jewels of the Caribs, and they value them more than silver or gold are by us." "A necklace of them was the price of a slave."*

Raleigh met with them on the Orinoco, and observes every cacique had one, worn for the most part by their wives, and esteemed as very valuable jewels.†

In another respect they resembled the Chalchivilt of the Toltecs and Mexicans. They appear to have been of a sacred character, as they were covered with inscriptions and figures. They were worn suspended from the neck as amulets, from a belief that they were a preservative against epilepsy and some other disorders, whence they were called by the Spaniards, *pedras hijadas*, and by the English, spleen-stones.

From what has been observed, there can, we think, be little doubt entertained that the green stones in possession of the Amazons were the same with those of the Toltec deity, and were brought from Mexico. The opinion which the Indians of Guyana still entertain of them, as amulets, may have arisen from a traditional belief that they are sacred stones; though the circumstance that they belonged to the worship of this deity has been forgotten. And the sameness of the two will, we believe, explain the difficulty in admitting the existence of the Amazons. We think, their having these jewels and wearing them as ornaments, denotes that they were originally attached to the worship of the sun, with which Quetzalcoatl, the Toltec deity, was identified, and to whom these green stones were dedicated; that they were once a religious community devoted to the service of his temples; that hence they were viewed with feelings of respect and reverence by other tribes; and that it was from traditional religious ideas that they were suffered to remain in their state of isolation.

As the population of South America generally passed through the Isthmus of Darien, from the north, the Amazons may have at first moved from Mexico, in the stream of nations that flowed into New Grenada or Peru, where they were for some time established; and on

the conquest of those countries by the Spaniards, and the destruction of the temples of the sun, they were dispersed over the continent.

Other facts give support to these views. The last account which Orellana heard of the Amazons he gives as follows:—"An Indian whom he had taken prisoner informed him, that the country was subject to women who lived like Amazons, and were very rich in gold and silver, and had five temples of the sun plated with gold and silver." Ribero was informed in Paraguay that the Amazons, of whom he heard, had gold plates, some of which he saw among the Indians, who said they obtained them from them, and that they resided on a lake which they called the "Mansion of the Sun, because the sun sank into it;" an expression which would imply that on the island there was a peculiar veneration of this luminary. The physical fact stated, being of no significance by itself, could not give rise to the appellation.

Moreover, De Espira, who made an expedition from Coro, soon after it was settled, to the south-eastern part of New Grenada, related that after he had crossed the Meta, a tributary of the Orinoco, before he came to the Guaviari, (another tributary) in a village where he stopped, he found a casa del sol, or temple of the sun, and a convent of virgins.

Again, the female warriors are represented as being of a superior rank. "The name," says Orellana, "by which the Amazons are called, *Coniapuyara*, signifies *great ladies*. It was not applied to the principal of them, or to a few, but the whole nation.

In Skinner's "Present State of Peru," is a plate of a virgin of the sun, who wears a green robe, with a figure of the sun on her breast.

Carli (*Lettres Americaines*.) gives a relation further corroborative of this view:—"Orellana," he says, "though generally thought so, was not the first who gave an account of the Amazons. Nuña de Guzman sent to Charles V. a relation, dated July 8th, 1530, at Omitlan, (in Mexico,) in which, among other things, he says he has a design to penetrate into the province of Azatlan, to pass into the country of the Ama-

* Hist. de la France Equinoxiale.

† Cayley, vol. i., p. 195.

zons, who, he said, lived ten days further. Some say that they live on the sea; others that they are on an arm of it, and that they are regarded as goddesses. They are said to be whiter than the other women of the country." The other particulars as to their warlike character are the same as those usually given. This account, beside showing that the Amazons were probably a religious community of vestals, is interesting as supporting the opinion we have expressed, that the female warriors on the Amazon were derived from Mexico.

Martyr also gives the following account:—"Grijalva, as he sailed along the coast of Yucatan, came to a bay in which were three small islands, in which sacrifices were made to a great extent, which he called the Islands of Sacrifices; and there were other islands on the neighboring shore inhabited by women without men. Some think they live in the manner of the Amazons. Those who have considered the matter best, suppose them to be virgins, dedicated to religious services, as nuns or vestals, among the Romans. At certain seasons of the year they are visited by men, solely to prepare their fields and gardens."*

In the accounts of the voyages of Columbus, relations are found of female warriors living independent of men in the West India islands. Navarette states that Columbus, in his Journal, says, that on returning from Hayti on his first voyage, he was informed at a place on the north side of it, at which he stopped, "that east of it was an island called Carib, [St. Croix,] and another Martinico, [Martinique,] which was inhabited only by women; that at a certain time of the year the men of the island Carib visited it, and if a boy was born, these females sent it to their island, if a girl, they took care of it."† Columbus states the same in a letter which he wrote, on his return to Spain, to the treasurer of Ferdinand and Isa-

bella. "The inhabitants of Charis are those who have intercourse with certain females who are the only inhabitants of the island Matheinen, between it and Hispaniola. These females use the bow and arrow like men. They wear plates of copper for their defense, which they have in great abundance."‡ Martyr relates that Columbus heard of them also on his second voyage. On this voyage he first came to Guadaloupe, and then sailed towards Martinique, which the Indians he had on board, whom he had taken to Spain on his first voyage, as well as some who fled to him at Guadaloupe, called Madinina. This island "was inhabited solely by women, as he had heard on that voyage, who were visited at a certain time of the year by the Cannibals; [a name which was given to the Caribs, inhabitants of the other islands,] and the sons born they sent to them to be brought up, but they retained the daughters. They are said to have subterranean retreats, to which, if the Cannibals visit them at any other than the stated period, they fly, and if their pursuers attempt to enter these retreats, they defend themselves with their arrows, which they shoot with great dexterity."§

Respecting these accounts of the islanders, but a single remark is necessary. If the relations given by travelers, of female warriors in South America, are to be entirely discarded, those of a similar community in the West Indies must be rejected also. But if the evidence in support of the existence of the former is too strong to be resisted, we cannot refuse to admit the reality of the latter; and as the Caribs of the West Indies, according to their own traditions, emigrated from South America, and as the original inhabitants of the islands they occupied, the Arrowacks, whom they conquered, were also derived from that continent, it is not impossible that some of its nomadic female warriors, or Amazons, may also have followed the general stream of emigration.

* Vol. i., pp. 278, 287, 289.

† Navarette, vol. i., p. 393, Paris edition.

‡ De Insulis nuper inventis.

§ Decade i., lib. ii.

LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.

[Continued from page 148.]

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, Dec., 1852.

ANOTHER month has brought us into more intimate acquaintance with Mormon society, which we find has two faces, one for the gentiles and the other for the saints. It will not do here to judge from appearances. A man stopping here for a few days, or even weeks, would be very apt to go away impressed with the idea that it was a prosperous and happy community. He finds a city which has been built up within a brief period; he sees a certain degree of commendable industry; he hears the saints addressing each other as brothers and sisters, seeming to live together in great harmony; and pursues his journey to California or Oregon, without obtaining a glimpse of the "dead men's bones and rottenness" which lie festering beneath this whited sepulcher. The brief sojourner is so much surprised at what he sees and hears, that he writes a long letter to one of the New York journals, in which he depicts, in glowing colors, the prosperity and happiness of the saints, and, what is still more wonderful, he makes the discovery, that polygamy has been found to be compatible with domestic harmony.

A closer scrutiny, and, perhaps I may with propriety add, certain facilities, which a man cannot command, is necessary to penetrate the veil that conceals the true deformity of Mormonism from the world. A singular incident bids fair to give us a view of the very bottom of this sink of pollution. Some few weeks after our arrival, a man from Westchester County, N. Y., and who has relatives in our county, called to see us. He was a zealous saint, proved to be an incessant talker, and poured forth a wordy harrangue in favor of his system. We marveled at the object of so much noisy rant in so small a congregation, but the secret came out at the close of the interview. It seems that some one, whose name he did not mention, had written to him, that we were both good subjects for conversion, and this was the first installment of the effort in that direction. Mr. F. allowed this proselyting spirit to go away in the full belief that he had made a favorable impression, and was a few days

after told by one of the gentiles, that we were regarded as almost on the anxious seat.

This effort has been followed up by a very singular genius in petticoats, who promises to be an unfailing and infallible source of information on all points. Her name is Shearer, and she is familiarly known as "Aunty Shearer." She is, in every respect, a unique specimen of womanhood—tall, stout, bony, square-cornered—with cold, yet eager gray eyes, great volubility, and grim aspect. If she had remained in the States, under certain associations, she would have blossomed out early, as a Woman's Rights champion, or one of the "strong-minded," who have a mission to reform this wicked age. On most points, except that of the Mormon superstition, her ignorance is gross, like darkness; so thick that you can cut it with a knife and dull the edge. She lives hard by, on the next block west, and is a frequent visitor at our boarding-house. Well, this queer specimen of severe angularity of mind and body thinks me a good subject; and I have found a treasure, or rather a convenient forcing-pump, which yields to every motion of the handle.

She was an early disciple, and I have gathered enough of her history to understand that the prophet, Joseph Smith, completely robbed her, under various plausible pretenses, of her little property, which, of course, was in the line of *his* particular mission; and after keeping her for time in his family as a sort of domestic drudge, the rogue shipped her off, by a revelation, to sustain herself the best way she could. She has great industry, and struggled bravely through all the troubles of these pseudo saints, and finally floated along in the current of emigration to Salt Lake; and is now gaining a living as a nurse, and, of course, knows all that is going on. It seems she has a husband wandering somewhere about the earth, but his heart proving too hard to be softened by Mormon influence, or from some other cause, she has abandoned him to his fate. On this point, she manifests some reserve. She bears his name, to be sure, but his existence and

whereabouts are mysteries which my profane curiosity has not been permitted fully to penetrate. It is quite probable "thereby hangs a tale." Perhaps this mythic Mr. Shearer may turn up before we leave the valley, or else altogether evaporate.

Polygamy has been a great stumbling block to Aunt Shearer—it was promulgated, however, by the immaculate Joseph, and she has managed to choke it down with a wry face. She is disposed to conceal its effects, and would, if her shrewdness was equal to her zeal; but she has a natural love of gossip, which will find vent in spite of all other considerations. I can always tell when some precious item, in that important branch of saintly domesticity, lies heavy upon her conscience, and have no difficulty in relieving her of the burden. I tell her this is a point very difficult for us to get over. She says, it is not compulsory, and if we join, my husband need not take another wife.

In the early part of the month, one of the twelve Apostles, Lorenzo Snow, a small, neatly-dressed, dapper-looking man, called on business, in relation to some improvements they desire to make in their Legislative Assembly room. He was accompanied by a tall six-footer, by the name of Cumming, with, to me, a very forbidding countenance. The one looked as if he never did anything wrong—the other, as if he never did anything else. They put on their best manner, and, as their wishes were likely to be complied with, entered readily into general conversation. This Snow, it seems, had lately returned from Europe, spending some time in Italy, the particular field of his efforts, and gave us, in an agreeable manner, much interesting information in reference to the lower classes in that country. He appeared to have some enlarged views, in regard to the development of the agricultural and mineral resources of the Territory, and of the importance of the city we were in, as a half-way house between the east and west. He had a funny way of puckering his mouth in conversation, which I attributed to a feeling of importance derived from his apostleship; yet he exhibited more polish than any we had seen here, and we were pleased with him. We flattered ourselves that we had found at least one man of sufficient taste and refinement, to say nothing of

moral principle, to be free from the degradation of polygamy; but it is not always safe to judge from appearances.

At the first opportunity, I applied to my Mormon dictionary, Aunt Shearer, and was duly enlightened with regard to Elder Snow. He resides near us, in the second house beyond Brother Wakeman's, with six wives, in two little huts, and has twelve children. In the principal hut, the real wife sits at the head of the table, and pours out tea and coffee for the rest of the bevy. The latest acquisition to this highly-favored household, and, of course, the reigning sultana for the time, was the only one of them with whom he condescended to correspond during his absence. Her education, however, had not attained the dignity of an ability to read, and, either because the other inmates of the harem were in like predicament, or that she was unwilling they should see these loving epistles, she took them to the neighbors to be translated. Like all other Mormon missionaries, he was a beggar, and the story is, that he has been so successful in his mendicacy, that the cottages are to give place to a large adobe mansion, which will make a more convenient seraglio.

Such is Elder Snow; and yet he could talk about the works of art in Rome and Paris, with some apparent appreciation of their beauties. Like our other visitors, he expressed a wish that our sojourn might be rendered agreeable, but not a word of invitation to visit his family, or that his wife would be happy to see me, which usually forms so pleasant a finale to an agreeable interview. These are interdicted subjects to them all; nor is it strange. These miserable creatures have houses where they stay, and a discordant and disunited association of women and children, but no families,—there are none of the comforts and delights of home with the polygamist.

It has been a matter of great wonder to me how the women could be induced to consent to polygamous marriages. It is so repugnant to all the instincts and feelings of a true woman, that I could not understand it. The mystery is partly solved. It seems that one part of their ridiculous creed is, that a woman cannot be saved, unless she is sealed or married to a Mormon; and he must be one, too, who will remain steadfast to the end; and, as they are noted for a great number

of apostates, it becomes an object with these silly fools to get into the harems of the priests and elders, because it is believed they will not apostatize. Of course, any one with half an eye can see the object of the prophet Smith, in promulgating such a doctrine; and the wonder is, that its transparency is not obvious to all.

I made this discovery by talking with Aunt Shearer, about an old lady by the name of Western—commonly known as "Mother Western"—one of Brigham's wives. I was marveling why she should marry in her old age, especially as fiftieth or sixtieth wife, when my oracle said "she was only sealed for the sake of salvation." She further informed me that Brigham had more wives in this way than anybody knew of—that he did not even know himself, the sealing to him being considered a more certain guarantee for salvation, because he was the reigning prophet, and was sure to remain faithful.

One scarcely knows whether to be amazed most at the profane profligacy of the the leaders, or the superstitious credulity of their dupes. The effect of the Mormon creed is, evidently, to gather together a low class of villains, and a still lower class of dupes; and it follows that the latter are easily governed. The only disturbing element is, that the villains may quarrel among themselves, and, so far as I can learn, this has happened on more than one occasion. A further effect will, probably, be, to operate as a Botany Bay to society generally, by relieving it of its superabundance of both classes.

We were awakened on Christmas morning by hearing familiar airs from a brass band parading around in an open carriage. They began thus early to usher in a merry Christmas, by serenading the dignitaries of the Mormon church. Brigham first, then Kimball and Dr. Richards, and after that the twelve apostles; and, last of all, bashaws of lesser note. Father John Smith was also complimented, and gave the serenaders his paternal blessing. We, poor insignificant gentiles, chanced to obtain a trifle of benefit from this traveling concert as they passed along our street.

The old song says, "Christmas comes but once a year"—but where is ours? Where to us the glories of Santa Claus—the reunion and merry greetings of friends—"the sound of the church-going

bell"—the cheerful "feast of reason and flow of soul?" They are not here—they belong to another world—they are embalmed in the memory of things that are past—they live in the anticipations of the future.

The little Farnhams have their enjoyments, and are as gleeful over the donations of Criss Cringle as all other juveniles: and the mother, too, does her share. She has loaded her dinner-table with all kinds of game, brandt, canvas-back duck, antelope, hare, and intended to have served up a sirloin of grizzly bear, but bruin wisely managed to evade his human foe; and we, certainly, are well satisfied to dispense with any further addition to the good cheer.

I have been amusing myself, this afternoon, with the crowd returning from the Tabernacle. Here is a man passing with four women all lovingly locking arms. The male animal is in the center, and the two that were sealed lately, as I am assured by Aunt Shearer, are nearest to his person; the other two are outsiders. The brides are bedizened with some finery; but all look poorly clothed for the season. As a general rule, the mass of the foreigners do not have the comfortable appearance of our Irish women with their blanket shawls. The Welsh, Swedes, and Danes, had such glowing accounts of the fineness of the climate, that their winter clothing was laid aside before crossing the plains.

On the other side of the way is a man with three spirituals: he is in advance and the women are following in single file—the extreme rear is, probably, his first wife. This man evidently acts out his principles. I saw them going to the Tabernacle in the same order.

Single couples are also in the throng, mostly foreigners; to be distinguished by their dress, and a less sad and more hopeful expression on the part of the females, especially those who belong to the emigration of the present year. On this side of the street is an intelligent, gentlemanly-looking man, with his wife and three children, gazing at the strange people as they pass. They stop and look at Mrs. Farnham's flower garden, while the children are jumping back and forth over the clear stream which runs by our door.

There comes Father Lee in his steeple-crowned hat and cloak, the cast-off habiliments of one of the gentle board-

ers, and of somewhat too ample proportions for his diminutive figure. His very countenance shines with the unction he has received, and I cannot resist the temptation to go into the kitchen, and obtain from him a rehearsal while eating his dinner. If Gabriel himself, in bright effulgence, and with "sonorous metal blowing martial sounds," had descended in person, the effect could not have aroused the old simpleton more effectually than the preaching he had heard. In the rambling and blasphemous discourse which Brigham had delivered, was a strong admonition to the dilatory to add to their kingdoms by taking wives, inasmuch as the saints would soon have to fight with the gentiles, for the possession of Zion in the tops of the mountains. I could almost see the satanic leer he must have cast around, to witness the effect of this announcement upon the crowd of dupes before him.

If they were all like Father Lee, his efforts to keep them in subjection would be light, indeed. The mild brown eyes of the simple old man light up, with a kind of child-like animation, in recounting what he has heard, and I almost feel guilty in quizzing him. But what a dull time I should have of it without some such resource. Seeing my apparent anxiety to be refreshed by a few drops from this precious sanctuary, he broke out with—

"Oh! sister, how I do pray that you will be brought into Zion, and never more go back into the wicked world!"

And then, to give effect to this exhortation, he went on to speak of the miraculous things that had happened to him while preaching in the streets of London—how, many and many a time, bricks and other ugly missiles flew around him like hailstones, and had been diverted from his valuable brains so marvelously, that his persecutors had been struck dumb, as in the times of the Apostles.

It seems he knew nothing of spiritual wifery before he came here. I suggested to him that, after such a discourse from Brigham, he was in duty bound to take two or three wives, at least. He said he knew such was his duty, and thought he would when his prospects brightened a little. Now the dormitory of this old creature is a covered wagon, near the kitchen door, from which he emerges, in the cold

morning, looking like a dormouse, just awakened from a winter's nap—and this rare privilege is accorded to him as a matter of grace. Not much room is there for even one wife, and his kingdom will not soon amplify, if it depends on the increase of his worldly goods.

Father Lee is a good type of one of the elements of Mormonism—the most unbounded credulity—easily persuaded to perform as a duty that which, in civilized lands, would consign the perpetrator to the penitentiary or the scaffold. To look at him sitting before me, he does not seem capable of harming an insect—but what assurance is there that he would not put arsenic or strychnine in my food, if told by the Prophet that it was his duty to destroy an enemy of the true faith?

Dec. 29. Among our agreeable visitors must be numbered Mr. Haywood, the United States Marshal, and his first wife. They called at an early period of our arrival, and have continued to treat us with attentive politeness. She is as pretty, well-informed, and accomplished as you will find anywhere in a thousand, and exhibits withal, what is not common here, good taste in dress.

After forming their acquaintance, I was surprised to learn from Aunt Shearer, that he has two other wives; one known as Sister Very, old enough to be his mother, and who, in fact, seems to fill that office in the family. Of course, she was said to be "sealed for the sake of salvation." Mrs. H. and Sister Very called one day, and I found the latter an agreeable, quiet, elderly lady from Old Salem, sufficiently well informed, and everything about her such as you would expect to find in a woman of her age from the land of steady habits, except in the single point of being the second of two wives in the same family.

This is the only instance in which I have seen two wives of the same man together; and, judging from appearances, the age of the one precluded anything like jealousy on the part of the other. What jarring there may be between them at home, I cannot tell. I only know that, in my presence, they treated each other with that degree of affectionate cordiality which properly belongs to the intercourse between mother and daughter. What a strange spectacle! Here was an elderly woman, apparently of fair intelligence

and correct notions of propriety, in whom the feelings, and instincts of womanhood may be supposed to have become fixed and permanent habits of thought, yielding all that is valuable to a ridiculous system of imposture—in other words, becoming a concubine! I can no longer wonder that girls are so easily made fools of, when they have before them the influence of such examples. A young woman here stands alone—without the warning admonitions of parents or friends—and must yield to the universal custom, unless her own unaided strength is sufficient to save her.

If the worthy Marshal had stopped here, I could tolerate him very well, considering we are sojourners in the Mormon capital. But he has still another wife, and I learn from my universal referee, that, in the States, she was one of the "strong minded"—in fine a pseudo-lecture on progressivism—who was so fully persuaded that womankind were in a false position, that she has ended in making herself what she is. The Marshal keeps her and her baby on his farming establishment in Juab, about eighty miles from here. He spends six weeks of his time there, and then the same time with his family here, and so alternates between the two. To-day he has been in partly on business and partly to make a friendly call; and I felt disposed to be hateful towards him.

But he appeared so cordial and friendly, and gave us such warm and pressing invitations to visit his family, differing in this respect from the rest of these vagabonds, that he partially succeeded in disarming resentment.

He claims that he is in the performance of religious duty, and manifests the strongest appearance of sincerity I asked him to-day if he had the same love for his wife in Juab as for his first wife. His reply was:

"It is a very singular question."

"Why so? You loved, or pretended to love your first wife at the time of your marriage."

"Certainly; and I tell my last, that when she has been tried in the furnace of affliction as Mrs. H. has, my love will be equal."

A pretty "furnace of affliction," truly, which is intended for the torment of women alone! I intimated that men ought to be scorched a little, too; but he contended they had their share in other ways. All this was said with a degree of earnest sincerity, creating the conviction that the man may be a sincere believer in Mormonism. But alas! for his poor wife. When they called together one day, I for a moment detected in her countenance, while in repose, a look so gloomily sad, that her whole heart of agony lay bare before me. Poor, poor wife! Her days are destined to be few, and full of trouble.

[To be continued.]

COSSACK SONG.

YOU must fly, ye winds of Tartary!

If ye hope to catch our band;

For they skim o'er the tall rank grasses,

And tramp on the wastes of sand,

Swifter than winds or waters,

With their long spears in their hand!

Ride on! ride on, brave Cossacks!

For never a foe will stand;

Ye shall break and scatter their craven ranks,

As your mad steeds scatter the sand:

The devil himself would run from you,

With your long spears in your hand!

THE LATE HORACE BINNEY WALLACE.*

WE take some shame to ourselves that we have not before directed the attention of our readers to this remarkable volume and its author. It is true our pages have twice referred to it, with brief though admiring comment, but it deserves a more elaborate consideration at our hands. Wallace was one of those accomplished and noble minds, which ought never to be suffered to pass away without a tribute from the grateful hearts of his countrymen, and especially from those who are laboring, as he labored, in the cause of humanity and letters.

This recognition is all the more due to him, because he was not of that intellectual and moral constitution which enables the possessor of it to attain a ready and popular acceptance. He had all the ability requisite to a great literary or professional success, and earnestness as well as vivacity of spirit enough to have attached a large share of public regard to whatever he might have chosen to undertake; but his modesty was even greater than his parts. He was ambitious of the scholar's rather than the writer's fame; and being conservative in his habits of thought while he was, by social position, exempt from the necessity of labor, he made fewer public trials of his powers than their unquestionable superiority would have warranted. His earlier works, which he regarded as mere tentatives, were published anonymously; but, had he put his name to them, they would have earned him rank and influence. We do not regret, however, that, in an age when the temptations to a hasty and premature invasion of the public eye are so many, he should have preferred to husband and mature his resources. A single book, like the one before us, the result of years of careful study and thought, even if there are no others among his manuscripts, would be a rich repayment of his reticence.

Mr. Wallace was born at Philadelphia in the year 1817, and died at Paris in 1852. He was, consequently, only

thirty-five years of age at the time of his death. His father, who was a gentleman of property and culture, had carefully superintended his education in his earlier years, particularly in the Greek and Latin classics, and, long before the usual age at which boys are received in college, he was thoroughly grounded in the preparatory branches. The atmosphere of social and religious refinement which surrounded him in the home of his parents, noted alike for their cheerful tempers and their high endowments, developed the better qualities of his heart along with those of the mind.

In his fifteenth year he was matriculated at the University of Pennsylvania, where he attached himself particularly to mathematical pursuits, in which he attained a wonderful proficiency; but, after two years' study, he was removed to Nassau Hall, at Princeton. It was at this place that we made his acquaintance, and we can speak, from personal knowledge, of his extraordinary attainments and capacity at that time. He was, however, extremely reclusive in his habits, which begat among his fellow-students a suspicion of hauteur and aristocratic feeling, not at all favorable to his general popularity, though his accurate and extensive scholarship was, we believe, universally conceded. In the higher departments of the mathematics he stood almost without a rival, while his familiarity with the languages was scarcely less remarkable. But he paid little regard to the routine of college duties and exercises, seeming to have already anticipated the greater part of the regular studies, and, in consequence of this departure from discipline, was not graduated with as high honors as he otherwise might have achieved.

Having left college in 1835, he passed a short time in attendance upon the medical and chemical lectures at Philadelphia, when he commenced the study of the law, first in the office of his father, and, afterward, in that of the late Charles Chauncey, a distinguished practitioner. He studied it with characteristic avidity, not as a system of

* *Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe.* Being Fragments from the Portfolio of the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esq., of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker, 1855.

details for the regulation of practice, but as a profound and philosophic science, mastering especially the theory of tenures and estates, which lies at the foundation of so much collateral learning, and storing his mind with the broad, general principles of every subject. Yet, in the midst of his intense and varied professional labors, he was not so unwise as to relinquish, as too many lawyers do, the practice of literary composition. It is said, by his biographer, that if the essays and larger works, which he published from his seventeenth year to the time of his death, generally under assumed names, were collected, they would form no less than sixteen duodecimo volumes, of two or three hundred pages each. This is a grand example of industry for his professional successors.

Among those works to which Mr. Wallace put his name, were several of a legal character, such as the notes to Smith's leading cases in Law, White and Tudor's leading cases in Equity, and on American leading cases, of which the highest authority of the American bar said, "there is not a remark in the whole body which does not show the mind of a lawyer, imbued with the spirit of the science, instinctively perceiving and observing all its limitations, its harmonies, its modulations, its discords, as a cultivated musical ear perceives, without an effort, what is congruous or incongruous in the harmonies of sounds." The *Boston Law Reporter* also commends them for their thorough and logical precision, as well as fertility of illustration, evincing the mind of a true legal philosopher, no less than the various accomplishments of the skillful lawyer.

In 1849, Mr. Wallace spent a twelve-month in Europe, in the study of its monuments of art, its science, its natural productions, and its social condition. He passed the time mainly in England and Germany, without, however, neglecting Italy and France. It was in the latter country that his interest in social philosophy led him to form the acquaintance of the eminent speculator Comte, who appears to have conceived the most exalted opinion of his abilities, and to have formed the highest hopes of his usefulness, as a disciple of the positive philosophy, in the propagation of it in this country. But Mr. Wallace was one of those independent disciples

who think for themselves, and are not always the most profitable to a master. He adopted Comte's scientific methods, and sympathized in the aims of his instructions, so far as they tended to render all the moral as well as physical sciences inductive, but he adopted them with considerable and even revolutionary departures from Comte's applications. In a brief but well considered letter to Dr. McClintock, of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, he has stated to what extent he received the positivist doctrine, approving the beautiful and comprehensive classification of the sciences which Comte has given, qualifying his definition of the "three stages" of humanitarian progress, and vehemently protesting against the political and religious errors into which he has fallen. He considers the "Positive Philosophy" as a greater work than the "Positive Politics," and that Comte is, in the former, an oracle, and in the latter a babbler. But in this he scarcely does justice to his author, whose system is in nothing else more remarkable than its logical consistency, so that if you grant its fundamental principles, you are irresistibly led to nearly all its conclusions. Mr. Wallace was saved, by his earnest religious belief, from the more dangerous tendencies of Comte's system, and we regret that he did not live to complete what he had projected—the application of this scientific method to the history of politics and religion.

When Mr. Wallace returned to this country in 1850, he made arrangements with his publishers for the issue of a series of works on commercial and civil law, intending to complete his knowledge of those subjects, by a residence of some years in one of the German universities; but in the spring of 1852, his eyesight failing, and his general health becoming otherwise deranged, he was induced to set out on a tour of foreign travel. He sailed on the 13th of November, reached England in the latter part of the month, and, in December, repaired to Paris. His health was deteriorated, not improved by the change. Traveling exhausted him, and repose brought on fits of extreme depression. He wrote to the only surviving member of his family to come out and take care of him, and, three days after dispatching the letter, "suddenly expired." The news of his demise—so unexpected—gave a stunning

shock throughout the circle of his friends and admirers. His immediate acquaintances had never been many; but such as were admitted to his friendship, loved him with warmth and tenderness. His extraordinary accomplishments, too, were making him gradually known: the enthusiastic eulogies of Comte, copied into the journals, had introduced his name to popular respect; and, when it was announced that one so variously endowed, so rich in learning, so vigorous in power of thought, so sincere in the sense of religious duty, and withal so young, was no more, it was felt that death had left a painful void, even by those who knew little of the man or his writings.

"His leaf has perished in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been!"

In person Mr. Wallace was slim, but not tall; his face was sharp and of a saturnine expression; and his manners were cold, until intimacy had broken through the outer wall of his reserve, when he became frank, cordial, affable, and talkative. His conversation, illustrated by an immense range of knowledge, was in the highest degree both interesting and instructive. It was so full and yet so accurate, whatever its immediate topic, that you left him with an impression that that topic had been the speciality of his studies. Whether he talked or wrote on law, literature, the fine arts, philosophy, religion, mathematics, the natural sciences, poetry, or even the military art, his reading had been so extensive, his memory was so tenacious, his grasp of principles and details alike so firm, that he seemed to be talking or writing of his favorite theme. Yet, he never paraded his acquisitions, nor infringed the strictest rules of propriety and good taste, by self-display. His accomplishments, like his virtues, were worn with that graceful humility which proceeds from high but symmetrical culture, refined by habitual religious trust.

The papers in the book before us were found in Mr. Wallace's port-folio, after his death. They had been written in America, but were still unfinished, "immature buds and blossoms shaken from the tree"—says the biographer—"and green fruit, evincing what the harvest might have been;" but

only immature in the sense of not being complete. In thought and manner they exhibit a rich autumnal ripeness. Precise in language, and thoroughly informed with thought, they glow, also, with the warmest imagination and feeling. We know of few books which speak so intelligently and yet so genially of art—which show a more lively sensibility to the influences of nature, and a heartier relish for the great works of man—which combine so much poetic feeling with philosophic discrimination, or keen critical sagacity with tender and lofty religious enthusiasm. In the abstract discussion of the nature and aims of art, in the almost technical description of the mighty cathedrals of Europe, in the impressive scene-painting of the Alps, and in the fine characterizations of the great painters of Italy, he appears equally at home—always familiar with his subject, and with the learning about it; always truthful in tone, always vigorous in thought as well as just and appropriate in style, and not rarely, when the occasion justified it, (as in what is said of the Roman forum,) grandly eloquent.

The greater part of Mr. Wallace's work is devoted to art, and the interesting questions involved in it, both as a philosophy and a practice. He has entitled the leading essay "Art, an emanation of Religious Affection:" illustrating the maxim by an elaborate review of its general forms, in their most flourishing periods: a second paper argues that "Art is symbolical, not imitative;" a third discusses the principle of "Beauty in works of Art;" while a fourth relates to "the law of the development of Gothic Architecture." These are followed by studies of special works of art, such as the great cathedrals of the continent, and the master works of painting in Italy. It will thus be seen, that these essays together constitute a treatise on the whole subject of art—its origin or genesis in the human mind—its characteristic property or function—the nature of that beauty which is its object—its historical manifestations, and the qualities, in its best actual works, which move our admiration and delight.

The art-creating faculty, he says, is not the same as the rational or scientific capacity, whose office is perception, discrimination, and inference, but is a more sensitive and impassioned

faculty—an instinct holding a place between mere emotion and the clear intellect, partaking of the properties of both, and combining them into the unity of its own original character and action. Yet, two-fold as its affinities are, it is a single and peculiar faculty, given to some men and withheld from others, which no process of intellectual cudgeling can create, no theory of education develop, no culture of the sentiments confer, but which, as is the case with the other great gifts of the Spirit, "bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." It is for this reason that men of genius are a mystery to themselves and a perpetual miracle to the world.

But history shows that as this art-creating faculty is more active and prolific in certain men than in others, so it is vouchsafed to certain nations in richer measure than to others—and there are certain golden ages, when it blossoms and blooms with a fervid luxuriance and splendor. Nor does it spring up suddenly, in all its completeness, as if it were an arbitrary inspiration, but gradually, from rude beginnings, until it advances to that pitch of excellence which may be called perfection; "continuing in bright and flowing vigor for a limited time, then flickering and going out like a lamp, or drooping and dying like a plant, or breathing and fading away, like a vision-haunted slumber of humanity. That light no efforts can again relume: to that sweet, half-conscious dream of glory, not all the drowsy sirups in the world can medicine once more the faculties of that people."

What, then, is the origin and nature of this artistic activity, and how has it manifested itself? Mr. Wallace answers the first part of the question, by saying that "the art-faculty is nothing else but earnest religious feeling, acting imaginatively, or imagination working under the elevating and kindling influences of religious feeling." There is no instance in history, he avers, of a single manifestation of art-power, except among people and in ages where religious enthusiasm and religiousness of nature were prominent characteristics. He adds, also, in italics, by way of emphasis, that there is no instance of supreme excellence in art having been reached, excepting where "*the subject*

of the artist's thoughts and toils—the type which he brought up to perfection—was to him an object of worship, or a sacred thing immediately connected with his holiest reverence." Thus, the cause of the special superiority of the Greeks in sculpture was the anthropomorphic character of their theology, which made the human form an image of what they worshipped. Thus, too, the Madonna, which was the inspired and inspiring center of Italian painting in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was an image of worship; and the controlling thought of the stupendous and beautiful cathedrals of the middle ages, as well as of the Athenian temples, identified their sacred forms with the residence and glory of the Divinity.

As a consequence of this conclusion, and in answer to the second part of the question above, Mr. Wallace confines the great general forms of art to architecture, sculpture, and painting, which, he alleges, are the three matters best adapted to the display of its character. Literature, on one hand, he thinks too intellectual, and music, on the other, too sensuous to exhibit "that fusion of the mental and material, that perfect balance of the sensible and thoughtful, which art requires." It is only in these three departments, in the actual evolutions of art, that we meet an excellence so surpassing and irresistible as to render it a nature and existence by itself; it is only in the age of Greek sculpture and architecture, of Italian painting, and the Gothic cathedrals, we can discover the most genuine evidences of artistic inspiration; only there that we encounter works so complete in their beauty, so exalted in significance and so absolute in splendor, as to fill our highest susceptibilities of emotion, and satisfy the loftiest demands of the mind. These "stand in the mystery of an inherent perfection, participating in an apparent divinity in the inscrutableness of their nature, as well as in the overswaying might of their moral power. Through them the mind runs upward, along the viewless chains of spiritual sympathy, till it loses itself in the Infinite."

We propose to say a word or two of these important views, less by way of contradiction than of expansion; for, while they are fundamentally correct, they are yet not stated with all the fullness and precision of an adequate

philosophy. It is proper to speak of art as an *emanation* of religious feeling, because of the signal and intimate union which subsists between them, whether we consider their sources in the human mind, or their more concrete manifestations. But we cannot with propriety say that this is an exclusive truth. A great many other influences beside religion are concerned in the production of a vigorous state of the arts. It is also a truth, that the great artist finds, in the object of his labor, an image of worship, or of devout and earnest feeling; but this, again, is not the whole truth, inasmuch as the great artist requires a great deal more than this single qualification.

In a certain general sense, all the achievements of the human mind, all the elements and characteristics of the different civilizations, are the products of religious belief. The intellectual apprehension or theory which a nation forms of its relations to the universe, or, in other words, its mythology and doctrine of the gods, is what determines its kind and degree of development. This measures the light to which it shall rise in the scale of existences, molds its manners and laws, and marks the limits of its moral and practical activity. If that theory be fetishtic, as with the savages; or polytheistic, as among the Greeks; or simply monotheistic, as among the Jews and Mohammedans; or, again, a strictly historical theism, founded upon the actual incarnation of the divine in the human, as in Christianity, we know, with a more or less precise approximation in each case, what its science, its literature, its customs, its government, are likely to be. As religion is the deepest impulse of the soul, overmastering all others, even in the lowest states of human society, as our relations to the invisible world are more profound and vast than all other relations, controlling us, by their hopes and fears, more energetically than any wants of the body, or any ties of affection or interest, so our conception of these relations, or our theology, masters and controls all other conceptions, the forms of art among the rest, and more than the rest, because of its more sensitive and impressive character. Thus, the tragedies of Eschylus are molded upon the ancient idea of a stern and irresistible destiny, which underlies them, like the deep

bass of an air, and are what they are because of that idea; and the tragedies of Shakespeare, on the other hand, breathe of a personal God, in whom a living justice, consulting the interests of human freedom, has supplanted a blind fate. But we cannot maintain that the ancient conviction of destiny originated the plays of Eschylus, any more than we can say that Christianity originated those of Shakespeare. They respectively controlled the poets' views of the relation of man to the universe, but they did not create or give birth to the inner life of the poets. For though the artist takes the form of his thought generally from the religion and life of his age, the inspiration of it, that which imbues him with something of a prophetic ken, rising above and looking beyond his age, comes more immediately from God, who endowed him with his peculiar and marvelous organization. Were it an exclusive truth that art emanates from religion, the most religious ages of the world would have been the most artistic, and the most artistic again the most religious. Does it appear, however, that the age of Pericles in Greece, when the arts reached their highest condition, was the age which most earnestly received the Greek mythology? or the age of Leo the Tenth, in Italy, the age in which Christian faith was more active and powerful than it ever had been before? No doubt a serious, heart-felt interest is felt by the artist in the religious sentiment which he embodies, for, without that, there would be no motive in his mind; but a combination of other influences concurred also in the grandest development of art. To the sincere and earnest popular sentiment, whether religious or humanitarian, must be added a vigorous national life, stimulating energy and hope, and an access of wealth sufficient to give the repose and culture which the laborious yet peaceful nature of artistic pursuit demands. In short, then, we should say, that the great eras of art have been eras of a universal, intellectual, and moral excitement, when the imagination was kindled by some great sympathy, and the whole soul, not of the artist only, but of the nation, was aroused into an intense and almost preternatural liveliness.

For the same reason, in the second place, when it is said that the artist finds an image of worship in the object

of his labor, we recognize a great truth, but not the entire truth. It is true of certain of the higher displays of art, but not of all art. If this saying were exclusively true, there could be no art but such as should be directly and consciously employed in the celebration of the Divinity. But, when Agasias, or whoever it was, molded his Fighting Gladiator, when Angelo chiseled that wonderful Bacchus at Florence, when Cellini chased some exquisite golden cup, when Raphael painted the Parnassus in one of the Stanzas of the Vatican, when Mozart composed the Don Giovanni, or Shakespeare wrote Othello—we doubt whether the artists saw in their objects the remotest image of anything to be worshipped. Their themes are not in any way connected (and the same might be said of a thousand other immortal examples) with any living mythology; yet, these were works of art, and some of them of very high art. Can any one deny that a very fine and even noble species of art was exhibited by the Flemish and Dutch painters, whose subjects were mostly drawn from incidents of ordinary life, such as the fêtes of the peasantry, or the maneuvers of dragons? Mr. Allston, no mean judge in such things, and who, if we may infer from his own exalted works, was not at all inclined to lessen the deep religious significance of art, speaks in one of his lectures of a picture by Ostade, in which the figures were a woman nursing her child, and the carcass of a hog hung up to dry, and where every accessory hinted of low culinary occupation; and yet he speaks of it as a genuine work of art, full of "magical charms," displaying a very "sorcery of color," and exciting a depth of "pleasurable emotion which passes off into poetic dream!" He contrasts the originality and invention, it discovers with the same qualities in the Death of Ananias, by Raphael. He meant to indicate by this, what we mean in our criticism thus far, that the functions of art are universal, ranging from the expression of the highest religious adoration to that of the lowest every-day delight which is in itself innocent. No definition of art, therefore, can be accepted as adequate, which confines it to its higher types alone, or which excludes those lesser displays of it commonly condemned by a pragmatic criticism as low and trivial.

In order to show the relations of art to religion, and to get at the grounds of that seeming exaggeration which designates all art as divine, we should be obliged to enter upon a minute philosophical inquiry, for which we have now neither time nor space. But we may suggest our own view of the matter, so far as to render what we may say intelligible, in few words.

Man, as the creature of God, is the subject of a two-fold life—the first natural, which connects him through his body and senses with the physical world, and through his affections with his fellow-man—and the second, ideal or spiritual, which connects him, through faith in an infinite Goodness, Wisdom and Beauty, to God. It is this second life which gives him the distinctive mark of his manhood. His relation to nature, or to his physical organization, he shares with the vegetables; and his relations to society, so far as society is simply natural, or not yet raised into a spiritual fellowship, he has in common with many animals; but his belief in an unlimited goodness and truth, and his power of acting in obedience to that belief, is what especially constitutes his humanity. The vegetable and the animal have no existence superior to their physical organization; they are the slaves of that, and, when the wants of that are satisfied, they are complete and happy. Man, too, in so far as his existence is subject to his organization and its corresponding affections, is only a higher kind of vegetable and animal. But being made, as he is, capable of perceiving by his reason, and of obeying by his freedom, ends which are above his merely animal and social wants, he becomes an ideal or spiritual being, which means a true man.

Now the characteristics of this lower sphere of life are, that it is not only limited, but that it exists solely by limitation; that it is not only dependent in each of its particulars upon something out of itself, but that the very end of its existence is subservience; that it is not only transitory, but that incessant change is the law of its life; and, consequently, that it is not only unsatisfying, but, if trusted in, disgusting, venemous, and deadly. On the other hand, the characteristics of the higher sphere, as they are inspired into our faith, are an infinite freedom, an existence in and for itself, an unchanging permanence, and

a fullness of activity and delight, which the Apostle describes as unspeakable. Our humanity, therefore, in so far as it is a humanity, perpetually aspires to this upper world of Love, and Truth, and Beauty, revealed to its hope, and incessantly beckoning it onward and upward.

Yet, as we are made primarily the denizens of nature—as we are not God in ourselves, but his creatures—we can know goodness, truth, and beauty only as we reproduce them in nature, or as they are fixed and embodied in act. We learn love by loving, and truth by living truly, and beauty by realizing it in some actual type. They are, before that, not objects of direct consciousness, of immediate perception, but of vague longing and desire—a blind hunger of the soul, which craves, but has not yet found its food. They are not ours, but God's; yet they become approximately ours, as we translate them, by prayer and effort, and the putting away of untruth, wickedness and imperfection from our lives, into the natural life. The endeavor to appropriate them, however, is our normal work—is the end for which we were made—in which we find our true freedom and joy;—while the three-fold aspect of this endeavor, as it is directed to the supernal Love, or Wisdom, or Beauty, we call, respectively, religion, philosophy, and art. These move in the same sphere, they spring from the same source—the immortal fountain of life—but they operate in different modes and on different planes. Religion deals primarily with the heart, without separating itself from the intellect and senses, and stands nearest to God; philosophy, with the intellect, and dwells in the intermediate world of thought; while art comes down to the senses, and flows through all the forms of sensible nature, transforming and glorifying them with soul. Religion seeks to reduce the facts of human life, inward and outward, to a universal unity of love; philosophy, to the universal unity of truth; and art, to a universal harmony of sensible appearance. In essence and derivation they are all one—like streams which rise from the same sacred spring, but they flow through separate channels to fertilize the world. They all come from God, and all end in life or action.

We see from this why it is not un-
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usual, or irreverent to speak of "divine philosophy," and "divine art," as well as of a divine or holy religion—not because the immediate object, in any philosophical or artistic research, is "an image of worship,"—but because the ultimate tendency of it is to emancipate our spirit from the fetters of its finite condition. It is through philosophy, or, what is the same thing, its handmaid, science, that we subdue the stormy and truculent antagonisms of nature, who would kill us by her frosts and whelm us in her tempests, into the willing servitor of every human use; and by it, too, we lift society out of brute gregariousness, into an organism of the sweetest and tenderest humanities. But having thus secured a dwelling-place and home on earth, it is through art that we breathe over it the free atmosphere of Heaven, people its glades with angelic living shapes, and tune its myriad voices into "hallelujahs and sevenfold harmonies" of song. All true philosophy and all true art have the same ultimate aim with the one true religion.

In a deeper sense, however, than is involved in its mere external influences, art deserves the epithet divine; for it raises us to an activity which approaches more nearly than any other to the highest that we can conceive of the real divine life; of that life which, as St. Augustine says, *per cuncta diffusus, sine labore regens, et sine onere continens*, is sufficient unto itself, having neither bodily limits, nor social dependences, dwelling forever in it fullness of absolute perfection, and yet flowing forth forever in infinite streams of love, and splendor, and joy. An image of this supernal glory, the artistic life, is that of free spontaneous productivity. It has its end in itself,—exists for no extraneous purpose; inhabits its own independent world; finds in its own bosom an immeasurable delight; and though the reconciliation of form and thought, of real and ideal, of matter and spirit, annuls forever the contradictions of actual existence. Thus it is that, in every genuine work of art, you are impressed with its unalterable repose, its calm majesty and grace, its inexhaustible joyousness, and its serene freedom.

As art is a universal mediator between the interior world of affection and thought and the exterior world of sensible experience, we cannot limit its functions, as Mr. Wallace has done,

(though somewhat doubtingly) to the mere arts of design. Architecture, sculpture, and painting are the most impressive forms of art, but they do not exhaust its powers. The vast realm of beauty which music evokes, when sentiment marries sound, must not be forgotten, nor the still vaster worlds, the constellated worlds of poetry, peopled with radiant creatures who use the speech and enact the dramas of the gods. It would be a fatal oversight to reckon the grosser, the more material, the more objective arts among "the glories of our mortal state," and omit the more subtle, subjective, spiritual, delicate, and profound. We cannot but think, then, that Mr. Wallace's genius deserted him (as he hesitated doubt seems to imply), when he decided that music was too sensual, and poetry too intellectual, to be considered among the number of the arts; and still more so, when he assigned as a reason for this sentence of banishment, that they missed "of that fusion of mental and material, of that perfect balance of the sensible and the thoughtful, which art requires."

It might be replied, in detail: first, that music is less sensuous than either architecture, sculpture, or painting, and more variously emotional; secondly, that architecture itself does not exhibit that complete fusion of mental and material of which he speaks, and is at best only a symbol of it; and thirdly, that poetry, though more intellectual than other arts, has yet much to do with the affections, the fancy, and the sensuous imagination. But, instead of exposing the several inaccuracies of this erroneous judgment, we prefer to indicate what we regard as its producing cause.

It is this: that our author has failed to treat of the several species of art, as parts of an organic whole, necessary to each other, because necessary to the complete expression of man's artistic capacity. Confined to the arts of design, art is like that torso dug from ancient ruins, or like the early pipe of Pan, beautiful so far as it goes, yet not the rounded statue, yet not the full-toned organ instinct with every sound. No single art, considered in itself, is adequate to the utterance of our boundless spirit. Each art has its circle and domain, within which it gives us glimpses of the eternal heights, but beyond which it sinks and dies away. Each art, be-

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The oversight of Mr. Wallace, in excluding music and poetry from the circle of the arts, has led him into another mistake—quite common among the writers on art just now—that of depreciating the artistic attainments of the moderns. It is the cant of the times to assert that art, worthy of the name, no longer exists. Mr. Ruskin, among the rest, divides the eras of art into the classical, the mediæval, and the modern, and compares them, as a bad grammarian might do, as good, better, worst. Classicism he defines to embrace all ancient time, down to the fall of the Roman Empire; mediævalism, as extending from that to the close of the fifteenth century; and modernism, thenceforward to our own days. The first was distinguished, he says, by an earnest Pagan faith—the second, by Christian faith—and the third, by a denial of all faith. Consequently, he declares our modern art to be just no art at all.

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which it cannot, in some degree, assuage, no joy which it cannot spread through ten thousand hearts, and no adoration which it cannot deepen and strengthen, till the soul is lifted, as on the wings of the cherubim, to the very presence of God—we say, when we consider all this, its capacity, its universality, its purity, its power,—we are utterly surprised at the criticism which denies the existence of modern art. But if we turn from music to poetry,—if we remember that Shakespeare, whose mind, like the ocean, filled all the inlets and creeks of our existence with its own majestic glory, was a modern; that Spenser and Milton, with the immortal race of bards which has followed them in England, were moderns; that the entire beautiful literature of Germany, with Jupiter Goethe on its throne, is of modern growth; and that this poetry, so multi-form, so lovely, so grand, so humane, so fantastic, so infinite in its resources and its effects, is a common possession (or may be) of every man, woman, and

child who can spell,—we are lost in wonder at the cries which bewail the decrepitude and departure of art.

We have no space to dwell upon the theme, more than to hint that the great ages of art, distributed according to a principal type in each case, were the ages of symbolic art in Egypt; of plastic art, in Greece; of constructive art, in the middle ages; of picturesque art, during the period of transition from Catholicism to Protestantism; and of musical and poetic art, since the Reformation. Considered in this light, we should see more distinctly than in any other way, how the special form and highest glory of art grows directly out of the spirit of the time,—how the evidences of the Eternal favor are never wanting to man, and are even most generous when most unseen,—and how it is folly to mourn the fossils of a defunct vegetation, when the hill-sides and meadows around us are everywhere breaking into new and rosy blooms.

THE HARMLESS OLD GENTLEMAN.

WHEN I was a child, I thought our neighbor, Mr. Tangril, was a very entertaining gentleman. His house was separated from ours by his garden, full of overgrown bushes, which was a paradise of a garden to me, especially when he would give me one hand, and his little daughter Emily the other, and walk up and down the narrow paths with us, talking so pleasantly about roses and cabbages, beetles and butterflies. Sometimes, on a summer afternoon, he would take us long walks over the wildest fields, and, sitting down upon a mossy stone, would tell us most fantastic fairy-stories. My father knew one story of a great giant, who built immense castles, and slew all the people round about; but the tricky spirits never came to him.

Then Mr. Tangril was so learned, and could explain all their lessons to his children—at least all the pleasant ones. My father assisted me in my arithmetic; but when it came to French and Mythology, he said he knew nothing about

such new-fangled things—I must go to Mr. Tangril for those; and I rather envied Emily, because she had a father who knew just what I most wished to know. But I did not envy her in the long, sunny afternoons, when father and I went cantering by on our spirited horses, and I could see her through the window sewing her wearisome seams, for many a one she had to sew; and although she occasionally took a ride with us, she could not often spare the time. Then her brown dresses, I did not envy her those. Why did she not wear pretty muslins, covered with pinks and jessamines, like mine? Why did she wear that old faded barège to church, and take it off so carefully when she went home? I proposed to my mother to give her one of my new white frocks, but she said Mr. Tangril's feelings might be hurt. What Mr. Tangril's feelings had to do with Emily's dresses, I could not imagine.

Then their house was so forlorn. Such dingy papers on the walls, such

meager furniture in the chambers, such a look of loose pamphlets lying all about the parlor; and Mr. Tangril, when he was not pottering in the garden, was always smoking a pipe, and taking up all the room. He was a very tall, large man, and looked much better out of doors than in the house. Mrs. Tangril was a little, demure woman, who did not look exactly sad, but pinched and weary, and yet kindly and rather amiable. Mr. Tangril was always very polite to her; but he did not appear altogether satisfied with her, although she never seemed to have a thought except to please him. Even her very children were almost forgotten, so zealous was she in his service; and I often thought Emily had a hard time of it,—like an old broom thrust into corners.

I used to tell her, but she would smile half reprovingly and say, "You know I must not be in father's way; he does not like to be interrupted." What he did not like to be interrupted in, I could never understand; he seemed to be only dozing by the fire, or puffing smoke all about the room, until every one was choked. Now and then, to be sure, he would take down a great, black-looking book and read; then all the family would steal about on tip-toe; and, for my part, I was always glad to run home and have a good frolic with my father, who had no fancy for black books or dozing.

In the garden, too, pleasant as it was, I went about like a zephyr. Not that it was so very neat, for many a weed grew in the walks, and many a bramble in the flower-beds; but Mr. Tangril liked to have nothing touched except by himself. He gathered all the flowers that were gathered, and ate all the fruit, too, for aught I know, except that now and then he would give us rather a green peach or plum. I felt as if every leaf, and flower, and tree were labeled, "Hands off!" Yes, and every insect, too: for once, when I was chasing a butterfly, and fell headlong into a rose-bush, Mr. Tangril came striding along, and said he did not like to have butterflies chased in his garden, and I must not break his bushes. He did not seem to see my poor little bare arms all scratched and bleeding, nor the tears that were trickling down my cheeks; but my father did, when I ran home, and kissed and comforted me, telling me I might fall into any of his bushes,

only I had better take care to choose those that were not thorny.

Mr. Tangril criticised very severely all that went on in the world. Politics, art, literature, science, commerce, nothing satisfied him. He was certainly a much injured man. And then none of his neighbors could do anything in the best way. The farmers did not know how to cultivate their lands; the mechanics did not understand their trades; committees were wanting in good judgment; and individuals had no sense at all. About building, too, how much he knew that nobody else did! You would have thought he had been educated as mason, carpenter, and general finisher. But when he undertook to build out a little library, and gave particular directions to the workmen, so that he might have a perfect gem, the chimney smoked, the window would not open, the doors would not shut. "Miserable workmen!" he called them; but our house was built by the same miserable men, and our fires burned briskly, our doors and windows were all right.

That library cost Mrs. Tangril many a sleepless hour. It took all the little spare money they had, so that none of the family could have any new clothes that year; and she was obliged to patch up the old ones many a night when she ought to have been a-bed and asleep after her long day's work. After all, it was but little used, for Mr. Tangril said a man should not live apart from his family; he ought to influence them by his presence; and he liked to see cheerful faces about him. So his wife went on sewing, stitch after stitch, with the pleasantest countenance she could assume, and the children crept about the room like starved mice.

Mr. Tangril was always composed—severe sometimes, but never irritable. He spoke in a modulated voice to his children, called them by pretty fancy names, patted them on the head, and talked to them, when he was in the mood, as no one else ever did. It was as good as blowing soap-bubbles to hear him talk; but when he was silent, there seemed to be such a weight in the air that it was never very exhilarating to be with him.

I remember one evening that some friends having come in unexpectedly, we got up some impromptu tableaux, and I ran in for Emily, who was far more beautiful than any one else, I

thought. She had on an old calico dress, and asked me to wait while she went up stairs to put on her silk one. "Delightful," thought I, "Emily has a silk dress!" So I tried to wait patiently. The air in the room seemed to be musty, partly from the old book Mr. Tangril was reading, partly from the old carpet and the old aspect of things altogether. It was perfectly still, except the weary ticking of a clock, which ticked slower than any mortal clock I had ever heard, and the clicking of Mrs. Tangril's needle, as she pursued her endless work. She broke two needles while I was sitting there, her work was so stiff; and once I almost thought I heard her sigh. If the children whispered, she would say, under her breath, "Hush, my dear; remember your father."

I thought of my father at home, winding an immense turban for Haroun Al Raschid, and how merry they all were. At last Mr. Tangril lifted his head a little, without observing me, however, and read a sentence or two, in which, I think, the Hebrew idiom must have been preserved; for, although the words were English, I could make nothing of them.

"Do you fully understand that, my dear?" he said to Mrs. Tangril.

"I believe I do; the tone is very high; it is a fine intuition," she replied.

Little, dusting, enduring, seam-sewing Mrs. Tangril always followed her husband at every risk; but she sometimes missed a round of the ladder, and made rather a fluttering piece of work of it.

Emily came down in the silk dress, and I was quite disappointed to see that it was only her mother's old striped one altered over for her. "Never mind," I said to myself, "I will dress her up in satins and embroideries, and make a gorgeous sultana of her."

As Emily and I grew older, Mr. Tangril's fairy stories expanded into finer thoughts. When we sat with him beside the river, he would tell us that spirit flowed through matter as the waters flowed through their channel; that all things were formed in one essence; that matter became subtilized through finer and finer forms, through liquids and gases, through magnetism and electricity, until it became spirit; or, rather, that matter was but the condensing of spirit, the circumference not vitalized; that there was no I and no

Thou, no individual and no object, but that the apparition we call object was always organic, from the crystal up to the beating heart; and that society, which was an aggregation of those apparitions called persons, should also be organic. Then he went on with theories for organizing the world, which I thought very splendid. As he spoke, it seemed to me that the bonds of actual life were loosened, and that I walked forth into wider space. And yet it was all rather vague, and I wished he would be more definite, or that I could exactly apprehend him. Then, after he had been sitting beneath the blue sky, saying there was no I and no Thou, no *meum* and no *tuum*, that he himself sitting there was but a mere semblance of reality, I could not but think it slightly inconsistent that he should go home and let his family grind in the mill of daily life, that he might be fed. If one spirit flowed through all, why was he not at work with them? I soon had reason to feel very indignant upon this subject.

One evening he had been speaking about the divine afflatus, the inspiration of the gods, and I went to bed so elated I could not sleep. A new heaven and a new earth seemed to be opened to me. In the morning I ran over to Emily's to see if she shared my delight. She was sitting on the door-steps leading to the garden. Red honeysuckles were lightly hanging against her dark hair; the morning sunlight shone upon her fair forehead; her rosy cheeks were half hidden in the shade as she sat with her head bending down. "She looks like a soft dewy flower; so lovely, she might inspire a poet," I said to myself as I approached; "but too sad for such a glorious morning," I thought, as she raised her face. "What is it, Emily?" I asked.

"I am thinking I ought to begin to keep school," she replied.

"Begin to keep school, child! What are you going to do that for?"

"We have so little money, somebody must earn some. Mother cannot, she has so much to do, and the other children are too young."

"But your father, why cannot he keep school, or do something?"

"He cannot bring his mind down to such things. So great a genius as he is should not be obliged to work like ordinary men. I would rather keep

school a hundred years than have him do so."

Just then a puff of tobacco-smoke came through the fresh morning air. "Divine afflatus!" thought I, and I looked at Emily to see how it affected her. Was she quite in earnest? Did she really think so much of him? Yes; I saw that expression of reverence in her face I had so often seen when her father was talking to us, and I had not wondered at it then. But was she right to place him so high above all common duties? I did not know; I was too young to judge. But one thing I did know—Emily was too young to keep school.

I went home to breakfast, raging about it to my father. "My loveliest Emily is going to keep school," I exclaimed. "She says her father cannot work, and she must."

My father muttered something; it sounded very much like "Lazy old dog!"

"Did you call Emily an old dog, father," I said.

"Oh, no, not at all. And so the poor child is going to keep school, is she?"

"And she is only sixteen; just my age. *Figurez-vous* me keeping school."

"What a strange man he is! I offered him an excellent place in my business ten years ago, and he said it would compromise his views if he accepted it. Compromise a cobweb! What his views can be, I do not know. Still-life ones, I fancy. He might have made a comfortable living, and be sending his children to the best schools, instead of driving them out to keep one. Poor little Emily!"

And poor little Emily it was who took a small room in a village, a mile distant, and opened an infant school. I often walked out to walk home with her in the afternoon, and it grieved me to see that she seemed to grow more and more weary every day; but she said she would soon become accustomed to her school. She had always been so free and happy at home, it came hard at first. Free and happy with that everlasting sewing! One day, when I went, she said she was going to give a music-lesson in the afternoon, and should stay all night with a friend.

"A music-lesson! What is that for?" I exclaimed.

"I must make as much money as I

can, you know. To-day my first quarter's salary came in, and it is not much; but I will buy father a book with part of it; it will be so pleasant to buy him something with my own earnings."

So we went into a store, and she bought an old-looking book, such as she thought her father would like. Her hand trembled as she paid the money, partly with emotion, and partly because she was so exhausted. I left her to give the music-lesson, and carried the book to her father, whom I found looking at the sunset in the garden, and paring a plum with his pen-knife. "What kind of a book is it?" he said; "not much of anything." But Emily is a sweet girl; you can give her this plum when you see her, with her father's love." He gave me a plum, almost mellow on one side, representing her father's love, I suppose. The book was put upon a shelf in his library, and never taken down again, as I saw by the dust that collected upon it, and as Emily also saw, I fear. He never liked to have his library dusted, and it was only too evident which books were not often read.

When I gave Emily the plum in the morning, with her father's message, her eyes glistened; but fortunately her scholars came into school at that moment. I think a burst of tears just then would have broken her heart. Perhaps she was beginning to see that fine feathers do not always make fine birds.

One by one, Emily's sisters began to keep school. Early, very early, they began. Edward was to be sent to college, Emily said. "But Edward is such a dull boy," I remonstrated. "It would be much better for you to go to college, Emily."

"I should like nothing better, if there were a college for girls," she replied. "But, alas! no; I must keep on with the spelling-book and the infants. Edward, is not so very dull and father says he went to college himself, and his son must have the same advantages."

"And so Edward entered college, and Edward came out of college, and when I returned from Europe, where I had been traveling several years with my father and mother, I found him in his dressing-gown, smoking a cigar on one side of the stove, opposite his father, and his father's pipe and dressing-gown, ordering the girls about, and wonder-

ing when dinner would be ready. Father gave him a clerkship in his business, and that was the end of his college education, as far as he was concerned, but not the end of his sisters' broken health, injured for his sake, and for which they never received much gratitude, except a few half-joking words.

"Edward will never be so much of a man as his father was," said my mother.

"He was very fascinating once."

"What, old Mr. Tangril!"

"He was not old then; he was young Edward Tangril, and very handsome."

"He is not handsome now; he looks so indolent, and his face is all sunken away. But I can remember I thought him good looking when I was a child."

"And you thought him entertaining, too, did you not?"

"Oh, yes; very, with his fairy stories."

"He was just as agreeable to us with his visions and his poems. They must have been his own, for I never found them in any books; and very beautiful we thought them. We admired him very much; and yet I always felt there was some want of energy in him. But Sally Gray was such a butterfly, she never looked to see if her flowers were well rooted; so she folded her poor little wings, never to open them again."

"That little, subdued Mrs. Tangril a butterfly!" I exclaimed.

"She was the gayest of the gay, the liveliest and the prettiest of us all. But he has made a working-bee of her; her butterfly days have long been passed. He had the old family house and garden, and a little property; not much income, I fancy, for I could see she had to manage her expenses carefully, and she always looked rather serious when he went to town; he was sure to bring home half a dozen new books or engravings, and then the old bonnet or dress had to be worn some months longer, or she had to make the new one herself. He liked to see women dressed simply, he said, and he had every reason to be gratified. Then came the children, and with them came greater economy, and now, poor things, they all have to work hard to pay for his tastes and his poetry. I suppose it will be the same with Edward, but he will never be so fine a person as his father."

"Fine nonsense!" exclaimed my father. My mother and I looked at each

other and smiled. My father looked at us both and burst into one of his most hearty laughs. "You are a couple of babies," he said, "and I will buy each of you a rattle."

While I was in Europe I corresponded with Emily, but often thought it was cruel to write to her about the beautiful things I was seeing, while she was plodding along at home in such a dull way. When I returned, I saw that her life had been even worse than dull for her. The pretty oval of her face was not lost, but all the fair color had gone, and her eyelids drooped heavily over the eyes once so bright. "I feel as if I had no youth left in me," she said.

"Why, Emily, you are only twenty-three; so am I, and I do not feel as if I were more than sixteen."

"Many a weary day has passed since I was sixteen," and I saw tears in her eyes; I believe they had long ceased to fall upon her cheeks. "You have all the youth, and all the beauty, now," she said, slightly glancing at our two faces reflected in the glass.

"You were so beautiful then!"

"Frank thinks I am so still; he has not forgotten that I once was young."

"You have been engaged to him such a long time—when are you going to be married?"

"We cannot be so yet. He has just got through with his law studies: he has only his office and his office boy—he cannot support me on that you know," she said, with a sad smile.

"But you can support yourself, as you do now, with your school."

"He would never consent to that—his delicate little child, as he calls me."

"Then you can give up your school, and grow strong and well."

"No, I cannot. We have spent all our money upon Edward's education, and other necessary things. We have not a dollar now in the family, except what we girls earn."

"It is a sin and a shame!" I exclaimed, and went in search of my father, as usual under all difficulties.

"Father, I think the thousand dollars you promised me for my allowance will be too much. May I give half of it away? Emily and Frank cannot be married because they have no money. If they had five hundred a year, that would answer very well, I think, until he gets into practice."

"No, that will never do; Frank

would not like that. But I will give him business in his profession, and he can be married in two or three years."

"Meantime, Emily will die if she continues her school."

"Well, give her the five hundred dollars, and let her run about in the fields and grow healthy."

"Splendid!" I cried, and dashed off to Emily's. I could hardly wait to knock at her chamber-door. "Oh, be joyful," I exclaimed. "Free, free, forever free! You will never have to keep school again."

"Why not?" said Emily, with a faint color rising to her cheeks.

"Because, my darling, I have a larger allowance than I can possibly use, and you must share it with me. Five hundred a year is more than you can make by your school."

Emily was a good girl, willing to receive what she would have gladly given under the same circumstances, and accepted my offer. I danced home down the garden path, singing, "Hark, hark, the lark." I thought I had better not stay long, just then.

In the twilight, I saw her walking slowly towards our house, among the shadows of the trees, her head bowed down. "What is the sorrow, now," I said, running to meet her. "I thought we should always be so happy."

"You are a dear child, and your kindness makes me happy. I only felt a little sad, thinking I must still go on with my school. Father says I must not accept your offer. He calls it dependence."

"Depend upon it, he knows nothing about it; I will go straight and speak to him."

"Why, Jeannie!"

"I will go," I said, resolutely, for I felt a little frightened, and off I went to the den of the lion,—the dismal little library.

"You look very much excited. Miss Jane," said the lion. "You had better take a chair and compose yourself." I took a chair—a very dusty one—and tried to be calm.

"Emily says, sir, that you will not let her give up her school."

"I do not object to having my daughters keep school; it is excellent discipline for their characters and gives them an opportunity of doing much good to others. It is an education both for them and for their pupils."

"But Emily began so young, and has kept school so long, and is injuring her health; she ought to leave off."

"I should be glad if she could do so with propriety," he replied, with an expression of meek resignation.

"She can do so, if she shares my allowance with me."

"No, my dear, I cannot accept money from your father."

"But you do not accept it, sir, nor does my father give it to you; it is Emily who accepts it from me. You would not object to my giving her a gold chain, would you?"

"That would be a gift of love."

"And so is this: what difference does it make, a few dollars more or less?"

"My family must not eat the bread of charity while I am spared to maintain them."

I opened my eyes very wide:—"How does he think he maintains them?" I wondered. "By scratching in his garden like an old hen,—or by smoking his pipe, or reading Hebrew." I wanted to ask him what he did to help himself or anybody else, that he might see himself as he was, for once in his life. But I looked at his white hairs, and had not the heart to do it. It seemed as if he must himself have a glimpse of his own fallacy, and that, if I said another word, he would hide his face in his hands and weep; I could not have borne to see that, so I went away.

"Mr. Tangril will not let Emily accept the money," I told my father. "He says he will not let his family live upon charity while he can maintain them."

"Maintain them! maintain a pussy-cat!"

I laughed;—my father was getting angry.

"You may well laugh," he said, drawing me toward him. "And you may be thankful that you have some one to maintain you with something besides fine words; that you do not have to wear out your young life, and your old life, too, if any should be spared you, in earning a little livelihood for yourself, and for your father, too. Heavens! I could not sit still in my easy-chair and bear that—I do not see how any man can. Does Mr. Tangril ever open his eyes wide enough to look at you and Emily, and see the difference between you? You so healthy and blooming,—Emily a mere ghost. I can remember

when she was prettier and stronger than you, poor girl. And so he will not let her keep the money! Why does she mind what he says about it?"

"Do you think she ought to disobey her father?"

"A girl of her age need not obey anybody,—more especially when she has been supporting herself for half-a-dozen years. But you women like to make slaves of yourselves, I believe. She ought to judge for herself."

"Shall I tell her what you say?"

"Yes, you can tell her anything I say, only I suppose it will not do to tell her that her father is a regular old tyrant."

I wished to speak to Emily again upon the subject, but she seemed to shrink from any more words about it, so I had to let it go. All I could do was to see that her wardrobe was well supplied, everything being made, that she might not have to sew out of school. But I could not send her father ready-made shirts, and I knew she had many a one to make when she was longing for a little rest. So years went on. Her father called her a sweet girl and his lily-flower Emily, and she grew thinner and thinner; but that I think he never saw, he was so much occupied writing an authentic memoir of himself, from his babyhood up to his tenth year.

At length, after I had long been married, and had a little joyous child playing about me, Frank had a fair prospect of being able to support Emily, and their few friends were summoned to the little, musty parlor to witness the marriage. Mr. Tangril, larger than ever, gave her his blessing, and remarked that he hoped her new home would be as serene as that of her childhood had been, and that her new protector would remember how tenderly she had always been watched and cherished.

Frank's eyes flashed, as if such a degree of self-delusion were hardly to be endured, but Emily bowed her patient little head and received her father's

blessing, as if it had been that of a true father.

They took a small house, nearly opposite. Mr. Tangril often passed an evening with them, smoking his pipe with great urbanity in Emily's pretty, curtained parlor, never asking how they enjoyed that act of beneficence. Many a nice little dish did she make and carry to him; the newspaper was always sent over the moment Frank had done with it, although she never read it herself, and I have reason to believe that the old shirt-making went on for the old gentleman under the new roof;—she wished to assist her mother and sisters a little. Frank would not have liked it, if he had known it, for he insisted that she should do nothing but rest, and walk, and read, and enjoy herself. He took her short journeys whenever he could, and they seemed to do her a little good. Nothing but his tenderness kept her alive,—but it was too late. She faded away, day by day, and at length there came a day when she was no longer there. They had loved each other when they were children, and Frank had devoted all a boy's ardent spirit to his studies, that he might some time have a home in which they could pass a happy life together, and now she had gone and left him with only a little pale child, looking as if she must soon follow her mother.

As soon as this little, innocent thing could walk alone, she would totter across the road to grandpapa's, and delight to sit on his knee, and hear his pretty stories about birds and flowers. I met him one day leading her out of a baker's shop, with a ginger-cake in her hand. "How touching it is," said a sensitive young lady who was with me, "to see that very large old gentleman leading that very little child, and feeding her so sweetly."

"Yes, very touching," I thought in my indignant heart. "He has let the mother work herself to death,—he may well feed the child with gingerbread!"

And the Harmless Old Gentleman led the little child out of sight.

THACKERAY'S NEWCOMES.*

*Newcomer's story on page 287**story on page 287*

IN laying down the last page of "The Newcomes," one is tempted to exclaim, in language similar to that the eminent critic, F. Bayham, Esq., used to apply to his good friend and patron, the Colonel: "Brave old Thackeray, noble old soul; if you ain't a trum and a brick, there isn't any on the face of this earth!" With the same restrained ardor in which the brave Colonel himself used to charge at the head of his Indian dragoons upon the Mahrattah cavalry, you charge upon the selfishness and shams of our cozy little societies. With the same dauntless bravery which fills the ditches and heaps the ramparts of Sebastopol with the bodies of your sturdy countrymen, you lay about you on all sides the dead and wounded Cossacks of the false life on which you war. You are a whole regiment in one man,—now pouring a rattling fire of grape into the enemy—now picking down a general or a sentinel with a Minié rifle—and now exploding grandly like a line of bombs—while ever and anon is heard, in the midst of the more general roar, the deep boom of some thirty-two pounder, which does an amazing deal of damage.

But brave old Colonel Thackeray, noble old soul, you have done a great deal more in "The Newcomes" than discharge your files of musketry and your parks of artillery upon the murderous social Cossacks, sweeping them down by the hundred: you have turned Miss Nightingale, too, and visited the hospitals, and helped the sick, and assuaged the horrors of the dying, and pointed their last hopes to the blessed consolations of Christian goodness and truth. You have shown that you have a great big heart (of which we that knew you did not need to be convinced) though some said that you had none, and that you were only a hard old soldier, sabering people all around you, without human pity or remorse. Yes, indeed, a heart as big as that of the Colonel himself, but with a head a great deal wiser than his; large and generous sympathies, tenderness, a kind love of your brother, and yet a truthfulness which does not allow you to say that the world

is made up of these, and a deep, noble, Christian philosophy, which gives you comfort in the absence of these.

The merits of Thackeray, which have raised him to his eminent position, are quite unanimously allowed. They have been so often dwelt upon, at least, that no one need be ignorant of what they are. First and foremost is his wonderful humor—a quality in which he is not inferior to Swift, Fielding, Dickens, or any other among the illustrious English humorists—and which, in some form or other, steeps and saturates every page of his writings. And this humor is as various as it is deep and fine—now broadly grotesque, as in "Yellowplush's Letters," and some of the contributions to "Punch"—and now as gentle and delicate as the nicest touches of Addison or Goldsmith. Even the exquisite irony of Cervantes scarcely surpasses that of many a passage that might be taken from the "Paris Sketch Book," the "Irish Sketches," or, the "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo." The exuberant fun, the rollicking animal spirit, which sometimes carries Dickens away into caricature, is not found in Thackeray; but he is more uniformly equable in his vivacity, and is never mastered by, but always masters his genius.

Indeed, the calm and impassive tone which he preserves, as if he were only a spectator of what he describes, quite disinterested and heedless, might be mentioned as the second among those admirable traits which have gained him a name. His scenes and characters never seem to be invented. They come to pass. The author lifts the curtain and the play goes on before us. He comments and ridicules, he sneers and laughs at the motley throng, but he does so as one of the audience. One does not feel that he is responsible for the result; the actors are only about their own work, and the stories tell themselves. Mr. Thackeray is, at best, nothing more than the man at the door, who takes our tickets and points out the best seats. Or, rather, he is the friend who asks us to his chamber, to take a peep out of his win-

* *The Newcomes. Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family.* Edited by ARTHUR PENDENSIS, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855.

dow at the busy world of the streets, or into the neighboring windows, while he chats pleasantly at our side about what we both see. Old Pendennis, and Costigan, and Farintosh, and Becky, and Bareacres, and a thousand more, are the people who are passing, or who occupy the parlors and bed-rooms opposite. He knows them all, and tells us who they are, if we are ourselves too dull to guess it from their mere appearance.

It is this remarkable realism which gives his books their aspect of an actual transcript of the life of society. Everybody, on reading them, is quite convinced that the author has seen what he sets forth, and some even suppose that his own agency in the business is little more than that of the *camera lucida* which reflects the picture. "He simply puts down the reports of his eyes," exclaims Mr. Keen, "as any well-informed gentleman might do." But, then, my friend, what eyes they are! how they take in every minute particular of the visible appearance, and, having got that, have pierced the entire significance of it! Almost every person, as you hint, is in the habit of looking at the world and its ways with his eyes, and Thackeray does no more; but there is something so sharp, so penetrating, so luminous in his look, that when he sees the thing he sees the whole of it—inside as well as out—and that not only with his eyes, but with his brain and heart. We know of no writer in any literature, whose characterizations of men, and of incidents, are so sharply defined, so nicely and finely cut, so chiseled, as if from the block, like a piece of statuary, and yet so free and flowing, and full of animation, the most unlike statuary of anything in the world. It would be impossible not to recognize his men and women, should we meet them again in the streets, which might easily be. In fact, when we ourselves attended an opening of Parliament in London, or drove through Hyde Park, we saw a great many of them, and were about to accost them on the score of old acquaintance. We heard the Captain sing an Irish song in a cider-cellar in the Strand. Mr. Jeames waited upon us when we dined at —, and we were introduced personally to a dozen well-known fellows at the club. We need not mention their names, as, we are sorry to say, they were generally snobs.

But, beside his realism and miraculous insight, Thackeray owes much of his success to his unequalled style—a style which we hardly know how to describe. It is so clear and simple, that it seems at first to possess no really salient qualities—to be a kind of unconscious flow of the author's thoughts—and yet the impressions produced by it are so positive and peculiar, that we are almost forced to regard it as a result of the most elaborate art. But there are no signs of effort about it, no marks of labor, no incompleteness or clumsiness, no commonplaces or affectations of phrase, and no decided polish or brilliancy, but only an easy, off-hand, charming, and irresistible grace, which you would not observe if you did not set about it purposely, in order to analyze your pleasure. Like a stream which runs through a rich meadow, it rolls on quite ignorant of its own sweet murmur and its own gentle ripple. Addison's style suggests it, but Addison's was more artificial; Goethe's had much of the same clearness, but Goethe's was more staid and stately; Fielding's had the same naturalness, but was at times too careless and hurried; and, in fact, we can only speak of it as Thackeray's own,—original, vigorous, natural, limpid, idiomatic, and flexible,—a perfect vehicle for the man's peculiar spirit.

All this is admitted, we say—all these qualities are pretty unanimously conceded to him—and yet Thackeray can hardly be called a popular writer. He is not popular in the sense that Dickens is. He is not loved nearly so much as he is admired. He has not taken hold of the hearts of his readers, and become their intimate personal friend. We do not refer to those who would say of him what the criminal said of the judge, and on the same grounds, "Take that man away, for I go in fear of my life because of him;" but to a class, and it cannot be denied that it is a large class, who view him with distrust and aversion, if not with positive dislike, even in the midst of a considerable respect. They allege that his writings, with all their pleasant excellence and inventive energy, with all their wit and pathos, and freshness and sagacity, and wisdom and variety of character, and healthful scrutiny, are offensive from their excessive severity, from their misanthropical views of life, and from their essential injustice in dwelling upon the worse

aspects of human nature instead of the better. We are acquainted with several gentlemen, amply qualified, by original endowment and by culture, to undertake the task of criticism, who express a total inability to read Thackeray. They get weary, they tell us, of representations of society wholly made up of snobs, rascals, demireps, flunkeys, tuft-hunters, fools, coxcombs, managing mammas, obedient daughters, insolent and silly nabobs, and hoary old reprobates in general. They long to see among the figures which flit through his phantasmagoria, among the black silhouettes of his canvas, some reminiscences of the heroes and angels which do exist in the real world as well as in the old books of romance. They acquit him of a fondness for monsters, for highwaymen and murderers, and the various nondescripts which give a hobgoblin and hideous look, or a sulphurous smell to the French, and Newgate, and Gas-light literatures; but they aver that his varnished and well-dressed but thoroughly rotten sinners, and their hollow and hypocritical satellites, his Steynes and Crawleys, and old Majors, his Deuceaces and Crabs, his Becky Sharps and Lady Kickleburys, with the miscellaneous rabble of unmitigated villains, are not a whit more desirable company. Granting, what is true, that he throws in a good old Dobbin at times, or a Laura, or an Amelia, it is also true these are almost as weak as they are good, and go for nothing in the midst of the overwhelming mass of wretches and scoundrels.

The women, especially, have been shocked by the representations which Mr. Thackeray makes of their world. They protest that he knows nothing at all about the mysteries of their delicate and beautiful little spirits—that they are not all husband and fortune hunters, or brainless and fond little fools, willingly allowing themselves to be imposed upon by brutal husbands and cruel brothers, for the sake of occasional shawls and trinkets, or a kiss now and then—but that they have souls and consciences, too, and a strength of love and goodness greater than man has ever conceived. They do not deny that there might be a Mrs. Becky in existence, or a Lady Griffin, even, with an interminable line of Mackenzies and Clutterbucks, as ambitious as they are vacuous; but they do deny that the entire

sex feminine is confined to two genera, simply represented by Becky, Blanche, and Beatrix on one side, and by Amelia, Mrs. Pendennis, and Lady Esmond on the other. We remember that an honored contributor to our own Magazine, herself distinguished by a combination of the gentlest virtues of the woman with the noblest of the man, earnestly repelled this narrow view of one half the race. She complained, that while there were women who had all the weakness, without a particle of the affection of their sex, unrelenting in selfishness and unscrupulous as fiends—that while there were women insipid, diluted, and colorless, mere waxen dolls, simpering prettily, and dressing prettily, but inwardly all bran—that there were also a vast variety of other women, of a nobler and higher make—the Queen Catharines, and Rosalinds, and Portias of actual life, who could be wise as well as good, strong as well as gentle, generous but discerning, self-sacrificing but not through weakness, brilliant but amiable and loveable, or, like the delicious Madonnas of Raphael, at once heavenly and full of the sweetest human love. But this latter sort, she said, Mr. Thackeray had never described.

It was in vain to urge, in defense of the novelist, that his function in literature was not to invent ideal worlds, or imagine new,—that he was not a Shakespeare, a Goldsmith, or a Scott, but simply Mr. Thackeray, whose peculiar intellectual constitution forced him to grasp the facts of things as they were, and not to paint them as they ought to be; and that, consequently, if his canvas abounded in disagreeable forms, it was because society had previously much more abounded. It was vain to urge that he dealt with English social life, as a false system had rendered it, ridden by nightmares of flunkeyism, reenacting, under fashionable sanctions, the infamous practices of the suttee or the slave-plantation, and consecrating, by the sacredest rituals, an inordinate consumption of toads and spittle. It was in vain to urge these things, because the dissentients immediately replied, with an air of triumphant pity, "Heaven save the man who sees nothing in our human life but selfishness, cowardice, intrigue, sycophancy, pretension, bluster, vulgarism, and the intensest mammon-worship!" Or, "Heaven save the society which produces a

luxuriant crop of these as its perennial staples! It is not such a society that we see, or that we care to contemplate. It is not in such circles, or under such a guide, that we desire to make the tour of England. We have no doubt that mean and vile creatures in abundance exist,—we have no doubt that Thackeray exposes them in the truest light; but we believe, and know, too, that much better than these exist, and would be more delectable companions for us and our children. We will leave a P. P. C. for Mr. Thackerays then, and seek a purer and more genial atmosphere."

As for ourselves, we cannot but think that there were some grounds for these complaints, especially in the earlier books of our author, and that the justifications were not in every respect adequate,—not even his own, as given in that noble closing lecture on *Charity and Humor*. We have certainly felt, in perusing the "Shabby-Genteel Story," the "Luck of Barry Lyndon," "Men's Wives," and even "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," that the weak and wicked phases of human development were brought too much into the light, while the better phases were kept in shadow; as if a man should take the bar-room and the cock-pit for his school, and not the home and the church. But, feeling this, we have not distrusted the genius of the master. We saw that he took no satyr's delight in offensive scenes and graceless characters; that he was even sadder than the reader could be at the horrible prospects before him,—that his task was one conscientiously undertaken, with some deep, great, generous purpose, and that, beneath his seeming scoffs and mockeries, was to be discerned a more searching wisdom and a sweeter, tenderer pathos than we found in any other living writer. We saw that he chastised in no ill-natured or malicious vein, but in love; that he cauterized only to cure; and that, if he wandered through the dreary circles of *Inferno*, it was because the spirit of *Beatrice*, the spirit of immortal Beauty, beckoned him to the more glorious *Paradiso*. Even his deficiencies in the portraiture of woman did not disturb our faith, because we knew of no artist who evinced, though tacitly rather than by words, so thorough a sympathy in the position of woman, and who cherished a more pure, ardent, trembling, and holy reverence

for her true nature. Many a time did he make our heart ache, by a passing glance, it might have been, at the wrongs of some poor wife, teaching the little ones, as she put them to bed, to pray "God bless papa" while the disolute husband was squandering his all, and their happiness, at the club; and we had yet to recall a single word of his calculated to bring a real womanly woman into contempt. Traces of a latent enthusiasm for excellence, of a fervent admiration of worth, too, broke through the crust of his assumed scepticism and satire, on almost every page, as the golden veins of California crop out of the rough masses of quartz and sand. Besides, however much we might have failed in discovering the extent of Thackeray's genius ourselves, we remembered that the authoress of "Jane Eyre," than whom there was none more capable of appreciating originality and power, had, in dedicating her second edition to him, spoken of him as "an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries yet recognized" (for he was then comparatively unknown), as "the first social regenerator of the day," and as the "very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things." We had too much confidence in the sympathy of genius for genius to allow more superficial judgments to balk our hope.

When we saw Thackeray in person, all doubts of him were dissipated. When we saw that round, good-natured, yet earnest face, when we heard the manly, yet soft and loving tones of his voice, when we marked in his estimate of illustrious predecessors his intense impatience of the morbid, the hollow and the malignant, and his kindly affection for the simple, the true, and the good, even though erring,—when we found how Swift and Sterne and Congreve were not favorites, and how Dick Steele, Hood, and Goldy were,—and how his magnanimous spirit overflowed into delightful recognition of the merits of his compeer and rival, Dickens; and, above all, when we were told, in private life, not only of an honest freedom from conventionalism, which might have been expected, but of a hearty, genial, and exuberant candor and generosity—we were glad that we had never yielded to the theory of his excessive cynicism and misanthropy.

Well, "The Newcomes" is here at last to justify our fondest criticisms. It is Thackeray over again; but the old, current conception of Thackeray, openly sublimated into what his particular friends had always secretly believed him to be. There is the same keen sarcasm, the same graphic or savage satire, the same unrelenting persecution of pretension, frippery, cant, and falsehood—the same calm, cold scrutiny of human weakness and vice, and the same stern view of life; but mingled with these, in fuller measure than ever before, are gushes of tenderer feelings, gleams of heavenlier light, a deeper pity and a more fearful love. Not that the work has any sentimentalism in it, for of that the author is incapable; it is still a walk in the immense realm of Vanity Fair, which this world happens to be; but the characters you meet are more elevated and the scenes more touching. It seems as if the air of that region had grown less harsh; as if the colors, not less brilliant, had been melowed into softer autumnal tints; and as if the tones, which begin in laughter or scorn, die away into the thick, earnest utterances of the heart. All the old inhabitants are there, with many others, with the indefatigable sleuth-hound, the aristocratic manager—never before so well depicted as in the Countess of Kew—with the cold, self-seeking, mean-spirited, prosperous merchant, as Sir Barnes Newcome—with the vulgar, good woman, Mrs. Hobson, who thanks God that she and hers are not like yonder publicans—with the brainless, pampered fop, like Lord Farintosh, and his tail of toadies—with the smiling, gracious, genteel, artful, thoroughly selfish, and detestable mother, as Mrs. Mackenzie, the Campaigner—with the poor little, harmless, ampering lady, Mrs. Clive, that bloomed for a day under the hot-house nurture of her bad parent, and then withered, and pined, and perished under it; all the old passions, and hypocrisies, and lies, turning the fair earth into a forecourt of Pandemonium, are there; but, contrasted with these, and giving a deeper hue to their dread folly by the contrast, are noble creatures, like the good old Colonel and his son, and Laura, and the lovely Ethel; and noble lives like those of J. J., the artist, and of the author himself, the sincere, hard working, sympathizing Arthur Pendennis. As you follow your guide,

huge cynic as you may deem him, through the intricacies of his Fableland, you everywhere feel the warm pressure of his hand, and not unfrequently catch him brushing away the big drops from his eyes. He is as sad as ever, in the midst of his railery; but it is a sadness of the kind by which the heart is made better. If it cannot be said, therefore, that Thackeray displays, in this work, either a deeper tragic or a broader comic power than his previous works have indicated, it is yet very clear that he has used his power, in both respects, with a more uniform gentleness, and under the inspiration of a more open humanity. He is not so anxious to conceal his own tenderness as if he were ashamed of it, nor does he so frequently "dash his brightest pictures with needless dark." In the characters of the old Colonel, and of Ethel, too, he has drawn us better specimens of our kind than any he had yet given; not because they are more ideal, but because, with all their beauty and nobleness, they are rigidly true to our everyday life. Even his female readers, we think, will forgive his past offenses, for the sake of Ethel.

But these remarks remind us that we have not yet told our readers the story. Thousands of them have already, no doubt, read it as it has appeared, from month to month, in the pages of our enterprising cotemporary, *Harper's Magazine*. Yet, they will find no objection to having it briefly recalled. As a story, it is not superior to the previous inventions of the author, serving rather as the *mise en scene* for his characters than as the means of a deep-wrought and consistent development of dramatic incident. There is little that is "thrilling" in it—nothing that makes you hold your breath in suspense—no regular unfolding of event after event, all subtly linked together till the end brings in some heart-rending catastrophe. There are no passages which make you afraid to sit alone in your study—lest some mysterious door in the wainscot should suddenly open, or the lights begin to burn blue—or to go to bed without a candle. It is simply a plain, straightforward history of a respectable family, some rich and some poor, some good and some bad, now in England, and now on the continent, but who all conduct themselves very much like certain friends of our acquaintance.

An old Newcome, an honest weaver, who gets rich by his industry, leaves a kind of double family, one son by a first wife, whom he loved—a girl of his own original rank—and two or three other children by a second, whom he must have loved, too, or he wouldn't have married her, of course. The son of Mrs. Newcome No. 1, not being treated in the most magnanimous manner by Mrs. Newcome No. 2 and her children, takes to his own ways, reads old histories of the wars in Hindostan, falls in love with the daughter of a French *émigré*, who teaches the language of the great nation, and to cure him of these several follies, is at last sent in commission to India. Mrs. Newcome No. 2, when her time comes to die, leaves the bulk of her property, like a good Christian, to her own, while the discarded son does the best he can for himself among the Sepoys and Brahmins. The former very naturally become prosperous merchants, and one of them a Member of Parliament, achieving all sorts of social successes, while the latter marries a poor widow in India, (not the wisest thing that was ever done), has a son by her, and serves his country otherwise with persistent bravery and a noble, good heart.

After a time, Colonel Thomas Newcome, of India, sends his son, a lively, frank-hearted, generous boy, to England to be educated. He is received on sufferance by his uncles, aunts and cousins, with the exception of cousin Ethel, a proud, high-spirited girl, who takes a girlish fancy to him, as he does to her, and treats him with more tenderness and respect. He pursues his education as usual; but, having a taste for art, falls into the free, genial habits of artists, which are not at all acceptable to the fashionable merchants, his kith and kin. Clive, however, for that is the son's name, is a manly, careless, good-looking fellow, and gets a kind of *entrée* into society, in spite of the cold shoulder of his friends, and especially of Mr. Barnes Newcome, his cousin, a most cold-blooded and selfish villain, as he proves.

In the course of the years, the brave old Colonel himself returns home, rich in honors and comfortable in pocket, and with a kindness of heart which "makes a sunshine" in every shady place that he goes. He is a true, hearty, honorable old brick; not as wise

as Solon, but a thousand times better than Solon ever was, with Lycurgus thrown in to boot. His step-brothers received him coldly, which surprises him; though he does not mind it, having warmth enough in his good old heart to thaw down ten thousand icicle receptions. He loves Clive, his son, almost to idolatry, and after indulging him in every way, sends him, with a snug outfit, to the continent, to pursue the artistic life he has chosen. It is there that Clive meets with Miss Ethel again, and they renew the callow love of former days, all the while that a relative of Miss Ethel, the Countess of Kew, is plotting a match between her and the young Lord Kew, another relative, by some other side. In fact, Miss Ethel, who is over fond of society, and might even be called a fast young lady, is betrothed to Kew, which cuts Clive to the bones, and sends him post haste to Italy, to chew a very bitter cud. He chews it, however, as well as he can, in company with a poor but promising young artist, J. J., to whom he bears the double relation of hero and semi-patron.

In the mean time, the Colonel had gone to India, to improve his fortunes further, for Clive's sake, and to bring back an old crony, a Scotchman, of abundant good-nature and a partiality for Hume. Now, this Scotchman has a sister, a Mrs. Mackenzie, who has also a daughter, and these quarter themselves upon the brother, shortly after his return to London. Being a campaigner of veteran experience, the widow sets her cap for the Colonel, who, having undergone the fortunes of war once before in the widow line, beats a speedy retreat, when the widow adjusts her daughter's cap for the Colonel's son, determined to get one or the other in the family, in which plan she secures the Colonel's favor. Poor Clive, disappointed of Ethel, and eager to do his noble old father any service, falls into the opinion of the foolish old people, and actually marries the sweet-faced, simpering, silly little Rosa Mackenzie. Ah wretched, wretched business, like all marriage without the fusing graces of earnest, heart-felt love! But for a time, all went happily enough; the Colonel, having become a manager of the famous Bunglebund Bank, has induced all his friends to invest in it, begins to roll in money, is an eminent

man in Lombard street, becomes a candidate for the East India Board, and aspires to Parliament. Clive and his pretty wife, therefore, enjoy an extensive herbage of clover.

All the while that this is going on, it appears that Miss Ethel, beautiful as she was, dashing and ambitious as she was, the finest woman in the three kingdoms, did not marry young Kew, nor a subsequent suitor, a tremendous match, Lord Farintosh, fastened on her by the same relentless old Countess; but the Countess dying, and her brother's (Sir Barnes Newcome's) wife, having run away from him, Ethel set herself to work in the most exemplary manner, taking care of his children. Whether she had a lingering love for Clive, or whether it was some other motive which led her to this extraordinary conduct, she does not say, nor her biographer. As her family, however, had behaved in the rudest manner to the Colonel and his son, she sees nothing of them, and the Colonel even extends to her his inveterate dislike of the rest. Suddenly, the Bundlecund Bank explodes—the Colonel is reduced to poverty and seeming dishonor; Mr. and Mrs. Clive and Mrs. MacKenzie quarrel like cats and dogs; the Colonel surrenders all, and takes a black gown at Grey Friars; Mrs. Mackenzie rules the roast with a spit of the sharpest steel; and all is darkness and misery.

Mrs. Laura Piddennis, an acquaintance of all parties, and Miss Ethel, developed into a noble-hearted, self-sacrificing woman, relieves their distresses, as far as the circumstances permit, until one morning Miss Ethel finds a letter of the eldest Mrs. Newcome, directing her solicitor to add a codicil to her will in favor of the Colonel. The representatives of the family spurn the document as of no avail, but Miss Ethel pays the sum, without the privity of others, out of her own purse. The Colonel and his son are once more quite rich; but too late for the good Colonel, who dies destitute and broken-hearted, and too late for Mrs. Clive, who dies of her infernally vulgar mother. It is intimated that some years afterward Clive and Miss Ethel were seen traveling on the continent, under the happiest circumstances, as a very loving man and wife.

A hundred characters are introduced into the story, and a thousand incidents,

at which we have not glanced in this hasty abstract,—characters and incidents such as only Thackeray can describe. It is a bald outline we have given without them, but enough to enable our readers to see, as we have before said, that it is not much of a story in itself; some parts are inartistically managed, and the whole is greatly protracted; a few expedients, indeed, such as the killing off of the old Countess, to prevent the marriage of Ethel, and the demise of Mrs. Clive, to set Clive free again, are commonplace; but, in general, the interest is well maintained, and the plot sufficiently so to pique curiosity. All the young ladies will be very sorry that there was a first Mrs. Clive, and everybody lament the senility and untimely end of the Colonel, worthy to live in hale and happy vigor a thousand years. We do not ourselves, however, find fault with this "taking off" of the dear old fellow. It has gathered about his memory something of the tragic pathos which clings to the white-haired, tempest-beaten Lear.

The most delightful features of the book, beside those already mentioned, are the glimpses it gives us of the serene artist-life, the exquisite fineness of its drollery and banter, its exhibitions of the noble aspect of French character, the many really lovable personages, though quite imperfect ones, it makes us acquainted with; its masterly fidelity to nature throughout, and its lofty, uncompromising adherence to truth. No one can read it without deriving from it a great benefit, not to his mind alone, but to his sympathies and conscience.

Mr. Thackeray has somewhere called the humorous writers, the week-day preachers of the world, and ought himself to be put among the archbishops of the class. No one of them has preached more excellent sermons in a lively way, or to a larger and more attentive diocese than he. Nor is it a commonplace or inferior morality that he has preached. It was he that "aroused the national mind," as Punch says, "on the subject of snobs." He has tried to render his fellows, as he was himself, sick of court circulars—to make them loath *haut-ton* intelligence; to believe such words as exclusive, fashionable, aristocratic, wicked, unchristian words, to hold a court-system which sends men of genius to the second table, a snobbish court-system; and to

stigmatise a polite society which ignores arts and letters, as a snobbish society. "You, who despise your neighbor," he reads the lesson of the day, "are a snob; you, who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a snob; you, who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your honest calling, are a snob, as are you who boast of your pedigree and are proud of your wealth." And this salutary lesson was followed up by how many startling and terrible epistles on the awful, foolish superstition which had translated the suttee from India to Europe—which sacrificed wives on the graves of their husbands, and broke the hearts of tender maidens, who might have made good men good wives—in an insane worship of rank and fortune? But the gospel of this preacher has gone deeper yet than the rebuke of social vices and mistakes—for it has embraced the profoundest philosophy of life, and the noblest principles of conduct. The greatest good, he asks, is it to be a lord, *is it even to be happy?* May not poverty, illness, a humpback, be the reward and conditions of good, as well as that bodily prosperity, the riches, the fame, the honors, we all un-

consciously run after? In other words, is it not the great lesson of our human existence, the very end and aim of it, of all our sufferings and disappointments, of that happiness which is so transitory, of that glory which is so unsatisfying—that we may be taught to love truth and goodness, for their own sakes, as their own best reward, as sufficient unto themselves, and as the only completeness and harmony of our being? We confess that such seem to us to be the principles which Thackeray's books illustrate, and that we esteem them as infinitely loftier and truer than those other moralities, so common with the novelists, which fill the mouth of the virtuous hero with luscious plum-pudding in the end, and enable him to ride in a gilded coach, and to sniff homages from his admirers at every turn. What though the brave and good are so often wrecked, and the selfish so often prosper? Is there not a glory and a solace in goodness which the selfish never know, and which can never be brought into comparison with any outward splendor? Wealth, distinction, luxury, power, these are not the true successes of life, but the simple and contented manhood and womanhood which God honors.

RACHEL.

ONE evening, in Paris, we were strolling through that most Parisian spot, the Palais Royal, or, as it was called at that moment, the Palais National. It was after the Revolution of February; but, although the place was full of associations with French revolutions, it seemed to have no especial sympathy with the trouble of the moment, and was as gay as the youngest imagination conceives Paris to be. There was a constant throng loitering along the arcades; the cafés were lighted and crowded; men were smoking, sipping coffee, playing billiards, reading the newspapers, discussing the debates in the Chamber, and the coming *Prophète* of Meyerbeer at the Opera: women were chatting together in the boutiques; pretty grisettes hurrying home; little blanchisseuses, with their neatly-napkin baskets, tripping among the crowd; strangers watched the gay groups, paused at the

windows of tailors and jewelers, and felt the fascination of Paris. It was the moment of high-tide of Parisian life. It was an epitome of Paris; and Paris is an epitome of the time and of the world.

At one corner of the Palais Royal is the Comédie Française, and to that we were going. There Rachel was playing. There she had recently recited the Marcellaise to frenzied Paris; and there, in the vestibule, genius of French comedy, of French intellect, and of French life, sits the wonderful Voltaire of Houdon, the statue which, for the first time, after the dreadful portraits which misrepresent him, gives the spectator some adequate idea of the personal appearance and impression of the man who molded an age. You can scarcely see the statue without a shudder. It is remorseless intellect laid bare. The cold sweetness of the aspect, the subtle

penetration of the brow, the passionless supremacy of a figure which is neither manly nor graceful, fill your mind with apprehension, and with the conviction that the French revolution you have seen is not the last.

The curtain rises, and Paris and France roll away. A sad, solitary figure, like a dream of tragic Greece, glides across the scene. The air grows cold and thin, with a sense of the presence of lost antiquity. The feeling of fate, vast, resistless, and terrible, rises like a suffocating vapor; and the hopeless woe of the face, the pathetic dignity of the form, assure you, before she speaks, that this is indeed Rachel. The scenery is poor and hard; but its severe outlines and its conventional character serve to suggest Greece. The drapery which hangs upon Rachel is exquisitely studied from the most perfect statue. There is not a fold which is not Greek and graceful, and which does not seem obedient to the same law which touches her face with tragedy. As she slowly opens her thin lips, your own blanch; and from her melancholy eyes all smiles and possibility of joy have utterly passed away. Rachel stands alone, a solitary statue of fate and woe.

When she speaks, the low, thrilling, distinct voice seems to proceed rather from her eyes than her mouth. It has a wan sound, if we may say so. It is the very tone you would have predicated as coming from that form, like the unearthly music which accompanies the speech of the Commendatore's statue in *Don Giovanni*. That appearance and that voice are the key of the whole performance. Before she has spoken, you are filled with the spirit of an age infinitely remote, and only related to human sympathy now by grandeur of suffering. The rest merely confirms that impression. The whole is simple and intense. It is conceived and fulfilled in the purest sense of Greek art.

Of the early career and later life of Rachel such romantic stories are told and believed, that only to see the heroine of her own life would be attraction sufficient to draw the world to Paris. Dr. Veron, in his *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois*, from which we have translated some entertaining paragraphs for these pages, has described her earliest appearance upon the Boulevards; her studies, her trials, and her triumph.

That triumph has been unequalled in stage annals for enthusiasm and permanence. Other actors have achieved single successes as brilliant; but no other has held for so long time the most fickle and fastidious nation thrall to her power; owning no rival near the throne, and ruling with a sway whose splendor was only surpassed by its sternness.

For Rachel has never sought to ally her genius to goodness, and has rather despised than courted the aid of noble character. Not a lady by birth or breeding, she is reported to have surpassed Messalina in debauchery, and Semiramis in luxury. Paris teems with tales of her private life, which, while they are undoubtedly exaggerated, yet serve to show the kind of impression her career has produced. Those modern Sybarites, the princes and nobles of Russia, are the heroes of her private romances; and her sumptuous apartments, if not a *Tour de Nesle*, are at least a bower of Rosamond.

As if to show the independent superiority of her art, she has been willing to appear, or she really is, avaricious, mean, jealous, passionate, false; and then, by her prodigious power, she has swayed the public that so judged her, as the wind tosses a leaf. There has always been disdain in her superiority. Perhaps Paris has found something fascinating in her very contempt, as in the *Mémoires du Diable* the heroine confesses that she loved the ferocity of her lover. Nor is it a traditional fame that she has enjoyed; but whenever Rachel plays, the theatre is crowded, and the terror and the tears are what they were when she began.

Rachel is the greatest of merely dramatic artists. Others are more beautiful; others are more stately and imposing; others have been fitted by external gifts of nature to personify characters of very marked features; others are more graceful, and lovely, and winning; most others mingle their own personality with the characters they assume, but Rachel has this final evidence of genius, that she is always superior to what she does; her mind presides over her own performances. It is the perfection of art. In describing this peculiar supremacy of genius, a scholar, in whose early death a poet and philosopher were lost, says of Shakespeare, "he sat pensive and alone above the hundred-hand-

ed play of his imagination." And Mrs. Fanny Kemble, in her *Journal*, describes a conversation upon the stage, in the tomb-scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, where she, as Juliet, says to Mr. Romeo Keppel, "Where the devil is your dagger?" while all the tearful audience were lost in the soft woe of the scene.

This is very much opposed to the general theory of acting, and the story is told with great gusto of a boy who was sent to see Garrick, we believe, and who was greatly delighted with the fine phrasing and swagger of a supernumerary, but could not understand why people applauded such an ordinary bumpkin as Garrick, who did not differ a whit from all the country boobies he had ever seen. It is insisted that the actor must persuade the spectator that he is what he seems to be: and this is gravely put as the first and final proof of good acting.

This is, however, both a false view of art, and a false interpretation and observation of experience. Shakespeare, through the mouth of Hamlet, tells the players "to hold the mirror up to nature"—that is, to represent nature. For what is the dramatic art, like all other arts, but a representation? If it aims to deceive the eye—if it tries to juggle the senses of the spectator—it is as trivial as if a painter should put real gold upon his canvas, instead of representing gold by means of paint: or as if a sculptor should tinge the cheeks of his statue to make it more like a human face. We have seen tin pans so well imitated in painting, that the result was atrocious. For, if the object intended is really a tin pan, and not the pleasure produced by a conscious representation of one, then why not insert the veritable pan in the picture at once? If art is only a more or less successful imitation of natural objects, with a view to cheat the senses, it is an amusing game, but it is not a noble pursuit.

It is an equally false observation of experience; because, if the spectator were really deceived, if the actor became, in the mind of the audience, truly identical with the character he represented, then, when that character was odious, the audience would revolt. If we cannot quietly sit and see one dog tear another, without interfering, could we gravely look on and only put our handkerchiefs to our eyes when Othello puts the pillow to the mouth of Desde-

mona? If we really supposed him to be a murderous man, how instantly we should leap upon the stage and rescue "the gentle lady." The truth is, to state it boldly, we know the roaring lion to be only Snug, the joiner.

All works of art must produce pleasure. Even the sternest and most repulsive subjects must be touched by art into a pensive beauty, or they fail to reach the height of great works. Goethe has shown this in the *Laocöon*, and every man feels it in constant experience. One of the grand themes of modern painting is the great tragedy of history, the *Crucifixion*. Materially, it is repulsive, as the spectacle of a man in excruciating bodily torture; spiritually, it is overwhelming, as the symbolical suffering of God for sin. If, now, the pictures which treat this subject were, indeed, only imitations of the scene, so that the spectator listened for the groans of agony and looked to see the blood drop from the brow crowned with thorns, how hideous and insupportable the sight would be. The mind is conscious, as it contemplates the picture, that it is a representation and not a fact. The mere force of actuality is, therefore, destroyed, and thought busies itself with the moral significance of the scene. In the same way, in the tragedy of *Othello*, conscious that there is not the actual physical suffering which there seems to be, the mind contemplates the real meaning which underlies that appearance, and curses jealousy and the unmanly passions.

Even in a very low walk of art, the same principle is manifested. A man might not care to adorn his parlor with the carcass of an ox or hog, nor invite to his table, bores muzzy with beer. But the most elegant of nations prizes the pictures of Teniers at extraordinary prices, and hangs its galleries with works minutely representing the shambles. Here, again, the explanation is this: that the mind, rejecting any idea of actuality in the picture, is charmed with the delicacy of detail, with lovely color, with tone and tenderness—and all these are qualities inseparable from the picture, and do not belong by any necessity to the actual carcasses of animals. In the shambles, the sense of disgust and repulsion overcomes any pleasure in light and color. In the parlor, if the spectator were persuaded by the picture to hold his nose, the thing would

be as unlovely as it is in nature. Imitation pleases only so far as it is known to be imitation. If deception by imitation were the object of art, then the material of sculpture should be wax and not marble. Every visitor mistakes the sitting figure of Cobbett, in Madame Tussaud's collection of wax-work, for a real man, and will, very likely, as we did, speak to it. But who would accost the Moses of Michael Angelo, or believe the sitting Medici in his chapel to have human speech?

There is something unhandsomely derogatory to art in this common view. It is forgotten that art is not subsidiary nor auxiliary to nature, but is a distinct ministry, and has a world of its own. They are not in opposition, nor do they ever clash. The cardinal fact of imitation in works of art is evident enough. The exquisite charm of art lies in the perfection of the imitation, coexisting with the consciousness of an absolute difference, so that the effect produced is not at all that which the object itself produces, but is an intellectual pleasure arising from the perception of the mingling of rational intention with the representation of the natural object. We can illustrate this, by supposing a child bringing in a fresh rose, and a painter his picture of a rose. The pleasure derived from the picture is surely something better than wonder at the skill with which the form and color of the flower are imitated. Since imitation can never attain to the dignity and worth of the original, and since we live in the midst of nature, it would be folly to claim for its more or less successful copy the position and form of a great mental and moral influence.

Of course, we are not unmindful of the inevitable assertion that, if certain forms are to be used for the expression of certain truths, the first condition is that those forms shall be accurately rendered. Hence arises the great stress laid by the modern schools upon a rigorous imitation of nature, and hence what is called the pre-Raphaelite spirit, with its marvelous detail. But mere imitation does not come any nearer to great art by being perfect. If it is not informed by a great intention, sculpture is only wax-work and painting a juggle.

It is by her instinctive recognition of these fundamental principles that Rachel shows herself to be an artist. She is fully persuaded of the value of

the modern spirit, and she belongs to the time by nothing more than by her instinctive and hearty adoption of the principles of art which are illustrated in all other departments. There is nothing in Millais's or Hunt's painting more purely pre-Raphaelite than Rachel's acting in the last scenes of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. It is the perfection of detail. It was studied, gasp by gasp, and groan by groan, in the hospital wards of Paris where men were dying in agony. It is terrible, but it is true. We have seen a crowded theatre hanging in a suspense almost suffocating over that fearful scene. Men grew pale, women fainted; a spell of silence and awe held us enchanted. But it was still pure art. The actor was superior to the scene. It was the passion with which she threw herself into the representation, with a distinct conception of the whole, and a thorough knowledge of the means necessary to produce its effect, that secured the success. There was a sublimity of self-control in the spectacle, for, if she had allowed herself to be overwhelmed by the excitement, the play must have paused; real feeling would have invaded that which was represented, and we should, by a rude shock, have been staring in wonder at the weeping woman Rachel, instead of thrilling with the woes of the dying and despairing *Adrienne*. She seems to be what we know she is not.

Rachel's earlier triumphs were in the plays of Racine. Certainly, nothing could show the essential worth of the old Greek dramatic material more than the fact that it could be rendered into French rhyme without losing all its dignity. If a man should know Homer only through Pope's translations, he could hardly understand the real greatness and peculiar charm of Homer. And as most of us know him in no other way, we all understand that the eminence of Homer is conceded upon the force of tradition and the feeling of those who have read him in the original. So, to the reader of Racine, it is his knowledge of the outline of the grand old Greek stories that prevents their loss of charm and loftiness when they masquerade in French rhyme. They have lost their sublimity, so far as treatment can affect it, while they retain their general form and interest. But it is the splendid triumph

of Rachel that she restores the original Greek grandeur to the drama. We no longer wonder at Racine's idea of *Phedre*, but we are confronted with *Phedre* herself. From the moment she appears, through every change and movement of the scene, until the catastrophe, a sense of fate, the grim, remorseless, and inexorable destiny that presides over Greek story, is stamped upon every look, and nod, and movement of Rachel. It is stated that, since the enthusiasm produced in Paris by Ristori, Rachel's Italian rival, the sculptor Schlesinger has declared that his statue of Rachel, which he had called *Tragedy*, was only *Melodrama* after all. If the report be true, it does not prove that Rachel, but Schlesinger, is not a great artist.

It is this simplicity and grandeur that make the excellence of Rachel in the characters of Racine. They cease to be French and become Greek. As a victim of fate, she moves, from the first scene to the last, as by a resistless impulse. Her voice has a low, concentrated tone. Her movement is not vehement, but intense. If she smiles, it is a wan gleam of sadness, not of joy, as if the eyes that lighten for a moment saw all the time the finger of fate pointing over her shoulder. The thin form, graceful with intellectual dignity, not rounded with the ripeness of young womanhood—the statuesque simplicity and severity of the drapery—the pale cheek, the sad lips, the small eyes—these are accessory to the whole impression, the melancholy ornaments of the tragic scene. Her fine instinct avoids the romantic and melodramatic touches which, however seductive to an actor who aims at effect, would destroy at once that breadth and unity which characterize her best impersonations. Wherever the idea of fate inspires the tragedy, or can properly be introduced as the motive, there Rachel is unsurpassed and unapproachable. Her stillness, her solemnity, her intensity; the want of mouthing, of ranting, of all extravagance; the slight movement of the arms, and the subtle inflections of the voice, which are more expressive than gestures, haunt the memory and float through the mind afterward, as the figure of Francesca di Rimini, in the exquisite picture of Ary Scheffer, sweeps, full of woe, which every line suggests, across the vision of Dante and his guide.

There was, naturally, the greatest curiosity, and a good deal of scepticism about Rachel's power in the modern drama,—the melodrama of Victor Hugo and the social drama of Scribe. But her appearance in the *Angelo* of Victor Hugo and the *Adrienne Lecouvreur* of Scribe satisfied the curiosity and routed the scepticism. It was pleasant, after the vast and imposing forms, the tearless tragedy of Greek story, to see the mastery of this genius in the conditions of a life and spirit with which we were more familiar and sympathetic. It was clear that the same passionate intensity which, united with the most exquisite perceptions, enabled her so perfectly to restore the Greek spirit to the Greek form, would as adequately represent the voluptuous southern life. If in the old drama she was sculpture, in the modern she was painting: not only with the flowing outline, but with all the purple, palpitating hues of passion.

This is best manifested in the *Angelo*, of which the scene is laid in old Padua, and is, therefore, full of the mysterious spirit of mediæval, Italian, and especially Venetian, life. Miss Cushman has played in an English version of this drama, called *The Actress of Padua*. But it is hardly grandiose enough in its proportions to be very well adapted to the talent of Miss Cushman. It was remarkable how perfectly the genius which had, the evening before, adequately represented *Phedre*, could impersonate the alert finesse of Italian subtlety. The old Italian romances were made real in a moment. The dim chambers, the dusky passages, the sliding doors, the vivid contrast of gayety and gloom, the dance in the palace and the duel in the garden,—the smile on the lip and the stab at the heart,—the capricious feeling, the impetuous action, the picturesque costume of life and society,—all the substance and the form of our idea of characteristic Italian life are comprised in Rachel's *Thisbe* in *Angelo*.

There is one scene in that play not to be forgotten. The curtain rises and shows a vast, dim chamber in the castle, with a heavily-curtained bed, and massive, carved furniture, and a deep bay window. It is night, and a candle burns upon the table, feebly flickering in the gloom of the great chamber. *Angelo*, whom *Thisbe* loves, and who pretends to love her, is sitting uneasily in the

chamber with his mistress, whose name we have forgotten, but whom he really loves. *Thisbe* is suspicious of his want of faith, and burns with jealousy, but has had no proof.

A gust of wind, the rustle of the tapestry, the creak of a bough in the garden, the note of a night-bird—any slightest sound, makes the lovers quiver and start, as if they stood upon the verge of an imminent peril. Suddenly they both start at a low noise, apparently in the wall. *Angelo* rises and looks about; his mistress shivers and shrinks: but they discover nothing. The night deepens around them. The sense of calamity and catastrophe rises in the spectator's mind. They start again. This time they hear a louder noise, and glance helplessly around, and feebly try to scoff away their terror. The sound dies away, and they converse in appalled and fragmentary whispers. But again a low, cautious, sliding noise arrests them. *Angelo* springs up, runs for his hat and cloak, blows out the candle upon the table, and escapes from the room, while his mistress totters to the bed and throws herself upon it, feigning sleep. The stage is left unoccupied, while the just extinguished candle still smokes upon the table, and the side-lights and foot-lights being lowered, wrap the vast chamber in deeper gloom.

At this moment, a small secret door in the wall, at the bottom of the stage, slips aside and *Thisbe*, still wearing her ball dress, and with a head-dress of gold sequins flashing in her black hair, is discovered crouching in the aperture, holding an antique lamp in one hand, a little raised, and with the other softly putting aside the door, while, bending forward with cat-like stillness, she glares around the chamber with eager eyes, that flash on everything at once. The picture is perfect. The light falls from the raised lamp upon this jeweled figure crouching in darkness at the bottom of the stage. *Judith* was not more terrible; *Lucrezia Borgia* not more superb. But magnificent as it is, it is a moment of such intense interest that applause is suspended. The house is breathless, for it is but the tiger's crouch that precedes the spring. The next instant she is upon the floor of the chamber, and, still bending slightly forward to express the eager concentration of her mind, she glances at the bed and the figure upon it with a scornful sneer, that indicates

how clearly she sees the pretense of sleep, and how evidently somebody has been here, or something has happened which justifies all her suspicion; and then, with panther-like celerity, she darts about the chamber to find some trace of the false lover, a hat, a glove, a plume, a cloak—to make assurance sure. But there is nothing upon the floor, nothing upon the table, nothing in the bay window, nothing upon the sofa, nor in the huge carved chairs—there is nothing that proves the treachery she suspects. But her restless eye leads her springing foot from one corner of the chamber to the other. Speed increases with the lessening chance of proof; the eye flashes more and more fiercely; the breast heaves; the hand clenches; the cheek burns; until, suddenly, in the very moment of despair, having as yet spoken no word, she comes to the table, sees the candle, which still smokes, and drawing herself up with fearful calmness, her cheek grows pallid, the lips livid, the hands relax, the eye deadens as with a blow, and with the despairing conviction that she is betrayed, her heart-break sighs itself out in a cold whisper—"elle fume encore."

In this she is as purely romantic as in other plays she is classical. But neither in the one nor the other is there a look, or a gesture, or a word, which is not harmonious with the spirit of the style and the character of the person represented. This is pure passion as the other is implacable fate. There is something so tearfully human in it, that you are touched as by a picture of the Magdalen. Every representation of *Rachel* is preserved in your memory with the first sights of the great statues and the famous pictures.

In the French translation of Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, a character which may be supposed especially to interest Americans and English, *Rachel* is not less excellent. The sad grace, the tender resignation, the poetic enthusiasm, the petulant caprice, the willful womanliness of the lovely queen, are made tragically real by her representation. Perhaps it is not the *Mary of Mignet* nor of history. But *Mary, Queen of Scots*, is one of the characters which the imagination has chosen to take from history and decorate with immortal grace. It cares less for what the woman *Mary* was, than to have a figure standing upon the fact of

history, but radiant with the beauty of poetry. It has invested her with a loveliness that is, perhaps, unreal; with a tenderness and sweetness that were possibly foreign to her character; and with a general fascination and good intention, which a contemporary might not have discovered.

It has made her the ideal of unfortunate womanhood. For it seemed that a fate so tragic deserved a fame so fair. Perhaps the weaknesses which Mary had, and which Lady Jane Grey had not, have been the very reasons that the unhappy Queen Mary is dearer to our human sympathies than the unfortunate Lady Jane. Perhaps, because it was a woman who pursued her, the instinct of men has sought to restore, by the canonization of Mary, the womanly ideal injured by Elizabeth.

But, whatever be the reason, there is no question that we judge Mary, Queen of Scots, more by the imagination than by historical rigor; and it is Mary, as the mind insists upon having her, that Rachel represents. She conspires with the imagination to complete the ideal of Mary. It is a story told in sad music to which we listen; it is a mournful panorama, unfolding itself scene by scene, upon which we gaze. Lost in soft melancholy, the figures of the drama move before us as in a tragic dream. But after seeing Rachel's Mary we can see no other. If we meet her in history or in romance, it is always that figure—those pensive eyes, forecasting a fearful doom—that voice whose music is cast in a hopeless minor. It is thus that dramatic genius creates, and poetry disputes with history.

Jules Janin says that Rachel is best in those parts of this play where the anger of the Queen is more prominent than the grief of the woman. This is true to a certain extent. It was not difficult to see that the fierceness was more natural than the tenderness to the woman Rachel, and that, therefore, those parts had a reality which the tenderness had not. But the performance was symmetrical, and, so far as the mere acting was concerned, the woman was as well rendered as the Queen. The want of the spectacle was this,—and it is, we fully grant, the defect of all her similar personations,—you felt that it was only intellect feigning heart, though with perfect success. The tenderness and caprice of the woman, and the pride and

dignity of the Queen, are all there. She would not be the consummate artist she is, if she could not give them. But even through your tears you see that it is art. It is, indeed, concealed by its own perfection, but it is not lost in the loveliness of the character it suggests, as might be the case with a greatly inferior artist. You are half sure, as you own the excellence, that much of the tender effect arises from your feeling that Rachel, as she represents a woman so different from herself, regards her rôle with sad longing and vague regret. When we say that she is the ideal Mary, we mean, strictly, the artistic ideal.

The late Charlotte Brontë, in her novel of *Villette*, has described Rachel with a splendor of rhetoric that is very unusual with the author of "*Jane Eyre*." But in the style of the description it is easy to see the influence of the thing described. It has a picturesque stateliness, a grave grace, and musical pomp, which all belong to the genius of Rachel. Even the soft gloom of her eyes is in it—a gloom and a fire which no one could more subtly feel than Miss Brontë. Her description is the best that we have seen of what is, in its nature, after all, indescribable.

As the fame of an actor or singer is necessarily traditional, and rapidly perishes, it is not easy to compare one with another, when they are not contemporaries, for you find yourself only comparing vague impressions and reports. Of Roscius and Betterton, we must accept the names and allow the fame. We can see Reynolds's pictures, we can hear Handel's music, we can read Goldsmith's and Johnson's books; but of Garrick, what can we ever have but a name, and somebody's account of what he thought of Garrick? The touch of Shakespeare we can feel as well as our ancestors; and our great grandchildren's great grandchildren will feel it as fully as we. But the voice of Malibran lingers in only a few happy memories; and we know Mrs. Siddons better by Sir Joshua's portrait than by her own glories.

It is, therefore, impossible to decide what relative rank among actresses Rachel occupies. Mrs. Jameson, in her recent "*Common-Place Book of Thoughts, Memories and Fancies*," says some sharp things of her; and Mrs. Jameson is a critic of too delicate a mind not to be heeded. The general view

she takes of Rachel is, that she is not a great artist in the true sense of the word. She is a finished actress, but not an artist: fine enough to conceal her art. The last scene of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* seems to Mrs. Jameson a mistake and failure, and beyond the limits of art—a mere imitation of a repulsive physical fact; and finally, she pronounces that Rachel has talent but not genius; while it is the "entire absence of the high poetic element which distinguishes Rachel as an actress, and places her at such an immeasurable distance from Mrs. Siddons, that it shocks me to hear them named together."

It may fairly be questioned, whether a woman so refined and cultivated as Mrs. Jameson may not have judged Rachel rather by her wants as a woman than by her excellence as an artist. That the terrible last scene of *Adrienne* is a harrowing imitation of nature we have conceded. The play is, in truth, a mere melodrama. It is a vaudeville of costume, with a frightful catastrophe appended. But, as an artist, she seems to us perfectly to render the part. She does not make it more than it is, but she makes it just what it is—a proud, injured, and betrayed actress. Whether the accuracy of her imitation is not justified by the intention, which alone can redeem imitation, will remain a question to each spectator. Mrs. Jameson also insists that Rachel's power is extraneous, and excites only the senses and the intellect, and that she has become a hard mannerist.

In our remarks upon this celebrated actress, we have viewed her simply as an artist, and not as a woman. She appeals to the public only in that way. Perhaps the sinister stories that are told of her private career only serve to confirm and deepen the feeling of the intensity of her nature, she so skillfully represents the most fearful passions, not from the perception of genius alone, but from the knowledge of actual experience. Certainly no woman's character has been more freely discussed; and no public performer of any kind ever sought so little to propitiate her audience. She has seemed to scorn the world she fascinated; and, like a superb snake, with glittering eyes and cold crest, to gloat over the terror which held her captives thrall. Hence it is not surprising to one who has seen her

a great deal, and has felt the peculiarity of her power, to find in Lehman's portrait of her, which is, perhaps, the most characteristic of all that have been taken, a subtle resemblance to a serpent, which is at once fascinating and startling. Mrs. Jameson mentions that, when she first saw her in *Hermione*, she was reminded of a *Lamia*, or serpent nature in woman's form. As you look at Lehman's portrait, this feeling is irresistible. The head bends slightly forward with a darting, eager movement, yet with a fine, lithe grace. The keen, bright eyes glance a little askance, with a want of free confidence. There is a slim smoothness, a silent alertness in the general impression, a nervous, susceptible intentness, united with undeniable beauty, that recall the deadly night-shade among flowers, and Keats's "*Lamia*" among poems. The portrait would fully interpret the poem. So looked the lovely *Lamia* upon the verge of flight, at the instant when she felt the calm, inexorable eye of criticism and detection. In a moment, while you gaze, that form will be prone, those bright, cold eyes malignant, that wily grace will undulate into motion and glide away. You feel that there is no human depravity that Rachel could not adequately represent. Perhaps you doubt if she could be *Desdemona* or *Imogen*.

Rachel is great, but there is something greater. It is not an entirely satisfactory display of human power, even in its own way. Her triumph is that of an actress. It is only an intellectual success. For however subtly dramatic genius may seize and represent the forms of human emotion, yet the representation is most perfect—not, indeed, as art, but as a satisfaction of the heart—when the personal character of the artist interests those emotions to himself, and thus sympathetically affects his audience. Rachel's "*Mary*" is a perfect portrait of *Mary*; but it is only a picture, after all, that expresses the difference in feeling between the impression of her personation and that which will be derived from another woman. The fiercer and darker passions of human nature are depicted by her with terrible power. They throb with reality. But in the soft superior shades you still feel that it is emotion intellectually discerned.

Such facts easily explain the present

defection of Paris from Rachel. Ristori has come up from Italy, and with one woman's smile, "full of the warm south," she has lured Paris to her feet. There is no more sudden and entire desertion of a favorite recorded in all the annals of popular caprice. The feuilletonists, who are a power in Paris, have gone over in a body to the beautiful Italian. They describe her triumphs precisely as they described Rachel's. The old ecstasies are burnished up for the new occasion. In a country like ours, where there is no theatre, and where dramatic differences only creep into an advertisement, such an excitement as Paris feels, from such a cause and at such a time, is simply incredible. It is, possibly, as real and dignified an excitement as that which New York experienced upon the decease of the late lamented William Poole.

There are various explanations of this fall of Rachel, without resorting to the theory of superior genius in Ristori. Undoubtedly Paris loves novelty, and has been impatient of the disdainful sway of Rachel. Her reputed avarice and want of courtesy and generosity, her total failure to charm as a woman while she fascinated as an artist, have, naturally enough, after many years, fatigued the patience and disappointed the humane sympathies of a public whose mere curiosity had been long satisfied. Rachel seemed only more Parisian than Paris.

But when over the Alps came Ristori, lovely as a woman, and eminent as an artist—when there was a new person who could make Paris weep at her greatness upon the stage, and her goodness away from it—who, in the plenitude of her first success, could shame the reported avarice of her falling rival by offers of the sincerest generosity—when Ristori came, who seemed to have a virtue for every vice of Rachel, Paris, with one accord, hurried with hymns and incense to the new divinity. We regard it as a homage to the woman no less than a tribute to the artist. We regard it as saying to Rachel that, if being humane and lovely, she chose, from pride, to rule by scornful superiority, she has greatly erred; or, if being really unlovely, she has held her crown only by her genius, she has now to see human nature justify itself by preferring a humane, to an inhumane, power. The most splendid illustration

of this kind of homage was the career of Jenny Lind in America. It was rather the fashion among the dilettanti to undervalue her excellence as an artist. A popular, superficial criticism was fond of limiting her dramatic power to inferior rôles. She was denied passion and great artistic skill. She was accused of tricks. But, even had these things been true, what a career it was. It was unprecedented and can never be repeated. Yet it was, at bottom, the success of a saint rather than of a singer. Had she been a worse or better artist, the homage would have been the same. If the public—and it is a happy fact—can love the woman even more than it admires the artist, her triumph is assured.

We look upon the enthusiasm for Ristori by no means as an unmingled tribute to superior genius. We make no question of her actual womanly charms. Even if the appearance of generosity, of simplicity, and sweetness, were only a deep Italian wile, and assumed upon profound observation and consideration of human nature and the circumstances of Rachel's position in Paris, merely for the purpose of exciting applause, that applause would still be genuine, and would prove the loyalty of the public mind to what is truly lovely. It was our good fortune to see Ristori in Italy, where, for the last ten years, she has been accounted the first Italian actress. She has there been seen by all the traveling world of Europe and America. It is not possible that so great a talent, as the Parisians consider it, could have been so long overlooked. We all remember Ristori as a charming, natural, simple actress; but of the surpassing power which Paris has discovered, probably very few of us retain any recollection.

It will be interesting to note the criticism of the American mind upon Rachel. It is long since we have had any great acting in this country, unless Grisi, in *Norma*, be so considered. Of course, she appears at every disadvantage. Yet, of all actors in a foreign tongue, she is the best to see; for her power is not a trick of costume nor of manner, it is not the fascination of lovely character, it is not the possession of great beauty, it is not the music of a voice, nor the grace of a form, but it is the perfect presentation of grand, majestic, and passionate character.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

Mr. Sparrowgrass concludes to buy a Horse—Reminiscences of Bloomingdale—The difference between now and then—A Horse as can go—An Artist Story—Godiva—Homeward and Outward bound—The Curtained Dais of the Life School—A new "Lady of Coventry."

I HAVE bought me a horse! A horse is a good thing to have in the country. In the city, the persevering streets have pushed the Bloomingdale road out of reach. Riding-habits and rosy cheeks, bright eyes, round hats and feathers, are banished from the metropolis. There are no more shady by-paths a little way out of town to tempt equestrians. There are no visions of Die Vernon and Frank Osbaldiston at "Burnam's" now. Romance no longer holds the bridle-rein while the delicate slipper is withdrawn from the old red morocco stirrup. A whirl of dust, a glitter of wheels, a stretch of tag-rag and bobtail horses, and the young Potiphars are contesting time with Dusty Bob and the exquisite Mr. Farobank. That is the picture of Bloomingdale road now. It is the everyday picture too. Go when you will, you see the tag-rag and bobtail horses, the cloud of dust, the whirl of wheels, the young Potiphars, Dusty Bob, and the elegant Mr. Farobank.

There was a time when I could steal away from the dusky counting-room to inhale the fragrant hartshorn of the stable, while the hostler was putting the saddle on "Fanny." Fanny was a blooded filly, a descendant of the great Sir Henry. Her education had been neglected. She had been broken by a couple of wild Irishmen, who used to "hurrap" her, barebacked, morning and evening, through the lonely little street in the lower part of the city, where the stable was situated. As a consequence, the contest between her high blood and low breeding made her slightly vicious. The first time I backed her, she stood still for half an hour, no more moved by the whip than a brass filly would have been; then deliberately walked up the street, turned the corner with a jump that almost threw me on the curb-stone, then ran away, got on the sidewalk, and stopped suddenly, with her fore feet planted firmly in front of a steep flight of area steps, which happened to be filled with children. I dismounted, and, in no time, was the centre of an angry swarm of fathers and mothers, who were going to immolate me on the spot for trying to ride down their ragged offspring. There is much difficulty in making an explanation under such cir-

cumstances. As the most abusive person in the crowd happened to be a disinterested stranger who was passing by, it soon became a personal matter between two of us. Accordingly, I asked him to step aside, which he did, when I at once hired him to lead the filly to the ferry. Once on a country road, I was at home in the saddle, and a few days' training made Fanny tractable. She would even follow me with great gentleness, like a trained dog, and really behaved in a very exemplary way, after throwing me twice or so. Then Fanny and I were frequent on the Bloomingdale road, in summer evenings and mornings, and so were ladies and gentlemen. I do not think the fine buildings that usurp those haunted paths an improvement. Those leafy fringes on the way-side had a charm that freestone cannot give. That stretch of vision over meadows, boulders, wild shrubbery and uplifted trees, down to the blue river, is not compensated by ornate façades, cornices, and vestibules. Where are the birds? In my eyes, the glimmer of sultry fire-flies is pleasanter in a summer night than the perspective of gas-lights in streets.

"There's not a charm improvement gives like those it takes away,

When the shadowing trees are stricken down because they do not pay;

'Tis not from youth's smooth cheek the blush of health alone is past,

But the tender bloom of heart departs, by driving horses fast."

Poor Fanny! my Bloomingdale bride! I believe I was her only patron; and when the stable burned down, she happened to be insured, and her mercenary owner pocketed her value with a grin.

I have bought me a horse. As I had obtained some skill in the *manège* during my younger days, it was a matter of consideration to have a saddle-horse. It surprised me to find good saddle-horses very abundant soon after my consultation with the stage-proprietor upon this topic. There were strange saddle-horses to sell almost every day. One man was very candid about his horse: he told me, if his horse had a blemish, he wouldn't wait to be asked about it; he would tell it right out; and, if a man didn't want him then, he needn't take him. He

also proposed to put him on trial for sixty days, giving his note for the amount paid him for the horse, to be taken up in case the animal were returned. I asked him what were the principal defects of the horse. He said he'd been fired once, because they thought he was spavined; but there was no more spavin to him than was to a fresh-laid egg—he was as sound as a dollar. I asked him if he would just state what were the defects of the horse. He answered, that he once had the pink-eye, and added, "now that's honest." I thought so, but proceeded to question him closely. I asked him if he had the bots. He said, not a bot. I asked him if he would go. He said he would go till he dropped down dead; just touch him with a whip, and he'll jump out of his hide. I inquired how old he was. He answered, just eight years, exactly—some men, he said, wanted to make their horses younger than they be; he was willing to speak right out, and own up he was eight years. I asked him if there were any other objections. He said no, except that he was inclined to be a little gay; "but," he added, "he is so kind, a child can drive him with a thread." I asked him if he was a good family horse. He replied that no lady that ever drew rein over him would be willing to part with him. Then I asked him his price. He answered that no man could have bought him for one hundred dollars a month ago, but now he was willing to sell him for seventy-five, on account of having a note to pay. This seemed such a very low price, I was about saying I would take him, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass whispered, that I had better *see the horse first*. I confess I was a little afraid of losing my bargain by it, but, out of deference to Mrs. S., I did ask to see the horse before I bought him. He said he would fetch him down. "No man," he added, "ought to buy a horse unless he's saw him." When the horse came down, it struck me that, whatever his qualities might be, his personal appearance was against him. One of his fore legs was shaped like the handle of our punch-ladle, and the remaining three legs, about the fetlock, were slightly bunchy. Besides, he had no tail to brag of; and his back had a very hollow sweep, from his high haunches to his low shoulder-blades. I was much pleased, however, with the fondness and pride manifested

by his owner, as he held up, by both sides of the bridle, the rather longish head of his horse, surmounting a neck shaped like a pea-pod, and said, in a sort of triumphant voice, "three-quarters blooded!" Mrs. Sparrowgrass flushed up a little, when she asked me if I intended to purchase that horse, and added, that, if I did, she would never want to ride. So I told the man he would not suit me. He answered by suddenly throwing himself upon his stomach across the back-bone of his horse, and then, by turning around as on a pivot, got up a-straddle of him; then he gave his horse a kick in the ribs that caused him to jump out with all his legs, like a frog, and then off went the spoon-legged animal with a gait that was not a trot, nor yet precisely pacing. He rode around our grass plot twice, and then pulled his horse's head up like the cock of a musket. "That," said he, *is time*." I replied that he did seem to go pretty fast. "Pretty fast!" said his owner. "Well, do you know Mr. —?" mentioning one of the richest gentlemen in our village. I replied that I was acquainted with him. "Well," said he, "you know his horse?" I replied that I had no personal acquaintance with him. "Well," said he, "he's the fastest horse in the county—just so—I'm willin' to admit it. But do you know I offered to put my horse agin' his to trot? I had no money to put up, or, rayther, to spare; but I offered to trot him, horse agin' horse, and the winner to take both horses, and I tell you—he *wouldn't do it!*"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass got a little nervous, and twitched me by the skirt of my coat. "Dear," said she, "let him go." I assured her I would not buy the horse, and told the man firmly I would not buy him. He said very well—if he didn't suit 'twas no use to keep a-talkin'; but he added, he'd be down agin with another horse, next morning, that belonged to his brother; and if he didn't suit me, then I didn't want a horse. With this remark he rode off.

When I reached our rural dwelling in the evening, I brought with me the pleasant memory of a story I had heard amid the crush and roar of the great city. To preserve it, I wrote it down on paper. Then I brought it in to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, and, with a sort of premonitory smile, asked her if she remembered "Godiva." Mrs. S. seemed

puzzled at the question. I believe she was ruminating the names of our former servant girls in her mind—girls that had been discharged or gone off of themselves, from a disinclination to cleanliness, coupled with a certain amount of work. "Godiva," said I, "or Godina, was the wife of Lord Leofric, of Coventry, in Warwickshire, England. He oppressed the citizens with heavy taxes, and destroyed their privileges. His wife interceded with him, begged him to remit the weighty burden for her sake. In jest, he promised to do so upon one consideration." "I remember it," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass. "The condition was, that she should ride through the streets of Coventry stark naked." Mrs. Sparrowgrass blushed up to her eyes. "But, like a noble woman, she undertook the task, and redeemed their liberties, by fulfilling his jest in earnest." "Poor thing," said Mrs. S. "You remember," I continued, "how splendidly Tennyson has painted the legend:"

"Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon,
Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her
knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; then she found her palfrey
trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on in chastity."
"How noble," said Mrs. S. "Yes,"
I replied, "and now, after this, I want
to read you my story. I call it

THE NEW GODIVA.

Sometime after the year eighteen hundred and fifty, a young Englishman landed at one of the quays that afford accommodation to packet ships, around the city of New York. He had come to the New World full of hope and enthusiasm, and he stepped upon the quay without a penny in his pocket. Seldom does an American find himself in this condition, in a foreign port. Here it is so familiar, so much of an every-day occurrence, that sympathy has grown callous to the repetition of the old story;—so this emigrant found, by bitter experience. His fine, intelligent face, under a check-cloth cap, presented itself at various counting-rooms of the city. Check-cloth caps,

in search of employment, are common enough; and few merchants can spare time to analyze the lineaments of a fine, intelligent countenance.

So the young emigrant found no employment in the busy, active city: the fine, intelligent countenance suffered by unwholesome resting places, among funeral mahogany at night, and by pride struggling with hunger in the day, until at last the check-cloth cap bent over a stone mallet to beat down the city cobble stones, for a corporation contractor. Oh, the dreary, desolate city, crowded with strangers! Oh, the bright alien sunshine, that never lighted up a sympathetic face! Oh, the green shores of merrie England, that he had seen sinking in the distant sea, with misty eyes! There they all were; mother and brothers, and she, the dear one,—all! and every blow of the stone-rammer went down like a sob. In no period of life is disappointment so poignant as in youth. The dreams of maturity are limited by experience, and the awakening is almost anticipated. But youth believes its gorgeous visions, and looks upon the real, work-day world as a monstrous fable. But, oh, the touch of the Ithuriel spear!

The stone-rammer, for months, steadily beat down the cobble stones. The check-cloth cap had lost its pristine freshness; the fine, intelligent countenance became dead, dull, apathetic. There was a trifling sum deposited weekly in the Emigrants' Savings Bank. It was all withdrawn one day. It was the day the "Devonshire" Liverpool packet sailed. From that day the check-cloth cap, and the fine, intelligent countenance were seen no more by the corporation contractor.

The "Devonshire" packet ship had a fine passage out, and was beating up towards the Mersey in little more than a fortnight after she bade farewell to the American city. There she met another packet ship, outward bound. The ships came so near each other that passengers could recognize faces on either deck. Amid the multitude of emigrants, thronging the side of the outward-bound packet, one face had particularly attracted the attention of the passengers on the "Devonshire." It was that of an emigrant girl, a right English face, in a Durable bonnet, but still strikingly lovely. It was a face not simply beautiful only,

it was ideally so: one of those faces to inspire love in a woman, adoration in a man, and respect in coarser natures. It was not surprising, then, when one of the younger passengers on the "Devonshire," proposed at dinner, "*the health of that English girl*," that everybody understood it—that ladies and all joined in the toast with enthusiasm.

One person alone, a steerage passenger on the "Devonshire," had been insensitive to the excitement occasioned by the passing ships. From the time the blue land hove in sight, the inevitable check-cloth cap, and the fine, intelligent countenance had been turned shorewards, from the bowsprit. Never once had that eager gaze been diverted from the land; never once had it turned toward the packet, outward bound!

A fragment of his history must be inserted in the mosaic of the story. When he left home to seek his fortunes in the Western republic, he did so with a feeling, a faith that seemed prophetic of success. His talents, for he had talents; his perseverance, for he had perseverance; his indefatigable industry, for he had that also, assured him there could be no failure. Nor would there have been, in time. Industry, perseverance, and talent, may fearlessly begin with the stone rammer, or even with a lower calling. Begin, begin, somewhere—anywhere—only begin. There is no position, no dignity, without the inevitable steps. If need be, take the lowest and surmount them. Here, then, might have been laid the foundation of his fortunes, had pride permitted; but that young, ardent spirit, crushed by drudgery, saw the future only as a continuation of the present; the busy world had rudely thrust him aside; it is true, pride, had succumbed to hunger, and beat down the cobblestones, but this, to him, was not the dawn of hope, but the sequel. Henceforth, one thought controlled his mind. "Home, home! return, return!" rang out from the flinty pavements. There was the face of mother, there were the faces of brothers, there was *her face*, the face of his beloved one—his betrothed, to whom, in his anguish, he had not written since he first stepped upon the shores of the busy, heartless New World. "Home, home!" was the constant burthen, until the "Devonshire" packet carried him, with his slender fortunes, once more across the Atlantic.

What was that outward-bound ship to him, when his eyes were fixed again on merrie England, where they all were?

Not very long after this period, Mr. Ultramarine, the famous artist, was arranging the drapery on his lay-figure. A lay-figure is a huge doll, usually about five feet three in height, kept in artists' studios. Its joints are flexible, back, arms, neck, et cetera, movable at will; it can be made to stand up, to sit down or lie down, in fact, may be put in any posture; its limbs, bust, body, are stuffed out so as to cleverly represent womanity, in perfect and divine proportions; its ordinary use is to be dressed up like a lady, and to act as such in the studio. For example, Mrs. Honiton is sitting for her portrait, the lovely face, the rounded arms, the taper fingers, are transferred to the canvas; but Mrs. Honiton's elaborate dress must also be painted, and a two hours' sitting, day after day, is tiresome and tedious. The lay-figure then becomes useful, and plays a brief part in society. For a period, it represents Mrs. Honiton. While Mr. Ultramarine is finishing the picture, it wears her brocades, velvets, shawl, bertha, bracelets, lace-sleeves, with becoming dignity. There is one peculiarity in lay-figures, sometimes objectionable. They are apt to transfer an air of stiffness to the likeness; this, however, may be also in the original, and then the effect is wonderful.

Mr. Ultramarine could not arrange the drapery on the lay-figure to suit his fancy. The delicate, careless curve of Mrs. Honiton's arm, holding the thrown-off shawl, was beyond the lay-figure's ability. So Mr. Ultramarine gave it up, and went on setting his pallet, with now and then a fiendish look at his lay-figure. There was that rigid arm, stiffly holding out the shawl, with the precision of porcelain; completely excluding the idea Mr. U. wished to portray, of carelessness.

There is always, in every studio, of every artist in the city of New York, in the morning, before visitors arrive, a respectable, elderly female. Her duties are sweeping and dusting. By constantly breathing its magic atmosphere, she often gains an intuitive perception of art, beyond even the skill of the newspaper critic. The respectable elderly female who was putting Mr. Ultramarine to rights, understood the difficulty at once. She glanced at the

artist and at the shawled manikin. Then she hushed the music of the broom and said, timidly, "Please, sir, there is a poor creature, a young English girl, sir, at my room, a living with me, that would be glad to earn a shilling or two; and she would hold yon shawl just as you want it." Mr. Ultramarine squeezed a little vermilion out of the capsule upon his pallet, and looked up. "Hum," he replied, "a coarse creature, I presume." This was said in a kind voice, with a lingering accent on "coarse creature," that did not convey harshness by any means. "No, sir," she answered, "I would call her an English beauty. The finest face and figure, sir." "Dear me," said the artist, "why did you not speak of it before? Can you bring her now, Mrs. Hill?" "I can, sir," she replied, "immediately." So Mrs. Hill left the studio for the model, and Mr. U. went on preparing Mrs. Honiton's toilet on his pallet. He squeezed a tiny pod of blue in one place, then mixed it with white, in a variety of tints; then he smeared another place over with Vandyke brown; then he dropped a curious little worm of yellow ochre, out of another capsule; then the pallet-knife dipped into a patch of white, and then the ochre was graduated into various tints; then he dug a mass of magpie out of a bottle, and put that on the board; then glanced at the lovely Honiton, and again took up another capsule, from which he pressed a cogent blush of carmine. Then the door opened, after a short knock, and in walked Mrs. Hill and the model. Under a plain English bonnet was the same face the passengers on the "Devonshire" had seen looking over the side of the packet, outward bound.

Mr. Ultramarine was a painter, and felt the divine inspiration of his profession realized in that face. But when the model had been arrayed by Mrs. Hill in the ante-room in the splendid dress of Mrs. Honiton, and stood upon the dais, the effect was bewildering. "Such," said the artist to himself, "was the face Raphael knew and painted, and men turned from Divinity to worship art in the ideal Virgin. It is not surprising the church has made so many proselytes."

Mr. Ultramarine was an artist; he set to work manfully and painted the shawl. There was an ease and grace in the careless curve of the living arm holding it, that made lay-figure absolutely repul-

sive. He put lay-figure in one corner of his studio, and covered her all over with old coats, pantaloons, a rug, and bit of curtain, besides piling on his fishing rod, and laying a cracked pallet on top, by way of cap-stone. In a few days Mrs. Honiton was done. Alas, Mr. Ultramarine had not another lady sitter just then; there were a score of gentlemen whose portraits had to be painted. They must be painted; he had a family to support, and not much to do it with. He must pay the model and send her away. So he told her simply and kindly, and then——

The model turned deadly pale, essayed to speak, failed, and fainted outright.

Mr. Ultramarine took it into his head that the model had fallen in love with him. Never was he more mistaken, nor more relieved than when he found he was mistaken. He carried the helpless form to a chair, bathed the Madonna face with water, and brought the model to.

Then came the story. She was betrothed; her lover had left England for America months ago; she had waited patiently to hear from him by letter; steamer after steamer arrived, but no letter. In the seclusion of her native village suspense had become intolerable. She determined to follow him. Not for an instant doubting his faith, but fearing all that woman can fear save that. Never did she think she could not find him; no, not if he were in the world. She had traced him even in the wilderness of New York, until at last she found he had taken passage to England again by the "Devonshire." For her there was but one thought, one hope, one overpowering desire. That was also to return, speedily, instantly, if possible, but——she was almost penniless.

When she had concluded, a bright idea suggested itself to Mr. Ultramarine, and played with a lambent light over his features. "My child," said he, "it would be impossible for me to assist you with means sufficient for your purpose, but I can tell you of a way by which you can make enough to enable you to return, and make it speedily too. We are in want of a nude model for the National Academy of Design. Our present models have been so long on the carpet that they have grown too stringy even for high art. You understand me, we are in want of a nude model for the life school. If you will

consent to sit, you can speedily earn enough to enable you to return, say in a few weeks.

What was passing in that young mind while the artist was saying this, in a plain matter-of-fact way? What terrible thoughts were being balanced there? What years of blinding toil, to earn even a pittance for daily support, with no hope of regaining far-off England, were being weighed against this startling alternative? With all there was a little flush of hope;—in a month she could be on the broad ocean; once more she would see him for whom she had suffered so much; and in that pure, maiden heart arose the determination to make the sacrifice. So, when the burning blush left her features, and she had heard all, it was a face as calm as marble that bowed assent, meekly but firmly, and then she went forth from the studio.

In the National Academy of Design there are two schools of art—the Antique and the Life. The first comprises casts of all the famous statues, the Farnese Hercules, the Venus de Medici, the Apollo Belvidere, Thorwaldsen's Mercury with the pipe, and Venus with the apple, the Nymph of the bath, Venus Victrix, the Greek Suppliant, and other immortal achievements. Here the neophytes of the Academy assemble in winter to draw from the casts. In the adjoining room maturer students copy from life. In no place is the ennobling influence of art more apparent than in the Life-school. The sacred stillness of the place, the calm, earnest faces of the sketchers, the statue-like repose of the living model; the analytical experience constantly suggested by the nude figure,—the muscles, first round and firm, then flattened, then lax and shrunken by the hour's duty, teach the physical aspects of nature in various conditions, from which the true painter draws the splendid corollary, *"that art represents nature best, when art comprehends nature in all its developments."*

Was there no shrinking in that young creature's heart when they had left her alone in the unrobing room? Was there no touch of unconscious pride as she stood at last, in her abundant beauty, before the mirror? Did she not hesitate as she opened the door, and stepped forth upon the curtained dais? Or, was that pure, innocent breast so unsullied, that even to shame it was an alien? The

truly good alone can answer this question.

To the most discreet, the wisest, and the grayest councillors of the Academy is confided the delicate task of arranging the *pose* of the nude model on the dais. Then the curtains are drawn, and the figure is revealed to the students. There are usually three of these councillors; for, "in a multitude of councillors is wisdom." This time no artistic interference was needed. The posture of the nude figure upon the dais-sofa was one of such exquisite grace that it rivaled even the Greek marble. So the wise graybeards of the Academy besought the model to sit perfectly still, and with this slight premonition, the curtains were swept away, and a flood of light fell upon the dais and Godiva.

Thou white chastity! Amid that blaze of eager eyes that are now fastened upon thy beauties, there is not a soul so base as to harbor one evil thought of thee! Here, where "art's pure dwellers are," thou art secure as in a shrine!

The hour's probation is over: the curtains close. And now the touching history of her love is told by Mr. Ultramarine to the listening students, and ere the Madonna face is hidden again in the Dunstable bonnet, the artists before the curtain have a little gift for the model. It is a purse, not heavy, but sufficient. Young artists cannot give much. But there was one unanimous determination that she should be protected by them until such time as she could be safely placed on a steamer "outward bound." And before a week had elapsed she stood again upon a deck; and never were farewells, waved to the departing passengers of the "Atlantic," fuller of generous sympathy, than those that bade adieu to Godiva!

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, as I rolled up the manuscript. "That is all, my dear." "Did she find her lover?" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass. "I do not know," I replied; "but I suppose she did." "I hope she did," said Mrs. S., "from the bottom of my heart I do."—(A pause.)—"Come," said I, "it is late. To-morrow we must rise early, for you know the man is to bring the other horse here;—the one that belongs to his brother, Mrs. Sparrowgrass."

LUISELLA.

HANDSOME Naples girl!

With the distaff in your hand,
Whose silver flax threads curl
Like the white waves on the sand;
In this narrow, dingy street,
On the dark and steep hill side,
In this hovel—can such sweet
And romantic beauty hide?

Spinning through the sunny day,
Underneath the old church-tower,—
The waves of Naples bay
Have not nursed a fairer flower.
You will ne'er that bay forget
Where'soe'er you may be borne,
It sparkles in your eye of jet,
Its pride is in your scorn.

Singing down the narrow street,
In the sultry, silent hours,
Unconsciously your naked feet
Tread on shells and wither'd flowers:
Every day the picture fair,
For which distant poets sigh,
Is drawn upon the summer air,
Before your careless eye.

And you watch the sails that bask
In the sunshine, as they go,
But your fancy will not ask
Of your future's weal or woe,
More than of the distant port
To which drift those fading sails,
Or if the voyage be long or short,
Or calm, or vexed with gales.

Handsome Naples girl!

In the dark street high and lone,
While the waves below you sweep and curl,
You shall be wooed and won.
In long tribes of fishermen,
Shall float on Naples bay
The blood that crimson the brown cheek
I look upon to-day.

THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.

[Second Article.]

I. THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

THE Prussian army deserves special notice, on account of its peculiar organization. While, in every other army, the peace-footing is the groundwork of the entire establishment, and no cadres are provided for the new formations which a great war at once necessitates, in Prussia, we are told, everything, to the minutest detail, is prepared for the war-footing. Thus, the peace establishment simply forms a school, in which the population are instructed in arms and maneuvers. This system, including, as it professes to do, the whole able-bodied male population in the ranks of the army on the war-footing, would appear to render the country which adopts it safe from every attack; yet this is by no means the case. What is attained is, that the country is stronger by about 50 per cent. than under the French or Austrian system of recruiting; by which means it is possible for an agricultural state of some seventeen millions of inhabitants, on a small territory, without a fleet or direct maritime commerce, and with comparatively little manufacturing industry, to maintain, in some respects, the position of a great European power.

The Prussian army consists of two great divisions: of those soldiers who are still being trained—the line; and of those trained men who may be said to have been sent home on indefinite furlough—the landwehr.

The service in the line lasts five years, from the twentieth to the twenty-fifth year of each man's age; but three years of active service are thought sufficient; after which, the soldier is dismissed to his home, and placed for the remaining two years in what is called the war-reserve. During this time he continues to figure on the reserve-lists of his battalion or squadron, and is liable to be called in at any time.

After having been, for two years, in the war-reserve, he passes into the first levy of the landwehr, (*erstes Aufgebot der Landwehr*), where he remains up to his thirty-second year. During this period he is liable to be called in, every other year, for the exercises of this corps, which generally take place upon a pretty

extensive scale, and in connection with those of the line. The maneuvers generally last a month, and very often from 50,000 to 60,000 troops are concentrated for this purpose. The landwehr of the first levy are destined to act in the field along with the line. They form separate regiments, battalions, and squadrons, the same as the line, and carry the same regimental numbers. The artillery, however, remain attached to the respective regiments of the line.

From the thirty-second to the thirty-ninth year, inclusive, the soldier remains in the second levy (*zweites Aufgebot*) of the landwehr, during which time he is no longer called upon for active duty, unless a war breaks out, in which case the second levy has to do garrison duty in the fortresses, thus leaving available the whole of the line and first levy for field operations. After the fortieth year, he is free from all liability to be called out, unless, indeed, that mysterious body called the *Landsturm*, or *levy en masse*, be required to arm itself. The landsturm includes every man not comprised in the former categories, with all those too small or too weakly, or otherwise liberated from service, between the sixteenth and sixtieth year of age. But this landsturm cannot even be said to exist on paper, for there is not any organization prepared for it, no arms or accoutrements provided; and if it should ever have to assemble, it would not be found fit for anything but police duty at home, and for a tremendous consumption of strong drink.

As in Prussia every citizen is, according to law, a soldier, from his twentieth to his fortieth year, a population of seventeen millions might be expected to furnish a total contingent of at least a million and a half of men. But, in reality, not one half of this number can be got together. The fact is, that the training of such a mass of men would presuppose, at three years' service with the regiments, a peace establishment of at least 300,000 men, while Prussia merely maintains something like 130,000. Thus various devices are employed to liberate a number of men otherwise liable to serve: men fit enough for duty are

declared too weak, the medical inspection either selecting the best candidates only, or allowing itself to be moved by bribes in the selection of those considered fit for duty, and so on. Formerly, the reduction of the time of actual service, for the infantry, to two years only, was the means of bringing down the peace establishment to some 100,000 or 110,000 men; but since the revolution, the government, having found out how much an additional year of service will do in making the men obedient to their officers, and reliable in case of insurrection, the three years' service has been generally introduced again.

The standing army, or the line, is composed of nine army-corps—one of guards and eight of the line. Their peculiar organization will be explained presently. They comprise, in all, thirty-six regiments of infantry, (guards and line,) of three battalions each; eight regiments of reserve, of two battalions each; eight combined reserve battalions, and ten battalions of chasseurs, (*Jäger*); in all, 144 battalions of infantry, or 150,000 men.

The cavalry is composed of ten cuirassiers, five dragoon, ten lancer, and thirteen hussar regiments, of four squadrons, or 800 men each; in all, 30,000 men.

The artillery consists of nine regiments, each composed, when on the war-footing, of four six-pounder, three twelve-pounder, and one howitzer, foot batteries, and three batteries of horse artillery, with one reserve company to be turned into a twelfth battery; beside four garrison companies, and one company of workmen. But as the whole of the war reserve and landwehr of the first levy (of the artillery) are required to man these guns, and to complete the companies, the line-artillery may be described as consisting of nine regiments, of about 2,500 men each, with about thirty guns in each regiment, fully horsed and equipped.

Thus, the grand total of the Prussian line would amount to about 200,000 men; but from 60,000 to 70,000 men may safely be deducted for the war reserves, dismissed to their homes after three years' service.

The first levy of the landwehr counts, for every regiment of the guards and line, one of landwehr, except for the eight reserve regiments; beside, it has eight reserve battalions, forming a total of 116 battalions, and about 100,000

men. The cavalry has two regiments of guards, and thirty-two of the line, with eight reserve squadrons; in all, 136 squadrons, or about 20,000 men. The artillery is attached to the line regiments, as before stated.

The second levy also counts 116 battalions, 167 squadrons, (comprising sundry reserve and dépôt squadrons, whose duties are assimilated to those of the second levy,) and some garrison artillery; altogether, about 150,000 men.

With the nine battalions of sappers, several minor corps, about 30,000 pensioners, and an army train amounting, on the war-footing, to no less than 45,000 men, the whole of the Prussian force is stated to amount to 580,000 men; of which, 300,000 are for the field, 54,000 for the dépôts, 170,000 for the garrisons and as a reserve, with about 60,000 non-combatants. The number of field-guns attached to this army should be between 800 and 850, divided into batteries of eight guns (six cannon and two howitzers) each.

For all these troops, not only the complete organization of the cadres, but also the arms and equipments, are provided; so that, in case of a mobilization of the army, nothing has to be found but the horses; and as Prussia is rich in horses, and as animals as well as men are liable to instant requisition, no great difficulty is presented by this necessity. So says the regulation; but how the matter stands, in point of fact, was shown when, in 1850, the army was mobilized. The first levy of the landwehr was equipped, though not without great difficulty; but the second levy found nothing provided, neither clothing, nor shoes, nor arms, and thus it offered the most ridiculous spectacle imaginable. Long before this occurred, competent judges, who had themselves served in the Prussian army, had predicted that such would be the case; and that, in point of fact, Prussia could, on an emergency, count upon nothing but the line and a portion of the first levy. Their opinion was fully borne out by the event. No doubt, the equipments for the second levy have since been provided; and this body, if called out now, would, in a month or six weeks, form a very respectable corps for garrison, and even field duty. But then, in time of war, three months' drill is considered quite sufficient to prepare a recruit for the field; and thus, the cumbrous

organization adopted by Prussia does not at all insure such enormous advantages as is generally believed. Beside, in a couple of years, the material reserved for the second levy will again have disappeared in the same way as that which had certainly once existed, but was not to be found when needed in 1850.

Prussia, when adopting the principle that each citizen was to be a soldier, stopped half-way, and falsified that principle, thereby falsifying all her military organization. Once the system of conscription abandoned for that of universal compulsory service, the standing army, as such, ought to have been abolished. Mere cadres of officers and non-commissioned officers should have been maintained, through whose hands the young men should have passed for instruction, and the period of instruction should not have lasted longer than was necessary for the purpose. If such had been the case, the time of service, during peace, must have been brought down to a year, for all the infantry, at least. But that would not suit either the government or the military martinets of the old school. The government wanted a disposable and reliable army, to be used, in case of need, against disturbances at home; the martinets wanted an army which, in precision of drill, in general appearance, and in solidity, could rival the remaining armies of Europe, composed of comparatively older soldiers. A body of young troops, serving no more than a single year, would not do for either purpose. Consequently, the middle course of three years' service was adopted, and hence arise all the faults and weaknesses of the Prussian army.

As we have seen, at least one half of the available men are excluded from the army. They are at once inscribed on the rolls of the second levy, which body, swelled thereby nominally to enormous numbers, is completely swamped, in whatever efficiency it might possess, by a mass of men who never handled a musket, and are no better than raw recruits. This reduction of the actual military strength of the country by at least one half, is the first bad effect produced by the protracted time of service.

But the line itself, and the first levy of the landwehr, suffer under this system. Of every regiment, one third has served less than three, one third less than two years, and the remaining third less than one year. Now it is not to be expected that an army composed like this can have those military qualities, that strict subordination, that steadiness in the ranks, that *esprit du corps*, which distinguish the old soldiers of the English, Austrian, Russian, and even the French armies. The English, who are competent judges in this matter, from the long period their soldiers serve, consider that it takes three years completely to break in a recruit.* Now, as, in time of peace, the Prussian army is composed of men none of whom have ever served three years, the natural consequence is that these military qualities of the old soldier, or at least the semblance of them, have to be drummed into the young Prussian recruit by an intolerable martinetism. The Prussian subaltern and sergeant, from the impossibility of the task imposed upon them, come to treat their subordinates with a roughness and brutality doubly repulsive from the spirit of pedantry with which it is coupled; and this pedantry is the more ridiculous because it is in complete contrast with the plain and sensible system of drill prescribed, and because it constantly appeals to the traditions of Frederic the Great, who had to drill a quite different set of men in a quite different system of tactics. Thus, real efficiency in the field is sacrificed to precision on the parade-ground, and the Prussian line, upon the whole, may be considered inferior to the old batallions and squadrons which, in the first onset, any of the great European powers can bring forward against it.

This is the case, in spite of advantages of which no other army is possessed. The Prussian, as well as the German in general, makes capital stuff for a soldier. A country, composed of extensive plains varied by large groups of mountains, furnishes material in abundance for every different arm. The general bodily aptitude for both light infantry and line infantry duty, possessed equally by the majority of the Germans, is scarcely equaled by other nations. The country, possessing

* See Sir W. Napier's Peninsular War.

horses in plenty, furnishes numerous men for the cavalry, who, from their childhood, have been at home in the saddle. The deliberate steadiness of the Germans adapts them especially for the artillery service. They are, withal, among the most pugnacious people in the world, enjoying war for its own sake, and often enough going to look for it abroad, when they cannot have it at home. From the *Landsknechte* of the middle age to the present foreign legions of France and England, the Germans have always furnished the great mass of those mercenaries who fight for the sake of fighting. If the French excel them in agility and vivacity of onslaught, if the English are their superiors in toughness of resistance, the Germans certainly excel all other European nations in that general fitness for military duty which makes them good soldiers under all circumstances.

The Prussian officers form by far the best educated body of their class in the world. The general educational tests to which they are subjected are of a far higher standard than those of any other army. Brigade and divisional schools are maintained to complete their theoretical education; higher or more special military knowledge is provided for by numerous establishments. Prussian military literature holds a very high rank; the works it has furnished for the last twenty-five years sufficiently prove that their authors not only perfectly understood their own business, but could challenge, for general scientific information, the officers of any army. In fact, there is almost too much of a smattering of metaphysics in some of them, and this is explained by the fact that, in Berlin, Breslau, or Königsberg, you may see officers taking their seats amongst the students at the university lectures. Clausewitz is as much a standard author in his line, all over the world, as Jomini; and the works of the engineer Aster mark a new epoch in the science of fortification. Yet, the name of a "Prussian lieutenant" is a by-word all over Germany, and, indeed, the caricatured *esprit du corps*, pedantry and impertinent manners inculcated by the general tone of the army, fully justify the fact; while nowhere are there so many old, stiff-necked martinets among the field-officers and generals as in Prussia—most of

them, however, relics of 1813 and '15. After all, it must be acknowledged that the absurd attempt to force the Prussian line into what it can never be made to be—an army of old soldiers—deteriorates the quality of the officer as much as it does that of the soldier, and even more.

The drill-regulations in the Prussian army are, undoubtedly, much the best in the world. Simple, consistent, based upon a few common sense principles, they leave very little to be desired. They are owing to the genius of Scharnhorst, who was, perhaps, the greatest military organizer since Maurice of Nassau. The regulations for handling large bodies of troops are equally good. The scientific manuals, however, for the artillery service, which are officially recommended to the officers, are old-fashioned and by no means up to the requirements of the present time; but this blame is confined to works bearing a more or less official stamp, and does not at all bear upon Prussian artilleristic literature in general.

The engineering body enjoy, and deservedly, a very high character. From them proceeded Aster, the first military engineer since Montalembert. They have constructed a series of fortresses, from Königsberg and Posen to Cologne and Coblenz, which has obtained the admiration of Europe.

The equipment of the Prussian army, since the changes effected in 1843 and '44, is not very handsome, but very convenient for the soldiers. The helmet is a very efficient protection against sun and rain, the clothing is loose and comfortable, the adjustment of the accoutrements still better than that adopted in France. The guards and light battalions (one to each regiment) are armed with the rifled needle-gun; the remainder of the line are having their muskets transformed, by a very simple process, into good Minié rifles; as to the landwehr, they, too, will, in two or three years, receive the Minié gun, but as yet they carry percussion muskets. The saber of the cavalry is too broad and crooked—most of the cuts fall flat. The material of the artillery, both in cannon, carriages, and harness, leave much to be desired.

On the whole, the Prussian army, that is, the line and first levy, forms a respectable body of men, but nothing like what Prussian patriotic authors

boast. The line, once in the field, will very soon throw off the fetters of the parade-ground, and, after a few engagements, be equal to their opponents. The landwehr of the first levy, as soon as the old soldier-like spirit has been re-awakened, and if the war be popular, will equal the best old troops in Europe. What Prussia has to fear, is an active enemy during the first period of a war, when troops of superior organization, and of older standing, are brought against her; but in a protracted struggle she will have a greater proportion of old soldiers in her armies than any other European state. In the beginning of a campaign, the line will form the nucleus of the army, but the first levy will very soon push it into the shade, by the greater bodily strength and the higher military qualities of its men. They are the real old soldiers of Prussia—not the beardless youths of the line. Of the second levy we do not speak; it has yet to show what it is.

II. THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

In Russia, too, a certain provision has been made for establishing cadres for the war-footing, by ascheme of reserves, similar; in some points, to the Prussian landwehr system. But, on the whole, the Russian reserve comprises such a limited number of men, and the difficulty of bringing them together from all the points of that vast empire is so great, that, as early as six months after the Anglo-French declaration of war, and before a single shot had been fired in the Crimea, the abolition of the system and the formation of new bodies, followed up since by other new formations, at once became necessary. Thus, in Russia, we must distinguish between the army as it was on the breaking out of the war, and the army as it is now.

The Russian army, in time of peace, is divided as follows:—1. The active army—six corps of the line, Nos. 1 to 6; 2. The reserve army—one corps of guards, one corps of grenadiers, two corps of cavalry of the reserve; 3. The special corps—that of the Caucasus, that of Finland, that of Orenburg, that of Siberia; 4. The troops for inland duty—veterans, inland guards, invalids, and so forth; 5. The irregular troops. To these must be added the reserves, consisting of soldiers dismissed on furlough.

The composition of each of the six corps of the line is as follows:—it includes three divisions of infantry, consisting each of a brigade of the line and one of light infantry, each brigade consisting of two regiments, each regiment of four service-battalions; in all, six brigades or twelve regiments, comprising forty-eight battalions, with one battalion of rifles, and one of sappers; total, fifty battalions. There is also one division of light cavalry, containing one brigade of lancers, and one brigade of hussars, each of two regiments, or sixteen squadrons; total, thirty-two squadrons. The artillery consists of one division of three foot brigades, and one horse brigade; total, fourteen batteries or 112 guns; total, per corps, fifty battalions, thirty-two squadrons, 112 guns; grand total, 300 battalions, 192 squadrons, 672 guns.

The guards contain three divisions, or six brigades, comprising twelve regiments (nine of grenadiers, and three of carabineers, or light infantry); in all, thirty-six battalions, for the regiments of guards and grenadiers count three service-battalions only. There is also one battalion of rifles and one of sappers and miners, beside three divisions of cavalry (one cuirassiers, one lancers, one hussars), comprising six brigades or twelve regiments, and making in all seventy-two squadrons of cavalry. There is one division of five brigades and fifteen batteries (nine foot, five horse, one rockets); in all, 135 guns. The grenadier corps consists of three divisions or six brigades, comprising twelve regiments or thirty-six battalions of infantry, one battalion of rifles, and one of sappers and miners. This corps also counts one division of cavalry, including two brigades (lancers and hussars), made up of four regiments or thirty-two squadrons. The artillery consists of three foot and one horse brigade, with fourteen batteries; in all, 112 guns.

The reserve cavalry is organized as follows:—1st corps: three divisions (two of cuirassiers, one of lancers), comprising six brigades or twelve regiments; in all, eighty squadrons (forty-eight of cuirassiers, thirty-two of lancers). There is also one division of horse artillery, containing three brigades, with six batteries; in all, forty-eight guns.—2d corps: three divisions (one lancers, two dragoons) or six brigades; including twelve regiments or 112 squad-

rons (thirty-two of lancers, eighty of dragoons). There are also two squadrons of mounted sappers and pontoniers, and six batteries of horse artillery, comprising forty-eight guns.

The Caucasian corps is composed of one reserve grenadier brigade, containing two regiments or six battalions; three divisions of infantry, containing twelve regiments or forty-eight battalions; one battalion of rifles, one of sappers; forty-seven battalions of the Caucasian line (militia); total, 103 battalions. The cavalry consists of one regiment of dragoons, of ten squadrons. Of artillery there is one division, with ten common and six mountain batteries, of 180 guns in all.

The Finland corps consists of one division, comprising two brigades or twelve battalions of infantry; that of Orenburg, of one division, likewise of two brigades, but of only ten battalions; that of Siberia, of one division, comprising three brigades; making fifteen battalions. Finally, the grand total of the regular troops, actually under arms in time of peace, may be stated as follows:—

	Battal.	Squad.	Guns.
6 corps of the line - - -	300	192	672
Guards - - - - -	38	72	135
Grenadiers - - - - -	38	32	112
Reserve cavalry - - - -	—	194	96
Caucasian corps - - - -	103	10	180
Finland corps - - - - -	12	—	—
Orenburg do. - - - - -	10	—	—
Siberia do. - - - - -	18	—	—
Total - - - - -	519	500	1195

The troops for inland service consist of fifty-two battalions of inland guards, 800 companies of veterans and invalids, eleven and a half squadrons of gens d'armes, and ninety-eight companies of artillery. These troops can hardly be counted in an estimate of the available force of the country.

The irregular troops, mostly cavalry, form the following divisions:—

1. The Don Cossacks:—fifty-six regiments, each of six sotnias; in all, 336 sotnias, thirteen batteries.
2. The Tchernomor (Black Sea Cossacks):—seventy-two sotnias, nine batteries, three batteries.
3. The Caucasian line Cossacks (on the Kuban and Terek):—120 sotnias and three batteries.
4. The Astrachan Cossacks:—eighteen sotnias, one battery.
5. The Orenburg Cossacks:—sixty sotnias, three batteries.
6. The Ural Cossacks:—sixty sotnias.

7. The Bashkir levy:—eighty-five sotnias, almost all Bashkirs and Kalmyks.

8. The Siberian Cossacks:—twenty-four battalions, eighty-four sotnias, three batteries, composed partly of Tungusians, Buriates, &c.

9. The Azov Cossacks, engaged in naval service.

10. The Danubian Cossacks in Bessarabia: twelve sotnias.

11. The Baikal Lake Cossacks, but recently formed, of unknown organization and strength.

The total would amount to 847 sotnias, (squadrons of 100 men each, from 100 to 120, hundred), thirty-two battalions, twenty-six batteries. This would make about 90,000 men of cavalry, and 30,000 infantry. But, for actual war purposes on the western frontier, perhaps 40,000 to 50,000 cavalry, a few batteries, and none of the infantry are available.

Thus, in time of peace, the Russian army (exclusive of the inland service troops) should consist of 360,000 infantry, 70,000 cavalry, and 90,000 artillery; in all, 500,000 men; beside a number of Cossacks, varying according to circumstances. But of these 500,000 men, the local corps of the Caucasus, of Orenburg, and Siberia cannot be made available for any war on the western frontier of the empire; so that, against western Europe, not more than 260,000 infantry, 70,000 cavalry, and 50,000 artillery, with about 1000 guns, can be used, beside some 30,000 Cossacks.

So far for the peace establishment. For the event of a war, the following provisions were made: the full time of service was twenty, twenty-two, or twenty-five years, according to circumstances. But after either ten or fifteen years, according to circumstances, the soldiers were dismissed on furlough, after which they belonged to the reserve. The organization of this reserve has varied very much, but it appears, now, that the men on furlough belonged, during the first five years, to a reserve battalion (the fourth of each regiment in the guards and grenadiers, the fifth in the line), a reserve squadron, or a reserve battery, according to their respective arms. After the lapse of five years they passed to the dépôt (fifth or respectively sixth) battalion of their regiment, or to the dépôt squadron or battery. Thus, the calling-in of the reserve would raise the effective strength of the infantry and artillery about fifty per cent., of the cavalry about twenty per cent. These reserves were to be commanded by retired officers, and their

cadres, if not in full organization, were nevertheless, to a certain degree, prepared.

But when the war broke out, all this was altered. The active army had to send two divisions to the Caucasus, though it was destined to fight on the western frontier. Before the Anglo-French troops embarked for the east, three corps of the active army (the third, fourth, and fifth) were engaged in the campaign against the Turks. At that period, indeed, the reserves were concentrating, but it took an enormous length of time before the men could be brought up to their respective headquarters from all points of the empire. The allied armies and fleets in the Baltic and Black Seas, as well as the wavering policy of Austria, necessitated more vigorous measures; the levies were doubled and tripled, and the motley mass of recruits, thus got together, were formed, along with the reserves, into fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth battalions for all the infantry regiments, while a similar increase was made in the cavalry. Thus, the eight corps of guards, grenadiers, and line, instead of 376 battalions, now muster about 800, while, for every two squadrons or batteries of the peace establishment, at least one of reserve has been added. All these figures, however, look more formidable on paper than in reality; for, what with the corruption of the Russian officials, the mal-administration of the army, and the enormous length of the marches from the homes of the men to the dépôts, from the dépôts to the points of concentration of the corps, and from thence to the seat of war, a great proportion of the men are lost or invalidated before they come to meet the enemy. Besides, the ravages of disease, and the losses in battle, during the two last campaigns, have been very serious, and, altogether, we do not think that the 1000 battalions, 800 squadrons, and 200 batteries of the Russian army, can much exceed, at present, 600,000 men.

But the government was not satisfied with this. With a promptitude which shows how fully it is aware of the difficulty of bringing together large masses of men from the various portions of this vast empire, it decreed the levy of the militia as soon as the organization of the seventh and eighth battalions was completed. The militia, or *opoltszenie*,

was to be organized in *druginas* (battalions) of 1000 each, in proportion to the population of each province; twenty-three men out of every 1000 males, or nearly one-quarter per cent. of the population were to serve. For the time being, the *opoltszenie* was called out in the western provinces only. This levy, made upon a population of 18,000,000, comprising about 9,000,000 males, must have produced about 120,000 men, and this agrees with what the reports from Russia state. There is no doubt that the militia will prove, in every respect, inferior even to the newly formed reserve, but, at all events, it is a valuable addition to the forces of Russia, and, if employed to do garrison duty in Poland, it can set free a good many regiments of the line.

On the other hand, not only many Cossacks, but even considerable numbers of Bashkirs, Kalnyks, Kirghis, Tungusians, and other Mongol levies have arrived on the western frontier. This shows how early they were ordered westwards, for many of them had above a twelve-month's march to make before they could arrive at St. Petersburg, or on the Vistula.

Thus, Russia has taxed her military resources almost to the utmost; and, after two years' campaigning, during which time she has lost no decisive battle, she cannot muster more than 600,000 to 650,000 regular troops, with 100,000 militia, and perhaps 50,000 irregular cavalry. We do not mean to say that she is exhausted; but, there is no doubt, that now, after two years' war, she could not do what France did after twenty years' war, and after the total loss of her finest army in 1812: pour forth a fresh body of 300,000 men and arrest, for a time, at least, the onslaught of the enemy. So enormous is the difference, in military strength, between a densely and a thinly populated country. If France bordered on Russia, the 66,000,000 inhabitants of Russia would be weaker than the 38,000,000 French. That the 44,000,000 Germans are more than a match for the 66,000,000 subjects of the orthodox Czar, there is not the slightest doubt.

The Russian army is recruited in various ways. The great body of the men is raised by the regular levy, which takes place one year in the western, and the next in the eastern provinces of Russia in Europe. The general per-

centage is four or five men levied out of every 1000 (male) "souls;" for in the Russian census the males only are counted, as, according to the orthodox belief of the east, the women do not constitute "souls." Those from the western half of the empire serve twenty years; those from the eastern half twenty-five years. The guards serve twenty-two years; young men from the military colonies twenty years. Beside these levies, the soldiers' sons are a fertile source of recruits. Every son born to a soldier while in service is obliged to serve; and this principle is carried so far that children borne by soldiers' wives are claimed by the state, though the husband may have been at the other end of the empire for five or ten years. These soldiers' children are called *cantonists*, and most of them are educated at the expense of the government; from them most of the non-commissioned officers are taken. Finally, criminals, vagabonds, and other good-for-nothing individuals, are sentenced, by the courts of law, to serve in the army. A nobleman has the right of sending a serf, if otherwise able-bodied, into the army; and every father, when dissatisfied with his son, can do the same. "*S'bogom idi pod Krasnuyu shapke*," Begone, then, with God, and put the red cap on—that is to say, go into the army—is a common saying of the Russian peasant to a disobedient son.

The non-commissioned officers, as we have said, are mostly recruited from the soldiers' sons, educated in government establishments. From early boyhood subject to military discipline, these lads have nothing whatever in common with the men whom they are, subsequently, to instruct and direct. They form a class separate from the people. They belong to the state—they cannot exist without it: once thrown upon their own resources, they are fit for nothing. To get on, then, under the government, is their only object. What the lower class of employes, recruited from the sons of employes, are in the Russian civil service, these men are in the army: a set of cunning, low-minded, narrowly-egotistical subordinates, endowed with a smattering of elementary education, which almost renders them more despicable; ambitious from vanity and love of gain; sold, life and soul, to the state, and yet trying, daily and hourly, to sell the state, in detail, whenever they can

make a profit by it. A fine specimen of this class is the *feldjäger* or courier who accompanied M. de Custine during his travels in Russia, and who is admirably portrayed in that gentleman's account of Russia. It is this class of men, both in the civil and military branches, which principally foment the immense corruption pervading all branches of the public service in that country. But as it is, there is no doubt that, if this system of total appropriation of the children, by the state, were done away with, Russia would not be able to find a sufficient number of civil subaltern employes and military non-commissioned officers.

With the class of officers it is, perhaps, still worse. The education given to a future corporal or sergeant-major is a comparatively cheap article; but to educate officers for an army of one million (and that is the number for which the Russian cadres, officially speaking, should be prepared) is a costly affair. Private establishments do nothing or little for the purpose. The state, again, must do everything. But it evidently cannot educate such a mass of young men as are required for this use. Consequently, the sons of the nobility are, by a direct moral compulsion, induced to serve for at least five or ten years in the army or the civil service; for every family in which three consecutive generations have not "served," loses its privilege of nobility, and especially the right to own serfs—a right without which, in Russia, extensive landed property is worse than valueless. Thus, vast numbers of young men are brought into the army with the rank of ensign or lieutenant, whose entire education consists, at the best, in a certain fluency in French conversation on the most ordinary topics, and some little smattering of elementary mathematics, geography and history—the whole drummed into them for mere show. To them, to serve is an ugly necessity, to be gone through, like a prolonged medical treatment, with unfeigned disgust; and as soon as the prescribed time of service has elapsed, or the grade of major is attained, they retire, and are inscribed on the rolls of the *dépôt* battalions. As to the pupils of the military schools, they, too, have almost all been crammed so as to pass the examinations; and they are, even in mere professional knowledge, far behind the young men

from the Austrian, the Prussian, or French military schools. On the other hand, young men of talent, application, and passion for their special branch, are so rare in Russia that they are seized upon wherever they show themselves, be they foreigners or natives. With the greatest liberality, the state provides them with all the means for completing their studies, and gives them rapid promotion. Such men are used to show off Russian civilization before Europe. If they are inclined to literary pursuits, they meet with every encouragement so long as they do not overstep the bounds of Russian government requirements, and it is they who have furnished what little there is of value in Russian military literature. But up to the present time, the Russians of all classes are too fundamentally barbarous to find any enjoyment in scientific pursuits or head-work of any kind (except intrigues), and, therefore, almost all their distinguished men in the military service are either foreigners, or, what nearly amounts to the same, "ostzeiski," Germans from the Baltic provinces. So was the last and most distinguished specimen of this class, General Todtleben, the chief engineer at Sebastopol, who died in July from the effects of a wound. He was certainly the cleverest man at his trade in the whole siege, either in the Russian or the Allied camp; but he was a Baltic German, of Prussian extraction.

In this manner the Russian army has among its officers the very best and the very worst men, only that the former are present in an infinitesimally small proportion. What the Russian government thinks of its officers it has plainly and unmistakably shown in its own tactical regulations. These regulations do not merely prescribe a general mode of placing a brigade, division, or army-corps in action, a so-called "normal disposition," which the commander is expected to vary according to the ground and other circumstances, but they prescribe different normal dispositions for all the different cases possible, leaving the general no choice whatever, and tying him down in a manner which, as much as possible, takes all responsibility from his shoulders. An army-corps, for instance, can be arranged, in battle, in five different ways, according to the regulations; and, at the Alma, the Russians were

actually arrayed according to one of them—the third disposition—and, of course, they were beaten. This mania of prescribing abstract rules for all possible cases, leaves so little liberty of action to the commander, and even forbids him to use advantages of ground to such an extent, that a Prussian general in criticising it says: "Such a system of regulations can be tolerated in an army, only, the majority of whose generals are so imbecile, that the government cannot safely intrust them with an unconditional command, or leave them to their own judgment."

The Russian soldier is one of the bravest men in Europe. His tenacity almost equals that of the English and of certain Austrian battalions. As John Bull boasts of himself, he does not know when he is beaten. Russian squares of infantry have resisted, and fought hand to hand, a long while after the cavalry had broken them; and it has always been found easier to shoot them down than to drive them back. Sir George Cathcart, who saw them in 1813 and '14, as allies, and in 1854 in the Crimea, as enemies, gives them the honorable testimonial that they are "incapable of panic." Beside this, the Russian soldier is well made, healthy, a good marcher, a man of few wants, who can eat and drink almost anything, and more obedient to his officers than any other soldier in the world. And yet the Russian army is not much to boast of. Never, since Russia was Russia, have the Russians won a single battle against either Germans, French, Poles, or English, without being vastly superior in numbers. At even odds, they have always been beaten by any army, except Turks or Prussians; and at Citate and Silistria, the Turks, though inferior in numbers, defeated them.

The Russians are, above all things, the clumsiest soldiers in the world. They are not fit either for light infantry or for light cavalry duty. The Cossacks, capital light cavalry as they are in some respects, are so unreliable generally, that before the enemy a second line of out-posts is always placed in the rear of the line of Cossack out-posts. Beside, the Cossacks are totally unfit for a charge. As to the regular troops, infantry and cavalry, they are not fit to act in skirmishing order. The Russian, imitator as he is in everything, will do anything if ordered or compelled, but

will do nothing if he has to act upon his own responsibility; in fact, this term can hardly be applied to a being who never knew what responsibility was, and who will go to be shot at with the same passive obedience as if he were ordered to pump water, or to whip a comrade. To expect from the Russian soldier, when acting on out-post duty or in skirmishing order, the rapid glance of the Frenchman, or the plain common sense of the German, would be an insult to him. What he requires is command—clear, distinct command—and if he does not get it, he will perhaps not go backwards, but he will certainly not go forwards, nor use his own senses. The cavalry, though a deal of expense and care has been bestowed upon it, has never been excellent. Neither in the wars against the French, nor in that against Poland, did the cavalry distinguish itself. The passive, patient, enduring obedience of the Russians is not what is wanted in cavalry. The first quality of the horseman is just what the Russian lacks most: "*dash*." Thus, when the 600 English dragoons, with all the daring and pluck of real horsemen, dashed at the numerically far superior Russians at Balaklava, they rode down before them Russian artillery, Cossacks, hussars, lancers, until they came to the solid columns of the infantry; then they had to turn back; yet, in that cavalry action, it is still doubtful who deserves to be called the victor. If such a senseless charge had been made against any other army, not a man would have returned; the enemy would have taken them in flank and rear, and cut them down singly. But the Russian horsemen actually awaited them standing, and were ridden down before they thought of moving their horses! Surely, if anything should condemn the Russian regular cavalry, it is such a fact as this.

The artillery is provided with a material of unequal quality, but where it has good guns, it will do its duty well. It will display great bravery in the field, but it will always be found wanting in intelligence. A Russian battery which has lost its officers is good for nothing; and while the officers live, it can only take the positions, often absurd, prescribed by the regulations. When besieged in a fortress where patient endurance and constant exposure to danger are required, the Russian artillery will distinguish itself, not so much by preci-

sion of aim, as by devotion to duty and steadiness under fire. The whole of the siege of Sebastopol proves this.

In the artillery and engineers, however, are to be found those well-educated officers whom Russia shows off before Europe, and who are really encouraged to use their talents freely. While in Prussia, for instance, the best men, when subalterns, have usually been so thwarted by their superiors, and while all their proposed improvements have been snubbed as presumptuous attempts at innovation, so that many of them have had to seek employment in Turkey, where they have made the regular artillery one of the best in Europe—in Russia, all such men are encouraged, and, if they distinguish themselves, make a rapid and brilliant career. Diebitsch and Paskiewitch were generals at twenty-nine and thirty years of age, and Todtleben, at Sebastopol, in less than eight months was advanced from a captain to a major-general.

The great boast of the Russians is their infantry. It is of very great solidity, and, used in line or column, or behind breastworks, will always be awkward to deal with. But here its good qualities end. Almost totally unfit for light infantry duty (the so-called chasseurs are light infantry in name only, and the eight battalions of rifles attached to the light corps are the only real light infantry in the service,) usually bad marksmen, good but slow marchers, their columns are generally so badly placed that it will always be possible to pound them well with artillery before they are charged. The "normal dispositions," from which the generals dare not deviate, contribute a great deal toward this. At the Alma, for instance, the British artillery made terrible havoc amongst the Russian columns long before the equally clumsy British line had formed, defiled across the river and re-formed for the charge. But even the boast of solid tenacity must be taken with a considerable grain of salt, since at Inkermann 8,000 British infantry, surprised in a position but incompletely and slovenly occupied, resisted, in hand to hand fight, the 15,000 Russians brought against them for more than four hours, and actually repelled every renewed attack. This battle must have shown the Russians that, upon their own favorite ground, they had found their masters. It was the

bravery of the British soldiers and the intelligence and presence of mind of both non-commissioned officers and soldiers which defeated all the attempts of the Russians; and from this battle we must consider as justified, the claim of the British to the title of the first infantry of the line in the world.

The clothing of the Russian army is a pretty close imitation of that of the Prussians. Their accoutrements are very badly adjusted; not only the belts for bayonets and cartridge pouch are crossed over the chest, but also the straps which hold the knapsack. There are, however, some alterations being made just now, but whether they affect this point, we do not know. The small arms are very clumsy, and have only been lately provided with percussion caps; a Russian musket is the heaviest and most unwieldy thing of its kind. The cavalry swords are of a bad model and badly tempered. Of the guns, the new ones taken in the Crimea, are described as very good and of excellent workmanship; but whether that is uniformly the case is very doubtful.

Finally, the Russian army still bears the stamp of an institution in advance of the general state of civilization of the country, and has all the disadvantages and drawbacks of such hot-house creations. In petty warfare, the Cossacks are the only troops to be feared, from their activity and indefatigability; but their love of drink and plunder makes them very unreliable for their commander. In grand war, the slowness with which the Russians move will make their strategic maneuvers little to be feared, unless they have to deal with such negligent opponents as the English were last autumn. In a pitched battle, they will be obstinate opponents to the soldiers, but not very troublesome to the generals who attack them. Their dispositions are generally very simple, founded upon their prescribed normal rules, and easy to be guessed at; while the want of intelligence in both general and field officers, and the clumsiness of the troops, make it a matter of great risk for them to undertake important maneuvers on a battle field.

III. THE SMALLER ARMIES OF GERMANY.

Bavaria has two army-corps, of two divisions each. Each division contains two brigades of infantry, (four regi-

ments of infantry and one battalion of rifles), one brigade of cavalry, containing two regiments, and three foot and one horse batteries. Each army-corps has, beside, a general reserve of artillery, of six foot batteries, and a detachment of sappers and miners. Thus, the whole army forms sixteen regiments of three battalions each, with six battalions of rifles, in all, fifty-four battalions; two regiments of cuirassiers, and six of light dragoons, in all, forty-eight squadrons; two regiments of foot artillery, (of six six-pounder and six twelve-pounder batteries each), and one of horse artillery, (four six-pounder batteries), in all, twenty-eight batteries of eight guns each, making 224 guns, beside six companies of garrison artillery, and twelve train companies; there are also one regiment of engineers, of eight companies, and two sanitary companies. The whole strength, on the war-footing, is 72,000 men, beside a reserve and landwehr, the cadres of which, however, do not exist.

Of the army of the Germanic Confederation, Austria furnishes the 1st, 2d, and 3d corps; Prussia the 4th, 5th, and 6th; Bavaria the 7th. The 8th corps is furnished by Wurtemberg, Baden, and Hesse Darmstadt.

Wurtemberg has eight regiments, (sixteen battalions) of infantry, four of cavalry, (sixteen squadrons), one regiment of artillery, (four foot and three horse-batteries, with forty-eight guns). Total, about 19,000 men on the war-footing.

Baden keeps four regiments, (eight battalions), two fusileer battalions, one rifle battalion; in all, ten battalions of infantry, with three regiments, or twelve squadrons of cavalry, and four foot and five horse-batteries, containing together forty guns. Total, on the war-footing, 15,000 men.

Hesse Darmstadt has four regiments or eight battalions of infantry, one regiment or six squadrons of light horse, and three batteries of artillery (one mounted) of eighteen guns. Total, 10,000 men.

The only peculiarity of the 7th and 8th army-corps is, that they have adopted the French gun-carriage for the artillery. The 9th federal army corps is formed by the kingdom of Saxony, which furnishes one division, and Electoral Hesse and Nassau, which furnish the second.

The quota of Saxony is four brigades of infantry, of four battalions each, and one of rifles, of four battalions; beside four battalions of the line, and one battalion of rifles as a reserve, still unorganized; four regiments of light horse, of five squadrons each; one artillery regiment, six foot and two horse batteries. Total, twenty battalions of infantry, twenty squadrons and fifty guns; or 24,500 men on the war-footing. In Electoral Hesse there are four regiments or eight battalions, with one battalion of fusileers and one of rifles; two squadrons of cuirassiers, seven squadrons of hussars; three batteries, of which one of horse artillery. Total, ten battalions, nine squadrons, nineteen guns, and 12,000 men on the war-footing. Nassau affords seven battalions, 2 batteries, or 7,000 men, and twelve guns, on the war-footing.

The 10th army-corps consists of Hanover and Brunswick, which maintain the first division; and of Mecklenburg, Holstein, Oldenburg, and the Hanse towns, which furnish the second division. Hanover furnishes eight regiments or sixteen battalions, and four battalions of light infantry; six regiments or twenty-four squadrons of cavalry, and four foot and two horse-batteries. Total, 22,000 men, and thirty-six guns. The artillery is on the English model. Brunswick furnishes five battalions, four squadrons, and twelve guns, in all, 5,300 men. The small States of the second division are not worth mentioning.

Finally, the smallest of the small fry of German States form a reserve division, with which the entire army of the German Confederation, on the war-footing, may be summed up in a table, as follows:—

	I. CONTINGENTS.				II. RESERVE CONTINGENTS.			
	Inf.	Cav.	G'ns	Total.	Inf.	Cav.	G'ns	Total.
Austria,	73,501	13,546	192	94,822	36,750	6,773	96	47,411
Prussia,	61,629	11,355	160	79,484	30,834	5,660	80	39,742
Bavaria,	27,566	5,086	72	35,600	13,793	2,543	36	17,800
Eighth Corps,	23,369	4,308	60	30,150	11,685	2,154	32	15,075
Ninth Corps,	19,294	2,887	50	24,254	9,702	1,446	25	12,136
Tenth Corps,	22,246	3,572	58	28,067	11,107	1,788	29	14,019
Reserve Division, . .	11,116			11,116	5,584			5,584
Total,	238,721	40,754	592	303,493	119,455	20,364	298	153,767

This of course does not represent the real armed force of the Confederation, as, in case of need, Prussia, Austria, and Bavaria would furnish far more than the above contingents. The troops of the 10th corps and reserve division, perhaps, also, those of the 9th corps, would form the garrisons, so as not to interfere, by their multifarious organizations and peculiarities, with the rapidity of

field operations. The military qualities of these armies are more or less the same as those of the Austrian and Prussian soldiers; but, of course, these small bodies furnish no occasion for developing military talents, and many old-fashioned arrangements exist among them.

In a third and concluding article, we shall consider the Spanish, Sardinian, Turkish and other armies of Europe.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.—This new volume will not disappoint its author's admirers. *Maud* is a passionate love-poem, in which the earnestness of the man and the skill of the artist combine to show us that England has a great poet still. There are traces of an earlier and youthful treatment in "Maud" which persuade us that the poem is not entirely of recent date. The subtle melody, the dainty word-choosing, and the sonorous alliteration, belong to a youthful period, and a youth which we hope may be immortal. The vehement expostulation, the morbid protest, and stern cry against social corruption are in the strain of the sincerest modern English literature, a strain of inexpressible sadness. In this point of view, "Maud" is singularly interesting. Those who have fancied Tennyson to be a honeyed and idle rhymist only, if they were not converted by "In Memoriam," will find in "Maud" a tragical reality not often found in any poetry. The volume is of small size and is completed by a few other poems. "The Brook" is an idyl in the most felicitous manner of this exquisite poet. It has all the charm of "The Gardener's Daughter," with more melodious variety. The ode on the Duke of Wellington is full of solemn movement, and "The Daisy" touches, with delicate descriptive light, the prominent points of a rapid Italian tour. The lines to the Rev. F. D. Maurice are full of manly sympathy and noble feeling. A man might be easily willing to be banned by the English bishops if the one true English poet remained his friend. A little poem "The Will," a striking dramatic lyric "The Letters," and "The Charge at Balaklava," complete the volume. The latter has been changed by Tennyson, and not for the better. The end is feeble compared with the original, which rang like a clarion. In our next number we shall return to Tennyson's poetry for a more detailed consideration.

ROGET'S THESAURUS.—The appearance of a second American edition of this valuable work, reminds us of its curious experiences in the hands of its editor, Mr. Sears. In the first edition, he felt constrained, by we

know not what prudery, to omit a large part of the English edition, consisting of "vulgar words and phrases," as they were termed. We protested against the omission, on the ground that the words and phrases, so excluded, were not vulgar, in any offensive sense, but simply idiomatic, that they were used by the best writers, and of indispensable service to an easy and popular style of composition. Others appear to have done the same thing, for Mr. Sears, in this second edition, has collected his discharged vulgarisms, and marshaled them together under a head by themselves. He cannot admit them among his saintly or classical words, and yet, as they have an allowed currency in literature, he concludes that their "apprehended injury to the taste of students and younger readers is obviated," by incorporating them into a separate appendix.

Now, we have two things to say in reference to this procedure. In the first place, that if these words are likely to do injury at all, they are more likely to do it, standing in a separate list, than if they had been left in the midst of a multitude of others. They are more likely to catch the eye of "students and younger readers" as they are now placed, than they are as they stand in Roget's original arrangement. But, in the second place, very few of them are likely to do injury at all, and are just as "classical," by which we mean proper, as the words and phrases which are not in quarantine. Let us compare a few of them, for examples. Among "English words and phrases, which, though not classical, with few exceptions, have an acknowledged currency," we take from the first page of the appendix the following:—

ABODE,—pen, casement, thorp, ham, suburb, province, country, wynd.

Turning to the same word, in the body of the book, we find:—

ABODE,—dwelling, lodging, domicile, residence, address, habitation, local habitation, berth, seat, lap, sojourn, housing, quarters, head-quarters, tabernacle.

Now, we should like to know why it would be less "classical" to use the words

suburb or province, as an analogue for the place of one's abode, than to use *domicile* or *tabernacle*? Are not the words of the appendix quite as legitimate, in the connection, as the others, and would they not be, in many phrases that we may construct, more convenient and easy?

Again, under the next word, absurdity, we have in the appendix:—

ABSURDITY, (phrases) a cock and bull-story; a mare's nest; a wild-geese chase; fiddle-faddle; neither rhyme nor reason.

On the other hand, in the body of the book, we have:—

ABSURDITY, absurdness, nonsense, paradox, quibble, bull, jargon, gibberish, rigmarole, fustian, rant, bathos, rhodomontade, twaddle, fudge, balderdash, palaver, moonshine, wishwash, flummery, monkey-trick, &c., &c.

But why is not *fiddle-faddle* as good as *wishwash*, *moonshine*, or *fustian*? Is a *wild-geese chase* less respectable than *monkey-trick*, or a *mare's nest* less classical than *rigmarole*?

Under the head of Music, page 460, we are told that aria, fantasia, jig, *fugue*, *canzonet*, canon, catch and madrigal are not classical,—but under the head of Music, page 134, we find that air, symphony, solo, duet, *fugue*, *canzonet*, canticle, lullaby, requiem, &c., &c., are classical. Pray, by what rule is it discovered that *fugue* and *canzonet* are both classical and not classical, or by what rule is lullaby classical, and madrigal not,—or symphony classical, and fantasia not?

Among the phrases which Mr. Sears has banished from the body of the work, and put into a kind of Coventry into the appendix, are such as these:—"to throw in one's teeth," "to feather one's nest," "to look sharp," "to have a hand in," "the ups and downs of life," "to cut capers," "to lay about one," "to run a muck," "to bear in mind," "to lead by the nose," "to wear the breeches," "to raise the wind," "cook-a-hoop," "to drive a trade," "as luck would have it," "cool as a cucumber," "to keep dark," "to take the bull by the horns," "to gild the pill," "deaf as a post," "in the sulks," "nothing loth," "to rap the knuckles," "to leave in the lurch," and a thousand more, equally familiar and innocent. The worst that can be said of these phrases is, that they have been so often used as to have become trite,

but many of them are as much a part of the language, as statelier words in *-ation* and *-ology*.

It seems to us, therefore, that Mr. Sears has been making distinctions where there were no differences, and that the effect of his meddling with Prof. Roget's book has been to render it more difficult of use, by multiplying the divisions. He has compensated for this, in part, by correcting errors and enlarging the index; but in the next edition we hope the poor outcasts of the appendix, if found worthy of print at all, will be restored to their appropriate places in the body of the book.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF DE QUINCY.—We rather suspect that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, in their draughts from the De Quincy writings, are getting pretty well down among the lees, from the character of the last volume, which is entitled *The Note Book of an English Opium Eater*. It consists of a series of essays, none of which are likely to add to the reputation of the author, and several of which are quite repulsive, and ought not to have been disinterred. The first essay on "Three Memorable Murders" is in De Quincy's worst and morbid vein,—the second, on the "True Relation of the Bible to Science," is a repetition, almost word for word, of a part of the Essay on Protestantism in a former volume—and the remainder, though readable, are not remarkable in any respect. It was well, perhaps, to add this volume to the others, in order that the edition, for which the publishers deserve the warmest thanks of the reading world, should be complete, but in itself it is not of much worth.

MR. COOKE'S COMEDY OF LIFE.—After Mr. Cooke's *Youth of Jefferson*, and several admirably graphic sketches of the Old Dominion, that we wot of, we confess to having read his *Ellie, or Comedy of Life*, with no little disappointment. It has no interest as a story, nor merit in its characterizations. The principal figure is a marvelously good girl, of the Little Nell species—a type of character of which we are heartily tired; while the other figures are so obviously made up, that they are quite insignificant as representatives of men and women. It was needless for the author to disclaim, as he does in the preface, any designs upon actual personages: for his char-

acters are automata and not living souls. But the greatest deficiency in this work is in dialogue or conversation. A great deal of it consists in the rapid interchange of monosyllables and short phrases, such as "Yea," "No," "What," "Who," "When," "Truly," &c., which is very tiresome; while the longer talk is generally vapid. If the Richmond society is accustomed to such an interchange of speech, it must be dreadfully vacuous. Mr. Cooke's previous writings, such as we have read, have so much genuine truth, vivacity, and force of observation in them, that we have had a difficulty in persuading ourselves that this novel could be by the same hand. He must try again, and write about ancient Virginia, not that of the present day.

THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—Mr. MCCORMICK, of this city, has written an unpretending, but highly impressive account of a visit made last year to the allied camps in the Crimea. It is evident from the tone of it that he is no professed book writer, and that he narrates only what he has seen; yet, the work has additional value in our eyes from this very want of literary finish. We are quite sure that we are brought in more immediate contact with the fact of things, than we should have been, if finer rhetoric stood between us and it. Mr. McCormick spent six weeks in the camp altogether: he visited the trenches and hospitals of both armies, and he saw the way matters were managed at Balaklava. His report does not cause one to fall in love with war. The filth, the disease, the hard work, the exposure, the bad food, the severe weather, which he saw and experienced, and which the poor soldier sees and experiences all the time, are causes of infinitely deeper and more protracted sufferings than all the balls and bayonets of the Russians. The accounts of the English letter writers, as to the inefficiency and mismanagement of the British officials, are fully confirmed by this impartial witness. He says that the French arrangements, in every respect, are vastly superior to the English; but, then, the English are bad beyond description. How the poor wretches of privates, or even how the officers fight at all, is the wonder. The aspect of affairs has lately improved, but is still dreadful to behold. If anybody is anxious to go to war, or to

urge his country into one, we wish he would first read these simple statements of Mr. McCormick—there is nothing harrowing in them, but rather an avoidance of disagreeable topics; yet the quiet impression one derives from them is very deep and sad.

THE MUSQUITO SHORE.—It is a rare treat to get into the little dug-out of our artist, Mr. BARD, and sail with him along the coasts and lagoons of the notorious Musquito kingdom. He went to Jamaica, to escape death by the New York Art Union, was nearly lost by shipwreck on the Turtle Keys, was carried to the island of Providence, and thence to Blewfields, where he saw the King and his keeper, and afterwards studied the Sambos. His adventures were not so marvelous as those of Munchausen, but are more pleasantly told, introducing us to new modes of life, and giving, perhaps, a clearer account of the Musquitoes than has yet been written. Mr. Bard says some silly things about slavery, but is otherwise a most entertaining and instructive narrator of travels. The stories of his fishing excursions, of his fights with the negroes, of his two-week *siestas* in the rain, and of his long and dreamy wanderings up the rivers and creeks, have a charming freshness and beauty; he describes nature with the eye of an artist, and men with the drollery of a wit; while he has science enough to give his readers a clear idea of peculiarities of vegetation and animal life. It is quite a savage idyl that he has given us, with a dramatic touch here and there, as in the interview with the mother of the tiger, and an undercurrent of humor.

THE CRAYON.—This agreeable weekly has passed its first volume, to its own credit (we hope profit also,) and to the benefit of its readers. As a record of current events in the world of art, as a critic of cotemporary painting, &c., and as a vehicle for the discussion of the deeper principles of artistic philosophy, it has shown itself to be a real acquisition to our literature. Among its contributors are mentioned some of the most distinguished artists and amateurs, not only in this country but in Europe; while the editors evince a profound knowledge of their *specialité*, and a hearty, almost religious enthusiasm in their work. We have heard it objected

that the original essays were sometimes too grave to be interesting, and that the whims, of the erratic but eloquent Mr. Ruskin, were allowed too much weight as opinions; but there has been so much sound and good matter, both in the original articles and in the selections, that we have willingly overlooked shortcomings of that kind. We hope that those of our subscribers who have a love of the arts of design will do everything they can to encourage this pleasing and instructive periodical.

WHITMAN'S LEAVES OF GRASS.—Our account of the last month's literature would be incomplete without some notice of a curious and lawless collection of poems, called *Leaves of Grass*, and issued in a thin quarto without the name of publisher or author. The poems, twelve in number, are neither in rhyme nor blank verse, but in a sort of excited prose broken into lines without any attempt at measure or regularity, and, as many readers will perhaps think, without any idea of sense or reason. The writer's scorn for the wonted usages of good writing, extends to the vocabulary he adopts; words usually banished from polite society are here employed without reserve and with perfect indifference to their effect on the reader's mind; and not only is the book one not to be read aloud to a mixed audience, but the introduction of terms, never before heard or seen, and of slang expressions, often renders an otherwise striking passage altogether laughable. But, as the writer is a new light in poetry, it is only fair to let him state his theory for himself. We extract from the preface:—

"The art of art, the glory of expression, is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity, and the sunlight of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity—nothing can make up for excess, or for the lack of definiteness. * * * To speak in literature, with the perfect rectitude and the insouciance of the movements of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods, is the flawless triumph of art. * * * The greatest poet has less a marked style, and is more the channel of thought and things, without increase or diminution, and is the free channel of himself. He swears to his art, I will not be meddlesome, I will not have in my writing any elegance, or effect, or originality to hang in the way between me and the rest, like curtains. What I feel, I feel for precisely what it is. Let who may exalt, or startle, or fascinate, or soothe, I will have purposes, as health, or heat, or snow has, and be as regardless of observation. What I experience or portray shall go from my composition

without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side to look in the mirror with me."

The application of these principles, and of many others equally peculiar, which are expounded in a style equally oracular throughout the long preface,—is made *passim*, and often with comical success, in the poems themselves, which may briefly be described as a compound of the New England transcendentalist and New York rowdy. A fireman or omnibus driver, who had intelligence enough to absorb the speculations of that school of thought which culminated at Boston some fifteen or eighteen years ago, and resources of expression to put them forth again in a form of his own, with sufficient self-conceit and contempt for public taste to affront all usual propriety of diction, might have written this gross yet elevated, this superficial yet profound, this preposterous yet somehow fascinating book. As we say, it is a mixture of Yankee transcendentalism and New York rowdiness, and, what must be surprising to both these elements, they here seem to fuse and combine with the most perfect harmony. The vast and vague conceptions of the one, lose nothing of their quality in passing through the coarse and odd intellectual medium of the other; while there is an original perception of nature, a manly brawn, and an epic directness in our new poet, which belong to no other adept of the transcendental school. But we have no intention of regularly criticising this very irregular production; our aim is rather to cull, from the rough and ragged thicket of its pages, a few passages equally remarkable in point of thought and expression. Of course we do not select those which are the most transcendental or the most bold:—

"I play not a march for victors only. . . . I play great marches for conquered and slain persons.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?

I also say it is good to fall . . . battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.

I sound triumphal drums for the dead. . . . I fling through my embouchures the loudest and gayest music to them—

Vivas to those who have failed, and to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea, and to those themselves who sank in the sea.

And to all generals that lost engagements, and to all overcome heroes, and the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known."

"I am the mashed fireman, with breast-bone broken . . . tumbling walls buried me in their débris—

Heat and smoke, I respired . . . I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades—

I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels.

They have cleared the beams away . . . they tenderly lift me forth.

I lie in the night air in my red shirt . . . the pervading hush is for my sake.

Painless after all I lie, exhausted, but not so unhappy.

White and beautiful are the faces around me . . . the heads are bared of their fire-caps—

The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches."

"I tell not the fall of Alamo . . . not one escaped to tell the fall of Alamo:

The hundred and fifty are dumb yet at Alamo.

They were the glory of the race of rangers, Matchless with a horse, a rifle, a song, a supper, or a courtship:

Large, turbulent, brave, handsome, generous, proud and affectionate—

Bearded, sun-burnt, dressed in the free costume of hunters."

"Did you read in the books of the old-fashioned frigate fight?

Did you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars?

Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you, His was the English pluck, and there is no tougher or truer, and never was, and never will be:

Along the lowered eve he came, terribly raking us.

We close with him: the yards entangled . . . the masts touched:

My captain fashed fast with his own hands.

We had received some eighteen-pound shots under the water—

On our lower gun-deck two large pieces had burst at the first fire, killing all around and blowing up, overhead.

Ten o'clock at night and the full moon shining, and the leaks on the gain, and five feet of water reported;

The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners in the after-hold, to give them a chance for themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine was now stopped by the sentinels—

They saw so many strange faces, they did not know whom to trust.

Our frigate was a-fire—the other asked if we demanded quarters? if our colors were struck and the fighting done?

I laughed content when I heard the voice of my little captain—

'We have not struck,' he composedly cried. 'We have just begun our part of the fighting.'

Only three guns were in use.

One was directed by the captain himself, against the enemy's mainmast:

Two, well served with grape and canister, silenced his musketry and cleared his decks.

Not a moment's cease—

The leaks gained fast on the pumps . . . the fire eat toward the powder magazine: One of the pumps was shot away; it was generally thought we were sinking.

Serene stood the little captain:

He was not hurried . . . his voice was neither high nor low—

His eyes gave more light to us than our battle-lanterns.

Toward twelve at night, there in the beams of the moon, they surrendered to us."

"As to you, life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths:

No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.

I hear you whispering there, O stars of heaven—

O suns! O grave of graves! O perpetual transfers and promotions, if you do not say anything, how can I say anything.

Of the turbid pool that lies in the autumn forest—

Of the moon that descends the steeps of the soughing twilight?

Toss, sparkles of day and dusk—toss on the black stems that decay in the muck—

Toss to the moaning gibberish of the dry limbs!"

"A slave at auction!

I help the auctioneer . . . the sloven does not half know his business.

'Gentlemen, look on this curious creature: Whatever the bids of the bidders, they cannot be high enough for him—

For him, the globe lay preparing quintillions of years, without one animal or plant—

For him the revolving cycles truly and steadily rolled:

In that head, the all-baffling brain—

In it, and below it, the waking of heroes.

Examine these limbs, red, black, or white . . . they are very cunning in tendon and nerve;

They shall be stript, that you may see them.

Within there runs his blood . . . the same old blood . . . the same red-running blood—

There, swells and jets his heart . . . there all passions and desires . . . all reachings and aspirations;

Do you think they are not there, because they are not expressed in parlors and lecture rooms?

This is not only one man . . . he is the father of those who shall be fathers in their turns:

In him the start of populous states and rich republics;

Of him, countless immortal lives, with countless embodiments and enjoyments.

How do you know who shall come from the offspring of his offspring, through the centuries?

• • • • •

A woman at auction!

She, too, is not only herself . . . she is the teeming mother of mothers:

She is the bearer of them who shall grow and be mates to the mothers.

Her daughters, or their daughters' daughters.

ters . . . who knows who shall mate with them?
Who knows, through the centuries, what heroes may come from them?
In them, and of them, natal love . . . in them the divine mystery . . . the same old, beautiful mystery."

"Behold a woman!

She looks out from her Quaker cap . . . her face is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.

She sits in an arm-chair, under the shaded porch of the farm house—

The sun just shines on her old white head.

Her ample gown is of cream-hued linen:

Her grandsons raised the flax, and her granddaughters spun it with the distaff and the wheel.

The melodious character of the earth!

The finish, beyond which philosophy cannot go, and does not wish to go!

The justified mother of men!"

"Old age superbly rising! Ineffable grace of dying days."

"Day, full-blown and splendid . . . day of the immense sun, and action, and ambition, and laughter:

The night follows close, with millions of suns, and sleep, and restoring darkness."

As seems very proper in a book of transcendental poetry, the author withholds his name from the title page, and presents his portrait, neatly engraved on steel, instead. This, no doubt, is upon the principle that the name is merely accidental; while the portrait affords an idea of the essential being from whom these utterances proceed. We must add, however, that this significant reticence does not prevail throughout the volume, for we learn on p. 29, that our poet is "Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos." That he was an American, we knew before, for, aside from America, there is no quarter of the universe where such a production could have had a genesis. That he was one of the roughs was also tolerably plain; but that he was a kosmos, is a piece of news we were hardly prepared for. Precisely what a kosmos is, we trust Mr. Whitman will take an early occasion to inform the impatient public.

—With September, our readers will have begun to desert the shores of the sounding sea (in doing which they will make a sad mistake), and it is, perhaps, too late to recommend to their acquaintance Mr. KINGSLEY's *Glaucus; or the Wonders of the Shore*, just re-published, in a pretty volume, by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. But we trust that none of them will fail to arm themselves

with the kindly wisdom of that charming little book before they again re-visit the "gladsome ocean." And to all whose eyes are, or shall be, opened to see the wonders of which Mr. Kingsley so eloquently and so reverently treats, let us recommend Professor HARVEY's *Seaside Book: being an Introduction to the History of the British Coasts*. Professor Harvey is not only a distinguished naturalist, but a lover of the beauty of the sea; a Gilbert White of the waves; and, though he cannot talk such sweet and simple English as the warm-hearted preacher-poet of Selborne, he has crowded into a small space so much deep and accurate knowledge, poured from a full and feeling mind, as must at once delight and instruct every congenial reader. The book is published by Van Voorst, of London, to whom all lovers of nature owe so much.

It is a shame to us that we have no such book as this of Harvey's, in special illustration of our own shores. We were on the point of advising the young and poetical reader to take the pains and make himself our great Algologist, sure that he will find healthier poetry in the sea-weeds than in his own sorrows. But—how many subscribers has the metropolis furnished to Professor Agassiz's great work upon our American Natural History.

—Mr. JARVES's *Art Hints*, though published in London, is the work of an American, and has been re-printed by the Messrs. Harper. Mr. Jarves's design in giving us his "Art Hints" is an excellent one. He wishes to awaken the interest of his countrymen in the cause of art, and to supply them with a manual of æsthetic principles and of the history of art. A writer animated by such a purpose may reasonably hope to receive the attention of two classes of American readers. The first class (which is far more numerous than Mr. Jarves seems to suppose) comprises those who are acquainted with the best works of art, and familiar with æsthetic speculations. Such readers will find in Mr. Jarves's book little or nothing of peculiar interest. Mr. Jarves professes to have read only a few works on art (which is at best a dubious recommendation of his fitness to write upon the subject), but he happens to have given his attention chiefly to those authors who are just now most familiarly known to the æsthetic

world, and the speculations or the sentiments of Mr. Jameson, of Lord Lindsay, of Ruskin, and of Rio, meet us on every page. To a second and larger class of readers, generally well informed and anxious to find out for themselves the value and the meaning of art, Mr. Jarves's book will doubtless afford some interesting information, and some valuable suggestions. But Mr. Jarves's style is neither strong nor simple enough to do justice to the ideas which he seeks to set forth, and his speculations are not sufficiently original and coherent to make much impression upon vigorous and well-trained minds. His criticisms are, for the most part, so vague and inconsistent, that they throw "darkness" rather than light upon the principles he would illustrate. For instance, he tells us that "there is no indication of profound imaginative power in the paintings of Michael Angelo," and on the same page asserts that "no artist ever excelled him in awe and sublimity." Claude, he says, "introduced the complete healthful landscape;" and yet Claude's "landscapes are unpleasantly artificial." Again, Claude "holds the first position as a painter of the grand elements of nature," but Turner "is the greatest master of landscape," and though Claude's pictures, "even in their loss (?) infinitely surpass in quality the attempts of other artists," nevertheless, it is to Titian that "landscape is most indebted!" What are we to make of all this?

We are afraid that Mr. Jarves must wait till years shall "bring the philosophic mind," before he can hope to succeed in mastering the notions which he has received from others, or in communicating sound and sensible views to his readers. He will then be slow to make generalizations, which shall bring under one category artists so dissimilar as Albert Dürer and—Teniers! (p. 283) or to exclude English art from the family "of the schools which grew out of the Teutonic element of human nature!" He will be more felicitous, too, in his comparisons; and if he must revile the coloring of Correggio, he will hardly say, that, "like the toilette of a charming woman, it is used more for its own sake than for that of the subject!" Had it ever occurred to you, fair reader, that your object in running up those immense bills at the *modiste's* is, to give to the pretty things she brings from Paris the benefit of your

adorning beauty? Neither, we hope, will Mr. Jarves, at some future day, think it a just or desirable thing to make his voice the echo of willful and indiscriminate invectives against the art of France. His mention of Rosa Bonheur and Calame deprives him of the excuse of ignorance in respect to their contemporaries; and he enlivens his just criticisms upon the popular picture of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," by an illustration taken immediately from Delaroche's treatment of the same subject, without bestowing one word upon that painter himself! Mr. Jarves must learn, also, to renounce the fatal and fascinating habit of discovering *chefs d'œuvre* of the great masters in out-of-the-way corners. He should remember that people in general will be slow to believe that the best Claude in existence, or the finest Titian, has escaped in a "private collection" the assiduous researches of the skillful and ardent connoisseurs who have for years been ransacking all the galleries of Europe. The intrinsic importance of the subject of Mr. Jarves's book invites serious and careful animadversion upon its merits; and we have pointed out what appear to us the author's great deficiencies, in the hope that, as he seems to have the leisure, he may also have the inclination to fit himself more thoroughly for the task which he has undertaken. Although Mr. Jarves is by no means accurate in his use of the English language, he is not, we presume, responsible for the numerous blunders in orthography which deform the book. But it is not creditable to our printers, that the foreign words and names which occur throughout the work should be so frequently misrepresented, and that there should be so little uniformity even in their errors.

—The *Sermons* of the Rev. Dr. SPENCER, late of Brooklyn, have been collected into two handsome volumes, by his friend, the Rev. J. M. Sherwood, who also writes an account of his life. They are of the old school, Presbyterian form, as to doctrine, but are so vigorous in thought, and so earnest and eloquent in style, that they may be read with delight, as well as profit, by those who do not accept their theology. Dr. Spencer was widely known by his Pastor's Sketches, containing pathetic stories from actual experience; and the readers of that work will be pleased to obtain these additional evidences of his talent and piety.

AGASSIZ.—By the papers, and by private report, our readers have heard of the great national work proposed by Professor Agassiz. It is, in brief, the contributions to American natural history, of the most distinguished living scholar in his department, who was invited to this country by the Lowell Institute, of Boston, and who has remained here for eight years, devoting all his time to study, and who has been more recently occupied with his duties as Professor of Natural History in the Lawrence school of Harvard University. His genius for natural research and classification—his wide observation—his profound erudition—his easy mastery of the subjects to which his talent has consecrated his life—all indicate him as the best fitted man in the world to do the work he proposes. The proposition of Prof. Agassiz is, to publish an annual volume, for ten years, of the results of his study of this department of American science. Each volume will contain about three hundred pages, and will be illustrated with fine engravings; and each volume will be complete in itself, lest anything should interfere with the fulfill-

ment of the whole plan. The subscription will be twelve dollars a year, and the work will be published in the most admirable manner by Little & Brown, of Boston.

This is eminently a national work. It is national, in no limited but in the largest sense. If we have any adequate sense of our position and power as a people—if we have any of that noble pride which leads us to value our wealth for the works it can achieve for us—if we wish to show to the world that we are not recreant to our eminence, but understand the dignity and duty of a great nation, and know that nations are immortal in the degree that they are intellectual and moral—if each individual has at heart the best fame of the state, and shows himself a worthy citizen by a willingness to sacrifice his occasional gratification to the good of his country—if these things are, so, and to doubt or deny that they are, would be to accuse America most sorely, the great work of Agassiz will be hailed and fostered as a national monument of which every American will be glad and proud.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

In a very handsome volume of 300 pages, octavo, Messrs. J. W. Parker & Sons, of London, have issued the first of a proposed annual series of publications to be entitled *Oxford Essays*. These are intended, we presume, to bring the University, as a corporate body, into more immediate and active relations with the movement of English thought and opinion. The papers are to be contributed by members of the University, each writer being responsible for his own views, and the tie that unites them is to be "not that they think alike, but that they belong to the same University." A similar series is projected for Cambridge.

The idea is a very good one. For while there has been much idle talk and hasty criticism upon the defects, actual or alleged, of the English University system, there can be no doubt that the large body of scholars maintained by the Universities in a position of academic ease, have contributed much less than the public had a right to expect of them to the culture of England.

It is not quite true that the College revenues have been so applied as to illustrate Pope's assertion, that "worth makes the man, but want of it the fellow," yet we suspect a faithful inquiry would show that the wealth of Christchurch and Magdalen has done at least as much for the Custom house as for Stationers' Hall, and that the meditations of the "Combination Room" have had a more appreciable effect upon the importations of port wine than upon the exportations of philosophy.

And while we should be sorry to see a successful inroad of mere vulgar utilitarianism upon a system which is, in the main, so justly and so nobly planned as that of the old academic institutions, we are very glad to mark any signs that the Universities are about to put forth a greater activity in their legitimate spheres. This first volume of *Oxford Essays* is full of good promise. The papers, nine in number, would make an unusually brilliant number of the best of the reviews. Science, literature, ancient and modern, speculative philosophy, and questions of prac-

fical economy, furnish the varied range of subjects. Mr. SELLAR, late of Oriel, contributes a paper of remarkable excellence, upon *Lucretius and the Poetic Characteristics of his Age*, conceived in the highest spirit of philosophical criticism, and written in a style admirable for its clearness, strength, and dignity. Those who talk so glibly of the "verbal niceties of Oxford learning," will do well to read this paper. It is as full of life, and thought, and present interest, as the classical criticisms of Landor. The thoughtful reader will find no little instruction in the analogies constantly suggested between the age of Lucretius, in its relation to poetry, and our own. Lucretius was, indeed, a stronger Wordsworth fallen upon less fortunate days, and the poetic hopes that perished for Rome with his stern suicide, revive for us in the light of a more religious science and a larger destiny.

The brilliant speculations of the *Essay on the Plurality of Worlds*, with the honest but ill-natured and inadequate replications of Sir David Brewster, are discussed with spirit, candor, and great good sense, by Mr. SMITH of Balliol. Mr. F. T. PALGRAVE (the son of Sir Francis, and known in the literary world as the gentleman who exposed the fraudulent character of those pretended "Letters of Shelley," by which all the leading "Police of Letters" were so egregiously deceived a few years since,) appears as the author of a well-considered but not very remarkable paper on Alfred de Musset. Mr. COWELL gives us an interesting sketch of Persian literature, which ought to have been entitled a Sketch of the Mystical Poetry of Persia. The most important question of medical jurisprudence, that of the true nature and relations of insanity, is treated by Mr. THOMSON, who sets forth, very clearly, the pressing need of a revised and well-established doctrine of criminal responsibility. Hegel's Philosophy of Right forms the subject of an old-fashioned analytical article. The longest paper in the book, is a review of the actual state of the history and prospect of Oxford studies; and the shortest is an article containing suggestions "on the best means of teaching English history." This we owe to Mr. J. A. FROUDE, the younger brother of the renowned Puseyite, and himself well known as the author of a book, equally mournful and

beautiful—the "*Nemesis of Faith*,"—a book likely to be remembered, not for its intrinsic merits alone, but for the distinguished honor paid to it by the Oxford authorities, who ordered it to be solemnly burned in one of the cloisters. Mr. Froude belongs to the Pre-Raphaelites of literature, and would send the student of English history to the original documents—to that transcript of the past, which is to be found in the "Statutes at Large." He proposes that the statutes "should be taken as a text-book, and minutely illustrated by the teachers, just as the text-books of ancient history are now illustrated." Mr. Froude believes that no better *method* of teaching can be found than that now practiced at Oxford; and he would encourage reform only in the direction of new and enlarged *materials*. We think he is right, and we are sure that nothing can be more admirable or feasible than his suggestions in regard to the statutes. Like Mr. Kingsley, of whom, indeed, he reminds us, by the ardor and movement of his fascinating style, Mr. Froude has a tendency to exaggerated statement, and truculent criticism; but this paper of his, alone, would suffice to give character to the publication in which it appears.

—The Duke of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, after spending a noble estate in the acquisition of an ignoble reputation, has, of late years, been trying to make himself useful by drawing up the *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III.*, from family documents in his possession. He seems disposed to play the part of Sheffield, after filling that of Villiers. The third and fourth volumes, which complete the *Memoirs*, are not less valuable than the first. Strange and instructive is the light they shed upon the secrets of princes and of rulers. The petty piety and narrow-minded morality of King George, who was prepared to plunge Ireland and England into civil war rather than grant common justice to his Catholic subjects; the tergiversations of Mr. Pitt, who was willing to sacrifice political principles of the highest importance, in order to retain political power; the small and stupid tyranny of routine, which kept Sir Arthur Wellesley from being sent to Spain for three years after it was conceded that he, and he alone, ought to go; the animosity with which the English government regarded

republican France, and the bad faith to which they were willing to stoop in dealing with her rulers—all are here brought to the day. A peculiar interest attaches just now to the secret history of the Walcheren and Peninsular campaigns. The extreme publicity given to the affairs of the Crimean expedition has induced what we must regard as a much exaggerated popular estimate of the relative shortcomings and mistakes of that enterprise. This is the age of newspapers, and we forget that editors and correspondents are quite as likely to make blunders in their observations and their inferences, as military officers to go wrong in their management. It is even now beginning to be admitted that gross injustice has been done to Lord Raglan, and we think that any thoughtful reader, who will take the pains to look over the Duke of Buckingham's accounts of the Dutch and the Portuguese expeditions, will be convinced that the mishaps of the Crimea are by no means equal to the disasters which routine and imbecility have inflicted upon England in the past. While Wellesley was contending for the fruits of his victory of Talavera, his Spanish allies left him unprovided and unsupported, and his own medical staff and commissariat were junketing at Lisbon! For one whole month his cavalry received only three deliveries of grain, and his infantry only ten days' bread. The 14th Light Division were actually *dismounted by famine*. The expedition to Walcheren was even more shamefully treated. Lord Chatham, who was no general, received no definite instructions, and loitered at Batz, giving no sign of his presence "but the green turtles that sprawled on their backs in his garden." He never appeared before 2 P. M., and lived in luxury, while his men were "bivouacking, without tents, in the water." Water to drink: they had none but what could be brought from England! The sick-list of the army of 30,000 men, rose, in a few weeks, to 5,000! The army expressed their opinion of their commander by pasquinades like the following:

Q.—When sent on Flushing's shores new wreaths to reap,
What didst thou do, illustrious Chatham?

A.—Sleep!

Q.—To men fatigued with war, repose is sweet!

But, when awake, didst thou do nothing?

A.—Eat!

It is a fact, curiously illustrative of the then prevailing character of British generals, that Lord Grenville should speak of Wellesley as "a man of considerable talents, though very rash!"

—It was on a very sultry day that we undertook to examine the *Memoirs of J. J. Gurney*, in two volumes, 8vo., by J. B. BRAITHWAITE, and we attribute it rather to the state of the weather than to any depravity inherent in ourselves, that we fell into the sin of Eutychus. Yet we have a suspicion that these *Memoirs* of the blameless and benevolent banker are a little tedious. "Mr. Gurney," says his biographer, "never missed an opportunity;" he used to read the Bible aloud in stage coaches, wrote very long letters in a very clear hand, and "practiced the art of sketching from nature." He was a warm friend to the slave, but held forgery in such natural abhorrence that he writes to Sir J. Mackintosh, "if the law would but help me to put such offenders on the tread-wheel for a couple of years, I should feel the *highest satisfaction* in availing myself of its provisions!" In short, he was a worthy but rather weak man, who preached indifferent discourses, and gave capital dinners, and was unlucky enough to be the cynosure of a circle of rather foolish people, who thought it a wonderful thing that Mr. Gurney, on a journey, "should seem to enjoy his wash and his breakfast as much as any of themselves!" He was as careful in looking after his conscience as his cash-account, and always imagined himself to be receiving a call to some stupendous duty. Upon his sincerity and honesty, no slur, we believe, was ever cast. But it suggests some reflections in regard to the efficiency of such a training as he gave his family, when we find his representatives in the house of Overend, Gurney & Co., insisting one week that Berlioz shall not perform his symphony of "Childe Harold" at Exeter Hall, unless the name be changed to "Harold, in Italy;" and the next week appearing in the courts as participators in the transactions by which the house of Strahan, Paul & Co. had been defrauding their clients.

—Mr. WRIGHTSON'S *History of Modern Italy, from the first French Revolution to the year 1850*, is one of Bentley's handsome publications, and is designed to fill a place not before occupied in English literature.

It is a work of less extensive pretensions than Mariotti's, and of a wider range than Farini's *Stato Romano*, of which Mr. Gladstone is now giving us so excellent a version. Mr. Wrightson's object is to give a clear and succinct outline of the revolutionary movements in the different Italian States, with such observations upon the *morale* and the management of Italian affairs as may help to put an intelligent Englishman or American in a position to form a just and impartial judgment on men and things in the peninsula. Such a book has been very much needed—particularly in America. Madame d'Ossoli had prepared her views of modern Italian history, but they were swallowed up, with their gifted and noble author, by the angry sea. Passages of Mme. d'Ossoli's work were communicated by the writer, long before her departure from that Italy which had become her second home; and, although we are still unable to accept her estimate of the abilities and the merits of many of the recent revolutionary leaders, we are sure that, in her work, she had done braver and better justice to the character and the capacity of the Italian people than they have received from any other writer in England or America. Mr. Wrightson's sketch—for such it is—is not to be compared, either in depth of thought, or in brilliancy of style, with the pages so sadly lost; but he has shown no ordinary skill in constructing a clear and connected narrative of the important events which have brought Italy to her present state of confusion, discontent, and feverish impatience. Mr. Wrightson is an English constitutionalist; but, though he does not hesitate to avow his distrust and dislike of the Maz-

zini republicans, he is by no means wanting in candor, and we are disposed to agree with him in his conviction, that the "conspirators" and theoretic democrats of Italy have played into the hands of the despots, foreign and domestic, who oppress that magnificent country. At the present moment, when every steamer brings fresh rumors from the peninsula, we should be glad to see a well-edited republication of Mr. Wrightson's book in America.

—Handsome, high-born, and wealthy, Mr. AUBREY DE VERE is as happy in his nature as in his name and in his circumstances. All students of the higher order of English poetry know him as the most accomplished, imaginative, and thoughtful of the scholars of Wordsworth. And yet it would be wrong to class among purely philosophic poets a man of a genius so warm and lyrical. Mr. De Vere is a close student, and a genial interpreter of nature; he is a religious and noble gentleman, and, as a master of the melodies and harmonies of verse, not far beneath the highest. He is not one of those who serve the idols of the passing hour, and he has achieved no noisy and frivolous success. It will be long before the *Waldenses* shall reach, like Mr. R. Montgomery's "Satan," a *twenty-eighth edition*! But there must be not a few among our readers who will be glad to know that Mr. De Vere has issued a new volume of poems, chiefly of a lyrical and occasional character. We find, in this volume, a magnificent poem, entitled the "Tear of Sorrow," which, at the time of its first publication, in Blackwood's Magazine, led many thoughtful readers into the belief that "Old Ebony" must have made the "amende honorable" to Alfred Tennyson.

NEW ENGLISH ENGRAVINGS.

It is a pleasant feature in the panorama of Broadway, to note the groups which gather around the windows of the great picture dealers. The windows and the walls of Messrs Williams & Stevens, and of Goupil & Co., have taken the place of the old free exhibitions of the Art-Union. These are, in some sense, national institutions, for the good which there is silently dispensed is carried away into many homes, and passes quietly into the constitution of American life.

If the passenger who pauses to muse upon the gatherings around the front of one of these establishments will take the trouble to go in, he will find some reason to question the frequent assertion of our extreme national indifference to art. For he will find them filled not merely with prints, but with fine prints, with whatever is new and excellent in all departments of the engraver's art.

At the Messrs. Williams's we found the hottest morning of August slip unperceived

away, as we turned over the portfolios of fresh English prints. Prominent and most numerous, of course, were the contributions of Landseer. "There are" to whom Landseer is tedious and who weary of his beasts. But we are not of the number. A painter, of a facility at once so firm and so fine, of tastes so manly, and of such genuine feeling, can do nothing that is not worthy attention and that does not reward admiration.

He paints in animals what those who love animals find in them, and he will retain his hold on the interests of mankind as long as dogs shall be true and horses noble. Happy is the man who can afford to be indifferent to the affection of a terrier! He may scorn, alike, Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. The rest of us will continue to rejoice that the beasts have found their painters. We may wish, however, that Landseer's conscious power would not lead him to handle subjects necessarily distressing or unpleasant. To pictures of strife and suffering we have a rooted objection. There is enough of these in ordinary life. And so that famous print of "War," to the admirable fidelity of whose terrible details Mr. Kinglake bore witness, in his account of his first Crimean battle-field, has less of attraction for us than of pain. The same was true of the powerful painting in the Vernon Gallery, in which a baited stag stands fiercely and desperately at bay. Equally painful in conception, but in the details less trying, are two new and magnificent works of Sir Edwin, which have just reached our shores. "Night" and "Morning" depict a short and savage history. The engravings are unusually large, and in execution among the finest which have come from the hand of Thomas Landseer. In the "Night" we see two gigantic stags, with antlers hopelessly interlocked, straining out their last remains of strength in the death-struggle. They fight upon the rugged, rocky shores of a Scottish lake. The deep mists of midnight are shaken in the sky, before a stormy wind which lashes the lake below into fury, and through the rifts of cloud and vapor lets in the fitful gleams of the moon to touch, with sharp and sudden light, now the crests of the waves, and now the antlers of the combatants.

"Morning" shows us a tranquil change.

To the lake and the landscape has come the peace of morn; to the hot and angry foes the peace of death. The mists roll up the distant mountain-sides, the day broadens over the waters. Stiff and stark lie the giant shapes of the stags, less life now in their gaunt bulk than in the scanty herbage about them. A curious fox, the moralist of the scene, has stolen up from his covert, and gazes, with all the self-satisfaction natural to a cunning gentleman in a whole skin, upon the smitten heroes. High over the lake, a vulture, with swift and steady wing, sweeps onward to the Highland Acelanda.

What lover of pictures does not know Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen?" In a new and larger composition, the artist has brought this king of stags again before us; but this time he comes royally attended, no longer, in lonely grandeur, canopied with mists, but erect among his lieges, he threads the dread defiles of his mountain dominion. Landseer has been a faithful student of the Highland landscape, and, in this picture, one knows not which most to admire, the vast, uncertain vistas of the distance, or the bare and rocky masses of the foreground.

There is much, too, that is fine, in Landseer's large picture of "Wellington revisiting Waterloo, in company with his daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Douro." This was painted for the nation, and has been admirably engraved. The Duke and his daughter-in-law, capitally mounted, and upon well-contrasted steeds, occupy the middle of the picture. In the foreground, on the left, we have a group of Belgian peasants gathered around what we take to be the materials of the ducal luncheon. They are chatting with each other, and with a German *bursch* whose gaiety and huge meerschaum proclaim the pilgrim from Heidelberg or Bonn. The distance to the right reveals the ungainly mound of the slain, topped by that more ungainly Belgian lion, which the French soldiery wanted to knock to pieces on their march to Antwerp in 1831. A little girl, armed with the eternal collection of "Douze Vues de Waterloo," and the basket full of crosses, eagles, buckles, and buttons, presses her wares upon the hero's attention. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* the hero of Waterloo, in his own lifetime, is

become as a stranger on the field of his fame! But the Duke, who feels himself the most authentic "relic of the field," heeds not the child. Absorbed in some explanation which fully engages the attention of his fair companion, the duke, his right hand drooping, demonstratively, from his raised arm, and his face full of interest, draws the eyes of the spectator upon himself at once, and tells the whole story of the picture.

This figure of the Duke strikes us as one of Landseer's most successful portraits. It is the Duke as we of the later generation saw him; the handsome features thrown out of proportion by the touch of years; the fine figure slightly bent; but capable still of arousing that sluggish face of his to bright expression, and sure still to keep his stirrup better than many a strapping youth.

The subordinate figures, however, are not remarkable, and an exaggerated importance is given to the details in the foreground.

A very pleasant print, of less pretension, is the "Highland Congregation." A group of simple Highland folk are here gathered in prayer. Two fine dogs sitting upright among them are decidedly the chief figures of the composition. These are treated in Landseer's best manner. The respectable animals are evidently somewhat oppressed, either by the warmth of the weather, or by the hum-drum of the old man's voice, who is praying just over their heads. Their drowsy eyes, forever on the half-wink, have that peculiar expression of somnolescent gravity which is so often to be observed in the eyes of a decent dog after dinner on a hot day.

Is it by reason of the extreme contrast in both subject and style, that our mention of the "Highland Congregation" brings to mind Mr. W. Hunt's feeling and excellent little picture of a Catholic peasant girl at prayer? The name of Wm. Hunt is by no means unknown among us, as that of a master in the school of English water-color artists. But this, we believe, is the first of his works which has been brought hither. The admirable engraving does full justice to the purity and strength of the artist's coloring, as well as to the simplicity of his conception. A peasant girl, with prayer in her face, kneels behind an oaken bench in the church. Over the back of

this bench her rosary falls, and upon the seat lies her posy of fresh flowers. This is all; but the sincerity of the sentiment, expressed so simply, brings us back to the print again and again.

The lovers of historical painting will be pleased with the fine engravings of Mr. Duncan's two admirable compositions representing the Pretender's triumph, after Preston-Pans, and his flight after Culloden. The disposition of the scene naturally and easily brings the Prince into his proper place as the central figure of the show, while strange faces, thrown into the foreground, redeem the inevitable inadequacy of his princely head and features. Conspicuous among these is the face of Christopher North, who, standing worthily to "present" Lochiel, gives force and fire to all the scene around him. The picture of Charles in his desolation, protected by Flora Macdonald, has also very high merits. The painter has not succumbed to the melodramatic temptations of his subject. The composition is at once striking and perfectly natural. The sleeping Prince, the jaded but not over-tragic face of Flora, the anxious attendants without the tent, and the darkness enshrouding all, tell the tale simply and strongly. We cannot look on these pictures (of which the originals, it will be remembered, were some time since exhibited here,) without feeling that Mr. Duncan was a real loss to the art of his country.

We cannot leave our theme, which has led us further than we meant to go, without a word for Mr. Jenkins's pretty and pleasing pictures entitled "France" and "England." In the first, a bright-faced, young peasant woman of Picardy plays with her laughing child, in a characteristic landscape. In the second (which is the better of the two), a young English girl, seated upon a stile, is braiding straw, while a cradled infant sleeps secure in the shadow at her feet. It is summer. In the distance of the sunny fields, the reapers are at work, and, beyond them, the light falls on the white cliffs of Kent. The girl's face is full of sweetness and of pensive sentiment, and the whole picture very pleasing. This is another contribution from the English school of water-colors.

A number of fine etchings give us promise of some new plates of rare merit, and the lovers of high art will be glad to know

that Messrs. W. & S. are shortly to receive Winkelmann's exquisite color-print of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. This we owe to the liberality of an English connoisseur, Mr. Harford, of Blaise Castle. It has been executed, under the directions

of Lewis Grüner, at Berlin; and in a surface of three feet five inches by one foot six and a half inches faithfully represents the expanse of beautiful imagery which over-arches the mighty shapes of the "Last Judgment."

THE ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION AT BOSTON.

We ought to have in New York an Academy of the Arts, where the works of American genius could be worthily displayed, and so concentrated and honored as to vindicate their claim on the national regard, and exert their just influence on the national mind.

The small and scattered Exhibitions which have so multiplied of late years, only indicate the real wealth which we possess.

Look, for instance, at the collection now offered to the public in the *Athenæum* at Boston.

In the department of Sculpture, we have three new works which would be a welcome addition to any Gallery of Europe. At the door of the Reading Room, where the trig and well-bred citizens of the western Athens seek out their "something new," in a decorous quiet, unknown to their ancient prototypes, sits Mr. William W. Story's statue of his celebrated father. With hand extended, and the well-known smiling face bent slightly forward, the Judge is there, immortal in marble, as spotless as the ermine of his just and generous nature. There are no Rhadamantine terrors on his brow, as there were none in his heart; but the filial piety of the sculptor has perpetuated those traits of his father's character which propitiated for him the esteem of his contemporaries, and will attract to him the admiration of posterity. The artist was fortunate in the station of his subject. It is no longer true, as in the days of Fitz-Herbert, that "formalitie est la plus chief chose de nostre ley;" but the Justices of the Supreme Court still sit a little apart from the mob of men, in the solemnity of the judicial gown, and Mr. Story has been able to invest his subject with the beauty of drapery without violating the truth of history. This drapery he has managed with great skill; his manipulation of the marble is decidedly fine, and he has produced a

statue which will be always valuable, not only as a historical monument of an illustrious American, but as a thoughtful and impressive work of art. To the Gallery, which was already the most useful collection of sculpture in America, the liberality of a young Bostonian has contributed two admirable productions of the sculptor of the Orpheus. Mr. Crawford's Beethoven has already been noticed in our pages. It gains upon the spectator with every visit. The simple grandeur of the conception loses nothing even by a comparison with the magnificent antique of Sophocles, a fine copy of which adorns the same room. The metallic material, so appropriate to the subject, contributes a rich effect of light and shade to the work, and Mr. Crawford has managed the modern costume with surprising skill. In his conception of the composer's character, too, we think Mr. Crawford has been very happy. Beethoven has always been treated as a kind of dyspeptic Titan; but there is a gleam of grace and tenderness in the face of Mr. Crawford's bronze, a vague suggestion of Mozart, which does no more than justice to the author of the *Adelaide*, and of those sunny strains which so constantly break in upon us through the cloud and storm of the great symphonies.

In his group of Hebe and Ganymede, Mr. Crawford has treated, very pleasantly, one of these old themes of the Greek mythology, which, in the hands of genius, never will grow old. As subjects for the sculptor, these antique imaginations possess, indeed, a peculiar fitness. All faith and passion have passed away from them—their beautiful forms alone remain, and form is the sculptor's domain. They shine, like stars,

"Afar from the sphere of our sorrow;"

cool, and apart they invite the passionless marble. In Mr. Crawford's group, the reluctant beauty, with drooping eyes, and sorrowful face, surrenders the insignia of

her office to her boyish successor, whose upturned glance is full of sympathy, and seems to beseech forgiveness. The form of Hebe is fine, and her falling robe recalls that fatal moment when, in sight of all the gods, "Jove grew languid," and the fiat of her dismissal went forth. The Ganymede is less pleasing; and Mr. Crawford has certainly not yet mastered, in their fullness, the anatomical secrets of his art.

Of the other works, by which American sculpture is illustrated in the *Athenæum*, we have no space now to speak; but the three which we have mentioned are certainly no meager contributions to our store.

The directors of the *Athenæum* have this year opened their doors to a small but interesting collection of American paintings. The older gallery of the Institution is in itself by no means despicable. It is cursed, of course, with a certain number of crude copies, and of aimless explosions of color, but the poetical Allston is there largely represented, and there are some copies, *not* crude, of good pictures, and some portraits above mediocrity. To these have been recently added some paintings from private collections. Joseph Vernet, once the pride of Paris, but better known now as the grandfather of his grandson, Horace, is there with some of those studied and artificial marine pictures which betray the inventor of the Roman Girandola. Vernet seems to have made up his mind to be the Claude of moonlights and mist. The *ancien régime* applauded him, and no insignificant number of devotees still blockade his pictures in the Louvre with stool and easel.

Ary Scheffer is in the *Athenæum* with a new picture, "Beatrice and Dante." It is more pleasing than most of Scheffer's works, in this respect, that it treats neither of death nor of disease. The conception is simple and severe; the pure young girl moves along with upraised eyes, a vision "of beauty veiled in a heavenly light," as fresh and sweet in color as a rosy cloud of the morning, and beneath her, by her side, the austere poet looks up, as having found, for a moment, that "rest" which he sought through all his stormy life. Soft clouds are beneath Beatrice's feet, and the blue-gray of the early twilight breaks away above in the growing dawn.

The picture lacks atmosphere, and Beatrice is rather the young girl Rice, of history, than the ideal of "the man of many woes."

Of the modern school of French realists the *Athenæum* has a fine specimen, in a little rustic interior, by Millet. It is thoroughly well studied, and full of a true feeling, dashed with just the least shade of affectation.

But it is of the American pictures that we chiefly wished to speak. Few as these are, they have so much and such genuine merit, that even in these small rooms one finds large promise of future excellence. There is hardly a careful landscape in the collection which does not display at least a glow of poetical feeling, an original love of nature. Kensett's *October Day in the White Mountains* is full not only of poetical feeling but of power. Of all our readers, to whom the mountains of New Hampshire have this summer been an enchanted region, we hope there is not one who, in looking upon such a picture, would not feel that it made his beautiful memories more beautiful, and still more enriched his treasured thoughts.

Then, there is Church's *Andes of Ecuador*, a vision of the mighty realms which the "sun sows with light;" a picture of extraordinary ability. The truth of forms in the mountain ranges, and the confused undulations of the gorges and the valleys; the exquisite gradations of color, over amethystine peaks and down their dusking sides—through floating vapors, and mists soft moving where the torrents flow—on slopes luxuriant with tropic verdure, and on the shafts and broad drooping fans of the enameled palm; the masterly management of intense light, falling only in the immediate blaze of the noontide sun, which seems, alas! rather a scratch on the canvas, than a glory in the sky—all these excellences stamp Mr. Church as a landscapist of a very high order.

There, too, are some pleasant evening scenes by Doughty, which prove that to the seeing eye, the familiar Pennsylvanian fields may yield Arcadian dreams. Durand is there with his woodland and his hazy light; and Cropsey, who gives us beauty enough in his landscape to make us indifferent to his allegory in the catalogue. Nor should we pass without a word some names more new in the public

ear. There is a Swiss landscape by W. A. Gay; a hamlet in an Alpine valley, cool, with the evening—a picture unexaggerated, refreshing, characteristic—showing a faithful study of nature, and an admirable eye for the simply picturesque.

Nor does it diminish the promise we find in that little fancy of the *First Love Letter*, by H. G. Wild, that it is so suffused with Venetian reminiscences. That young girl might match her sunny tresses with those of Titian's daughter—that subsiding glow in the distant landscape might be dying over the Lagoon. But the little painting is full of the truest feeling for color; no detail is bare or meager, and a rich harmony in the whole speaks of a mind not receptive only, but able to plan and to perfect.

One thing strikes us in wandering through this collection—as, indeed, in all our collections—the want of high creative imagination among our artists. In portrait painting, and in landscape, our artists promise to form a school inferior to none now existing. If we look for imaginative artists of a high order, our quest must end at the grave of Allston. We call Leutze a historical painter. Merits, and marked merits, Leutze undoubtedly has, but so has Mr. G. P. R. James; and Leutze's historical paintings seem to us to strike just the level of Mr. James's historical novels. This, however, is not *greatness*. Turn to Leutze's picture in this Athenæum Gallery, of *Faust and Margueret*. In that melo-dramatic contrast of cadaverous womanhood and masculine brawn, in that angelic group of "too solid flesh," every figure of which is a reminiscence, it is impossible to recognize any trace of true imaginative power. It is not comparable, in this respect, to a picture in the same room by Mr. Hunt, of Paris, of the *Fortune Teller*. There is more feeling for the supernatural in the air and aspect of the child whose fate the

dusky sybil pretends to read, than in all the powers, celestial and demonic, of Mr. Leutze's array.

In truth, there is no one among our living painters who displays such fertility of the imaginative powers as our admirable designer, Mr. Darley. His outline illustrations to Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* gave him a superiority in this respect, as yet undisputed; nor, so far as we can see, likely soon to be disturbed. It is with sincere pleasure, therefore, that we have learned that he is preparing for publication a series of drawings illustrating the novel of "Margaret," by the late Rev. Sylvester Judd. These works, the originals of which we have been permitted to see, must at once take rank as amongst the most perfect and characteristic productions of American art. The story itself deals with New England life of a century since, and is full of the most exquisite sketches of character and scenery, occupying a position which no other work has rivaled. The fault of the book sprung from the very affluence of the author's imagination; and such are its occasional confusion and obscurity, that it is not, perhaps, too much to say that Darley's drawings more perfectly present the picture intended by the author than the book itself. All the various aspects of Yankee life—its romance and pathos, as well as its humor—are wonderfully reproduced by the artist. The grace and delicacy of his style need no commendation from us, and, when we say that his peculiar genius has found in Margaret "a subject entirely adapted to it," we have given these drawings the highest praise. We learn that they will be published serially, and the publication will show us, as so many of the artist's drawings hitherto have done, that we have no need of looking abroad for the most characteristic and finished illustrations.

MUSIC.

The summer silences our city warblers. But one nightingale has refused to leave us, and wretches, editorial and other, forbidden to solace their souls in the pine woods and among the fields, owe a large debt of gratitude to Miss LOUISA PYNE, who has continued to make our evenings

delightful with her sweet singing. We are sorry to know that she will, however, follow the birds with the fall, and betake herself to the sunny Louisiana. Good wishes and regrets will go with her, and a warm welcome, we doubt not, awaits her.

Meanwhile, of Italian Opera for the coming winter, wonderful premonitions are whispered by the wise. We hope our fair readers will prepare themselves for whatever fortune may have in store. There is time enough in the coming months for them to make their pianofortes their teachers, and to familiarize themselves with the substance and spirit of the best pieces in the operatic repertoire. The cost of the foreign editions has heretofore been a slight obstacle in the way of acquiring a genuine acquaintance with anything more than morceaux of the best operas. But we are glad to see that our music publishers are venturing to give

us complete scores of great musical works. Mr. Ditson, of Boston, for instance, is publishing a series of complete operas, at moderate prices, and arranged for the piano. We have seen only *Lucia*, which is an unprepossessing specimen, since the instrumentation of *Lucia* is its weakest point, and it is so purely an acting opera, that its best passages lose very much when deprived of the accessories and excitements of the stage. Still, we ought to know *Lucia* well, and this edition seems in every respect satisfactory. We wish, however, that it had been arranged with a running title, by which we could refer easily to the acts and scenes.

CAN THERE BE A NEW ARCHITECTURE?

To the Editor of Putnam's Monthly.

DEAR SIR:—I do not profess to be learned in architecture, but have had occasion to see many of the finest specimens, both in this country and Europe, and read, with much interest, the articles on the architecture of New York buildings which have appeared, from time to time, in the pages of your magazine. Many of the criticisms met my hearty approval, especially those which have reference to the practice of imitating stone in plaster, and oak in pine wood.

As to what is really beautiful or in good taste, that, I take it, must be a matter of opinion. What pleases one eye does not please another; and that a knowledge of architecture, scientifically so to speak, does not contribute greatly to produce unanimity on these points, is evident from the fact, that no class of professional men differ more in opinion than architects. Take Trinity Chapel, for instance: however correctly it may be copied from its models, and truthful in its execution, there will be found, I think, few to whom its external aspect presents an agreeable or imposing appearance. The painted windows and other details may be admired, but there seems to be something wanting to give finish to the front; a tower or projection of some kind. So, with the City Hall of New York; however beautiful its original at Venice appears, almost every one, unpracticed in such matters, remarks upon the height as being disproportionate to the length, and the crowded appearance of the windows; while, certainly, the portico in front has anything but an imposing appearance from the large, open space in front, however well it might look in a street.

But my object, in this letter, is not to enter into a discussion of the general subject with you, but rather to elicit an opinion on one or two points which, to me as a layman, have always been perplexing. First.—Is there any particular reason why the five orders of architecture should continue to be the only orders; or may architecture, like every other art, be improved upon and modified?

Secondly.—Why may not the acanthus leaf give place to other leaves emblematical of the country? Why may not the Corinthian and Ionic columns be adorned with capitals com-

posed of our own flowers and fruits? In Trinity Chapel, why could not the architect have struck out something for the capitals of the columns which is not common to all Europe?

I ask these questions because I cannot see what credit an architect is entitled to, who servilely imitates European models, on a smaller scale, as has been done in Trinity Church and Chapel, and in certain other structures by the same architect. And whenever any variation of this kind has been suggested, we have generally met with sneering opposition from the devotees to the old order of things. Some beautiful designs for embodying our fruits, flowers, and trees, in the ornaments of the new Capitol, were laid before Mr. Fillmore, which he thought well of; whether Mr. Walter has adopted any I know not, but I do know that they were not considered sufficiently classical, or in accordance with the rules of propriety, by many of the architects who submitted plans for that building. I am very certain that, to the mass of visitors, such sculpture would be far more pleasing than a repetition of the everlasting five orders, of which the present edifice contains specimens enough. The attention always bestowed upon the corn-stalk columns near the Supreme Court room, and the tobacco-leaf capitals of the Senate rotunda, is sufficient evidence of this.

In this connection, I should like to ask whether there is any rule as to the number of domes to which a building is entitled. The present Capitol at Washington has three domes. Mr. Walter don't like them, and is to remove all of them, and substitute one in place of the central dome, about four times as high. The new dome is well enough; but, to the eyes of nine out of ten persons, the immense length of the extended edifice will require something in the shape of smaller domes by way of relief. But there are no triple-domed edifices in the Old World, therefore there should be none here, seems to be the argument.

Is it not a fact, that our architects have generally shown themselves rather wanting in originality or variety of design? Much and justly as they all criticise the National Washington Monument now erecting at Wash-

ington, there was not one out of some sixty who made designs, and exhibited them at the Art-Union, who showed himself capable of designing anything better. I believe it was the common judgment of the public then, that a more miserable collection of nondescript affairs was never got together. The only decent one was a tame copy of the Parthenon, to cost about \$8,000,000! And yet we have tasteful monuments on a small scale in all our cemeteries.

VIATOR.

New York, August, 1855.

The questions asked in the above letter deserve attention, for, although they are old queries, and have been asked many times, they will need answering a great many times more, until modern architects make an effectual final reply to them in plain-spoken brick and stone.

Let us take up the questions in their order—they are really only two—and see what can be done toward giving them common sense answers. And first—

"Is there any particular reason why the five orders of architecture should continue to be the only orders; or may architecture, like every other art, be improved upon and modified?"

Certainly there is no reason, particular or general. Mr. Ruskin has shown in that consummate piece of analysis—the twenty-seventh chapter of the first volume of *"The Stones of Venice"*—that there are only two orders—not five, but two, the Doric and Corinthian; the Doric being the type of all those capitals whose contour is *convex*, and the Corinthian of all those whose contour is *concave*, and that the so-called "orders" remaining, viz.:—the Ionic, the Tuscan, and the Composite, are only modifications of these; modifications without character and without purpose. From the two really original types, all other orders and styles are finally deduced, and, according to their beauty, deserve to be honored, but it is not so easy to say why they should be servilely copied.

All the arts called fine arts are modes of expressing thought. Painting, music, sculpture, architecture,—these have served the greatest men as means by which to give form and body to what stirred within them. Now as language, whether written or spoken, is the commonest means of expressing thought, let us call these arts *sorts of language*, and then, following the analogy, let us ask how we are in the habit of using language. Suppose that a man is going to write a book, whose thought

does he propose to express; his own, or another man's? Why, his own, certainly. And in what words, in what style; in his own or another man's? If he be a man of real ability and independence, with thoughts of his own to speak, thoughts brought to him by his own experience, and which he is very earnest to deliver, he will not trouble himself about the words—he will only trouble himself that the thoughts shall be worthy of the best man's hearing, and that he himself shall be on fire to give them tongue. Then the words will come, and the style in which they are molded will be a good, earnest, manly style, with muscle in it, and leaning either to beauty or strength, or both united in perfection, according to the real character of the thinker.

And another difference in the styles in which earnest thoughts are expressed, will result from the learning or ignorance of the speaker. For he may be ignorant how to put words elegantly together—but if he is only earnest enough, the thoughts will shine through the rough outside like a bright fire through the chinks and crannies of a rude hovel. And if he be a man taught in the rudiments of knowledge, or even in higher matters, and possessed with zeal for the spread of some great gospel, we may safely trust him with the clay of language to deal with it as he will.

But now, suppose a man were filled with a great thought, on some matter of weighty interest to men, and instead of setting himself to utter that thought, with all the might there is in him, he should hesitate and falter, and say—here is Milton and Herbert, Shakspeare and Chaucer, and many others who have said great things in a great way, and which of them shall I take as my model. I must take one. I must not think of saying anything in a way different from my model's way; I must copy his turns of expression, follow his choice of words, and run my sentences in the same mold as his.

Now, it is not much to say that no really great or really independent thinker ever consented to make such an arrangement. To a truly earnest man, or a man of native force, this deliberate buttoning on of other men's clothes is plainly impossible. Only small men, with small thoughts, ever take such a course.

Now, it seems to us, that all this applies

to the fine arts, and especially to architecture, as well as to language. Why should we build as other men builded ages ago, when we think entirely differently. Certain instinctive wants there are which must be met. We must have a roof, and walls, and windows, and doors, and a floor. Also, there are certain laws of building, and principles of decoration, which must be submitted to and acknowledged, because they are founded in eternal common sense, but, like all great laws and principles, they leave us free to exert our individuality freely. They do not tyrannize over us, nor imprison us, nor starve us. They are part of the system of beauty by which the world is governed, and all we have to do is to take the laws and the principles for help and not for hindrances.

But is it any wonder that people get tired of seeing men copy one model everlastingly, and refusing to think for themselves? Well may they ask, "is there any particular reason why the five orders should continue to be the only orders?" for it does seem to men who think on this matter—and, thank Heaven! many men among us are thinking upon it—that, with this crowd of architects, and this incessant building, something new might be produced—one new idea might creep into the light at least once in a century.

So many architects in New York City alone; so many opportunities daily offered to energy and mental life in the architect; and how few buildings which show a trace of loving study or earnest thought! The reason of this is found in the fact, that men have willingly enslaved themselves to following a few models and precedents, and have neglected to study the principles which lie at their foundation. Until they do so, all their art will be as dreary and senseless as the chattering of a parrot, and about as indicative of the possession of heart or brain.

Our answer to the second question—"Why may not the acanthus leaf give place to other leaves emblematical of the country? Why may not the Corinthian

and Ionic columns be adorned with capitals composed of our own flowers and fruits?"—may be guessed from our reply to the first. There certainly is no reason to be given, except that our architects find it easier to copy old designs than to make new ones. There is no reason to be given why, in Trinity Chapel, the principle which governs the early English style should not have been rigorously regarded, and yet treated in a wholly original spirit. The most that we urged in favor of that building was, that it is sincere and truthful throughout. This is a negative virtue, it is true, but in our day it is something worthy to be recorded with praise. We should be the first to welcome the advent of a man of thought, imagination, and earnestness into the field of architecture. It is a profession that has exercised the highest minds. It deserves reverence. It is so interwoven with all that is dearest to us, that men can never look upon its works without interest. But it has of late years been a dead art, because its followers have studied dead bodies rather than living men.

Finally, we have strong hope that, in our day and in our own country, we are to see architecture revived into a new and vigorous life. Indeed, we already see the signs of regeneration. Attention is being drawn strongly to the subject, hearts and hands are not wanting; we are rid of the chiefest obstacles in the contagion of precedent and bad example; what we have done is too insignificant to have finally committed us; and we may yet have an architecture in which we can rejoice.

Once more, however, it needs to be repeated, that *no new style will be invented* any more than a new language will be. Language, or the principle of it, is fixed, and all that we can expect to do, all that there is need of our doing, is to carry that great principle into the exercise of individual thought and feeling. Let us think our own thoughts, and express them in our own words.